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CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long Winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew, in a moment, it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf:
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CHRISTMAS-DAY AT SCRABBLE HILL;

OR,

The Wily Widow and the Cunning Elder.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Say, Sister Maguire, can't you spend time jest to come here a minit and look at my caps? I want to ax you which I'd better wear this blessid Christmas-day. I don't want to wear it to meetin', 'cause my bunnit would jam it all down; but I want to make up my mind aforehand about it, so's not to lose no time when I git hum. Come quick, dew—the bell'll ring in a minit. Oh, here ye be; well, now tell, which o' these caps is the becominest?"

"Why, you've got a regiment on 'em, seems to me."

"Yes, I'm well on't for caps; but the half on 'em was giv' tew me. Here's one, though, 't I made myself. I wore it to Kier's weddin'. How does it look?" (She puts it on.)

"Somehow, I don't like that much—it sticks up tew high on top; and then them yaller bows looks so kind o' *darin'*; and then them red artifishels is ruther *extensive*. I reckon you'd look better without artifishels."

"Well, lemme try on this 'ere; Melissy gin it tew me. I always thought it was becomin'."

"Well, I don't agree with ye, Silly. I think there's tew much ribbin on't—pink ribbin, tew; don't you think pink ribbin's a'most tew *young* for you?"

"Oh, dretful suz, Melissy! what foolish idees you've got! You're always a-takin' me to dew about dressin' *tew young*. What's the use o' makin' an old woman o' myself afore I *be* one? But come to think, this *would* be ruther dressy for to-day, seein' the minister's comin' to dinner. See'f ye like this 'ere any better—'twas a present from Sam Pendergrass's wife, not long afore I come away. I never wore it but once."

"Well, I reckon that looks woss than the pink one —blue makes you look so kind o' *squay;* you're ruther dark-complected, and blue's a tryin' color for dark skins."

"Well, *I* never thought I was so wonderful dark-complected, I'm sure. I wonder if this one'll suit ye any better. Kier's wife gin it tew me. I haint never wore it at all; thought I shouldn't, 'cause it's so turrible old-womanish and Quakery. I fecht it along 'cause I thought mabby Seliny'd be mad if I didn't—but I don't see what on arth she meant by givin' me such-a-lookin' thing."

"Now, Silly, I don't see how you can talk so. For my part, I like that better'n any one youv'e tried on. That are white-satin trimmin' looks so kind o' neat and plain. It's a purty shape, tew—comes down furder'n the others onto yer face—and that's an improvement, bein' as you're ruther long-favored. I'd wear that by all means, Silly."

"You would! Well, now, I *am* beat. Why, ther aint a color about it but white."

"All the better for that; it's ginteeler'n them flambergasted blue and yaller things; and then the *Elder's* a comin', ye know."

"Jest so. Well, I guess I *will* wear it, considerin' —"

"And yer black-silk gownd and muslin underhandkercher—you look best in them than anything you've got."

"Well, I don't know but what I will. Murder! there's the bell, and I haint begun to be ready; never mind, I won't dress till I git hum; this 'ere allipacker looks well enough to wear to meetin.' I'll jest throw on my mankiller and bunnit—'twon't take me long; wish you could go, Melisey—but I know ye can't and git diuner tew. The Elder's a gwine to preach in your meetin'-house, hey? Well, that looks brotherly; Baptists preach in your meetin'-house one year, and your minister preach in the'rn the next—I like the idea. Is my bunnit on strait? This glass makes me look kind o' skew-jawed—never know whether my things is in decent order and regular rotation or not, when I get 'em on. How does this 'ere scarf go? Where's Brother Maguire and Jeff, I wonder? How thoughtful 'twas in Jeff to ax the Elder here to dinner—he'd a ben so lonesome to hum all alone. Melissy, I begin to have considerable hopes o' Jeff—shouldn't wonder if he should turn out quite a stiddy man, after all. Here they come." * * * * *

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning that individuals were too prone to an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on Christmas occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandising is carried on to sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions. Nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right, Elder—what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some stuffing, will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cranberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff Elder, help yourself; wife, give the Elder some more o' the turnip sass and potater."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire. I am an advocate of a vegetable diet, and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, like myself, than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more o' the turkey."

"No, I'm obleeged to ye—I've had sufficient."

"Jeff, cut the chicken pie."

"Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Silly, you'll take a piece of it, won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I dew take a leetle mite on't I'm a great favoryte o' chicken pie—always thought 'twas a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very, indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

"Allow me to help you to some of it, Elder."

"Thank you, my young friend. As I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at *all* times. but particularly at Christmas-time, and am myself *always* somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request, and partake of the chicken pie."

"Take some more o' the cranberry sass, Elder; cranberries is hulsome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire—they are so. Nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely even in the most wholesome of creature-comforts. However, since you desire it, I will take a small portion more of the cranberries."

"Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it haint been touched. Take some on't, Elder Sniffles?"

"I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire; but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of medical science."

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue, in consideration of your remarks."

"Take a slice on't, Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to-day—you're uncommon still."

"What a musical man you be, Brother Maguire! But it strikes me, when an indiwiddiwal has an opportunity o' hearin' intellectible conversation, they'd better keep still and improve it. Aint it so, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott, and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of the chicken pie, Elder Sniffles?"

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddin's. Jeff, my son, fly round and help your mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin', Melissy—you may 'tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So here's a plum-puddin'—it looks nice—I guess you've had good luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No; I'm obleeged to ye. I've got ruther of a head-ache to-day, and plum-puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the punkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is regarded as highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it. Furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum-pudding is rich. However, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will for once overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Jemmeni! wife, this is good puddin' as I ever eat."

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie?—here is a mince pie and punkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the punkin pie, if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutricious; but, as regards the mince pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder: quite the contrary—and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles. Hence it naturally follows, that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it leaves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed! Your reasoning is quite new to me —yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake of the mince pie."

"Wife, fill the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire—desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Jemmeni! You don't mean to call new cider an intoxicatin' liquor, I hope? Why, man alive, it's jest made—haint begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment and you will readily perceive that, being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it much more agreeable, and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice o' the puddin', Elder Sniffles?"

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some more o' the pie?"

"No more, I thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more, my friends—nothing more whatever; for, as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of exceedingly abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to wit—temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting-room, Elder. Mother'll have to excuse us for a while. Aunt Bedott, you'll give us your company, won't you?"

"Sartainly."

"Father, are you not coming?"

"Not now, Jeff. I've got to go out for a spell. I'll try to be in soon."

"Take this armcheer by the stove, Elder Sniffles—the room's got ruther cool. Jefferson, can't you accumerlate the fire a little?"

"It strikes me very forcibly, Mrs. Bedott, that the weather *is* somewhat cool."

"It strikes me, tew; but I think this is quite a cool climit—appearantly, considerably cooler'n Wiggletown."

"Why, no, aunty—there can't be no difference in the climate—the latitude's just the same."

"I guess not, Jeff—what *is* the latitude o' Scrabble Hill?"

"Oh, it's about forty-two."

"Lawful sakes! our'n in Wiggletown's as much as fifty, and sometimes in the Summer-time it gits up as high as sixty or seventy."

"Ah! indeed! you surprise me, Mrs. Bedott. Speaking of Wiggletown, is that your place of residence?"

"It is so—the place where the heft o' my life has been spent."

"In what section of the country is it located?"

"It is sittiwated between Ganderfield and Tuckertown; Slammerkin Crick runs along the south side on't."

"Ah, yes, I comprehend; I think I have an indiscriminate recollection of the place. If I am not mistaken, I journeyed through it some two years ago, in company with my companion (now deceased), on a visit to her relatives in that section."

"H-o-o-o! how you talk! That journey must be a melencolly subjick o' reflection now—how little you thought then that in tew year you'd be called to mourn her departer! how onsartin the futur' is!"

"True—a very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very, indeed; we are sojourners in a world of fluctuation!"

"O Elder Sniffles, how true that is!"

"One moment tossed on the billows of prosperity and joy, and the next plunged into the abysses of desperation and despair."

"O Elder Sniffles, what a strikin' remark! Every word you say goes to the bottom o' my heart. I, tew, mourn the loss of a pardner, and bein' as we're similarly sittiwated, I feel as if we could sympathize with one another. You haint no children—I've got tew, but they're married and settled, and I'm as good as alone in the world. It's a tryin' sittiwation, very tryin'."

"It is *so*, Mrs. Bedott—your remark is a very just one—very, indeed. Your situation is undoubtedly a trying one—but you are in easy circumstances, I believe?"

"Why, yes; ginerally speakin', I be purty easy, though sometimes I'm ruther *on*-easy when I think o' the futur'. I was wonderfully struck with a remark in your sermon this mornin'—it described my feelin's so egzackly."

"Allow me to inquire what that remark was, Mrs. Bedott?"

[The conversation is here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Maguire.]

"Well, Elder, how do you come on—time pass agreeably?"

"Most agreeably, Mr. Maguire—most agreeably, in conversation with Mrs. Bedott."

"Glad on't. Jeff, here's the last 'Luminary'—want it? I've read it purty much all, exceptin' the poitry."

"Does it contain a poem by 'Hugelina?' If so, permit me to request you to favor us with it, my young friend. She is indeed a most extraordinary writer."

"She is, that's a fact. Jeff, less have it."

(Jeff reads.) "Those of our readers who are in any degree imbued with the love of the poetic—with an appreciation of the sublime and beautiful—will find a rich treat in the following exquisite lines from the pen of our highly-gifted correspondent 'Hugelina.' Aside from the high degree of finish which her effusions always possess, the ensuing lines breathe a spirit of world-weariness and self-abandonment exceedingly touching:

SONNET.

Oblivion! stretch thine everlasting wings,
And hide from human gaze my mournful lyre—
For while my earth-worn, weary spirit sings,
I frequently feel desirous to expire.
It is no vain and vanishing desire,
But a compulsatory wish that seems
To mingle nightly in my visioned dreams—
A wish to leave this uncongenial sphere,
Which souls like mine are apt to find so drear.
O for a residence in yonder orb,
Which doth the affections of my soul absorb!
My spirit seeks in vain for sympathy here;
I feel as I have never felt before—
The one wild, withering wish—to die and be no more!
HUGELINA."

"A splendid production, truly; but does it not strike you, Mrs. Maguire, that there is a slight degree of obscurity in the poem?"

"Oh, don't ax me; I can't make head nor tail on't. What's your opinion, Jeff-rson?"

"Well, I think that the obscurity of which Elder Sniffles complains constitutes the greatest beauty of the poem. Don't you know, Elder, we are never deeply interested in anything that we can comprehend at first glance? There must be some mystery, some *hidden meaning*, to excite at once our curiosity and admiration. Shakespeare himself often writes obscurely, you know."

"Shakespeare! That is an author that I am not conversant with. What does he principally treat of?"

"Oh, theology, and metaphysics, and so forth."

"Ah, yes, I recollect now; I think I have seen some of his sermons. On consideration, your reasoning in relation to the poem strikes me as quite conclusive. There should be, as you very justly remark, a hidden meaning to create an interest in anything of that description."

"Well, then, that poitry must be awful interestin', for all the meanin' ther' is in't is *hid*, and no mistake—don't you say so, husband?"

"Oh, I aint no judge o' poitry—ax Sister Bedott; she knows all about poitry; writes bags on't."

"Ah, indeed! is it true, Mrs. Bedott, that you cultivate the poetic art?"

"Well, *'taint for me to say.*"

* * * * * *

The widow retires to a decayed grove in the rear of Elder Sniffles' house. She sits down on a log, and sings in a plaintive voice:

Ere love had teached my tears to flow,
I was oncommon cherful:
But now such misery I dew know,
I'm always sad and ferful.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a Summer's day!
But Oh, my comforts was destroyed
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach—I heerd him pray—
I heerd him sweetly sing—
Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
It was a dretful thing!

Full forty dollars would I give
If we'd contined apart;
For, though he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely bust my heart!

[She sighs profoundly, and the Elder advances unexpectedly.]

"Good gracious! is that you, Elder Sniffles? How you *did* scare me! Never was so flustrated in all the days o' my life! hadn't the most remotest idee o' meetin' *you* here—wouldn't a-come for forty dollars if I'd a-sposed *you* ever meander'd here. I never was here afore—but I was a-settin' by my winder, and I cast my eyes over here, and as I observed the bare branches of the trees a-wavin' in the gentle blast, and heerd the rabbits a-wobblin' their melencolly music, I felt quite a call to come over for a minnit; it's so retired and morantic—such an approbriate place to marvel round in, you know, when a body feels so low-sperrited and unconsolable as I do. O-h, d-e-a-r!"

"Most worthy Mrs. Bedott, your evident depression fills me with unmitigated sympathy. Your feelings, if I may be permitted to judge from the language of your song, which I overheard —"

"You didn't, though, Elder! The dretful suz! What *shall* I dew! I wouldn't a-had you heerd that song for no money! I wish I hadn't a-come! I wish to gracious I hadn't a-come!"

"I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, it was unintentional on my part, entirely unintentional; but my contiguity to yourself, and your proximity to me, were such as rendered it impossible for me to avoid hearing you —"

"Well, it can't be helped now; it's no use a-cryin' for spilt milk; but I wouldn't hev you think I know'd *you* ever come here."

"On the contrary, this is a favorite resort of mine; it affords a congenial retreat after the exterminating and tremendous mental labors of the day. I not unfrequently spend the declining hours of the Summer evenings here, buried in the most profound meditation."

"O gran'f'ther grievous! I wish I'd a-stayed to hum! I was born for misfortin' an' nothin' else! I wish to massy I'd a-stayed to hum! But I felt as if I'd like to come here once afore I leave the place." She weeps.

"Ah! indeed! Do you project leaving Scrabble Hill?"

"Yes, I dew; I calkiate to go next week. I *must* hear you preach once more—*once* more, Elder, and then I'm gwine—somewhere—I don't care where, nor I don't care what becomes of me when I get there." She sobs violently.

"O Mrs. Bedott! you distress me beyond limitation —permit me to inquire the cause of this uncontrolable agony?"

"O Elder Sniffles, you're the last indiwiddiwal that ought to ax such a question! Oh, I *shall* die! I *shall* give it up!"

"Madam, my interest in your welfare is intense; allow me to entreat you still more vehemently to unburden your mind; perhaps it is in my power to relieve you."

"Relieve me! What an idee! O Elder, you *will* be the death o' me if you make me revulge my feelin's so! An hour ago I felt as if I'd a-died afore I'd a-said what I hev said now, but you've drain'd it out o' me."

"Respected madam, you have as yet promulgated nothing satisfactory; permit me —"

"O gran't'ther grievous! must I come to it! Well, then, if I must I must, so to begin at the beginnin'. When I fust heern you preach, your sarmons onsettled my faith; but after a spell I was convinced by your argefyin', and gin up my 'roneous notions, and my mind got considerable carm. But how could I set Sabberday after Sabberday under the droppin's o' yer voice, and not begin to feel more'n an ordinary interest in the speaker? I indevored to, but I couldn't help it; 'twas in vain to struggle against the feelin's that prepossest my buzzom. But it's all over with me now! my felicitude is at an end! my sittiwation is hopeless! I shall go back to Wiggletown next week, and never trouble you more."

"Ah, Mrs. Bedott, you alarm —"

"Yes, you never'll see no more trouble with Prissilly. I'm gwine back to Wiggletown. Can't bear to go back there nother, on account o' the indiwiddiwals that I come away to git rid of. There's Cappen Cancot, he's always been after me ever since my husband died, though I haint never gin him no incurridgement—but he won't take no for an answer. I dread the critter's attentions. And Squire Bailey—he's wonderful rich, but that ain't no recommendation to me, and I've told him so time and ag'in; but I s'pose he thinks I'll come round bumby. And Deacon Crosby, he lost his pardner a spell afore I come away; he was very much pleased with me; he's a wonderful fine man—makes a fust-rate husband. I kind o' hesitated when he promulgated his sentiments tew me; told him I'd think on't till I come back—s'pose he'll be at me as soon as I get there. I hate to disappoint Deacon Crosby, he's such a fine man, and my dezeased companion set so much by him, but then I don't feel for him as I dew for —. He's a Presbyterian, tew, and I don't think 'twould be right to unite my destination to his'n."

"Undoubtedly, in your present state of feeling, the uncongeniality would render a union —"

"O dear, dear, dear! I can't go back there and endure their attentions; but, thank fortun', they won't bother me long—I shall go in a decline, I know I shall as well as I want to know it. My troubles'll soon be over—undoubtedly they'll put up a monnyment to my memory—I've got the discription all ready for't—it says:

Here sleeps Prissilly P. Bedott,
Late relic Hezekier.
How melancholy was her lot!
How soon she did expire!

She didn't commit self-suicide,
'Twas tribbilation killed her.
Oh, what a pity she hadn't a' died
Afore she saw the Elder!

And O Elder! you'll visit my grave, won't ye, and shed two or three tears over it? 'Twould be a consolation for me to think you would."

"In case I should ever have occasion to journey through that section of country, and could consistently with my arrangements make it convenient to tarry for a short time at Wiggletown, I assure you it would afford me much pleasure to visit your grave, agreeably to your request."

"O Elder, how onfeelin!"

"Unfeeling! Did I not understand you correctly when I understood you to request me to visit your grave?"

"Yes; but I don't see how you can be so carm when I'm talkin' about dyin'."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, I had not the slightest intention of manifesting any want of feeling in my remark. I should regret your demise as a most deplorable event, and it would afford me no small degree of satisfaction to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe, were it in my power."

"Well, I guess I'll go hum. If Sally should know you was here a-talkin' with me, she'd make an awful fuss."

"Indeed, I see no reason to fear that any domestic should interfere in any of my proceedings."

"Oh, lawful sakes! how numb you be, Elder! I didn't illude to Sal Blake—I meant Sal Hugle; she't you're engaged tew."

"Engaged to Miss Hugle! You alarm me, Mrs. Be—"

"Now don't ondertake to deny it, Elder; everybody says it's a fact."

"Well, then, it only remains for me to assert that everybody's laboring under an entire and unmitigated mistake."

"You don't say so, Elder! Well, I declare I dew feel relieved. I couldn't indure the idee o' stayin' here to see that match go off. She's so onworthy—so different from what your companion had ought to be, and so lazy, and makes such awful poitry; and then she haint worth a cent in the world. But I don't want to say a word aginst her; for if you aint ingaged now, mabby you will be. O Elder! promise me, dew promise me, how't you won't marry that critter. 'Twould be a consolation tew me when I'm fur away on my dyin' bed to know — " She weeps with renewed energy. "O Elder! I'm afeerd I'm gwine to hev the hysterics. I'm subjick to spasmatic affections when I'm excited and overcome."

"You alarm me, Mrs. Bedott! I will hasten to the house, and bring the sal volatile, which may restore you."

"For the land's sake, Elder, don't send after Sal; she can't do nothin' for me. It'll only make talk, for she'll tell it all round the village. Just take that are newspaper that sticks out o' yer pocket, and fan me with it a little. There—I feel quite resusticated. I m obleeged to ye; guess I can manage to git hum now." She rises.

"Farewell, Elder Sniffles! adoo! we part to meet no more!"

"Ah, Mrs. Bedott! do not speak in that mournful strain; you distress me beyond mitigation"—he takes her hand—"pray reseat yourself, and allow me to prolong the conversation for a short period. As I before observed, your language distresses me beyond all duration."

"Do you actilly feel distressed at the idee o' partin' with me?"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Bedott."

"Well, then, what's the use o' partin' at all? Oh, what *hev* I said! what *hev* I said!"

"Ahem—ahaw! allow me to inquire—are you in easy circumstances, Mrs. Bedott?"

"Well, not intirely, yet; though I feel considerable easier'n what I did an hour ago."

"Ahem! I imagine you do not fully comprehend my meaning. I am a clergyman, a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. As such you will readily understand I cannot be supposed to abound in the filthy lucre of this world. My remuneration is small, hence —"

"O Elder! how can you s'pose I'd hesitate on account o' your bein' poor? Don't think on't—it only increases my opinion of you; money aint no objick to me."

"I naturally infer from your indifference respecting the amount of *my* worldly possessions, that you yourself have —"

"Don't be oneasy, Elder dear—don't illude tew it again; depend on't, you're jest as dear to me, every bit and grain, as you would be if you owned all the mines of Ingy."

"I will say no more about it."

"So I s'pose we're ingaged."

"Undoubtedly."

"We're ingaged, and my triblilation is at an end." Her head droops on his shoulder. "O Shadrack! what will 'Hugelina' say when she hears on't?"

* * * * * * *

[*From the Scrabble Hill Luminary.*]

MARRIED.—In this village, on Wednesday, 20th inst., by Rev. Elder Yawpers of Slabtown, REV. O. SHADRACK SNIFFLES of Scrabble Hill to MRS. PRISCILLA P. BEDOTT, relict of the late Deacon Hezekiah Bedott of Wiggletown. The fair bride has sent us the following *morceau*, which our readers will unite with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—*Eds. Lum.*

TO SHADRACK.

Priscilla the fair and Shadrack the wise
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered sittivation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life, to be parted no more,
Their sorrors is eended, their troubles is o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Prisailla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmantled her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye:
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die.

The heart that was scornful and cold as a stan
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had—
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!

UNCLE.—"Now, how did the mother of Moses hide him?" Niece.—"With a stick."

SOUVENIRS OF THE SEASON.

A CHRISTMAS WALK.

Love, the night is cold and white,
But both our hearts are warm;
The green with snow is soft and light,
The clouds are thick with storm.
But life looks bright
In the sweet starlight,
And both our hearts are warm.

You think of the years gone past,
Of the days flown swiftly by,
When the Autumn leaves were cast
On the ground to rot and die.
You loved me then;
I, gladdest of men,
Will love you till you die.

Come, sweet, I see our home
Beyond the white-robed moor,
And the light in the window. Come,
We shall soon, love, reach the door.
Cling fast and firm,
Clasp close my arm,
Until we reach the door.

Listen! there are the bells
Ringing the Christmas in;
And sweetly their music tells
Of peace and good-will to men.
List to the chime
Of the olden time—
"Peace and good-will to men."

A DARK CHRISTMAS-EVE.

CHAPTER I.

"One night of dark grim dread
That makes all nights a horror
Till the day I'm dead."—*Anon.*

I, Grace Wilding, have to tell the story of the Christmas-eve which to me stands out against the sky of memory as the one thing in my life never to be forgotten till its close. My father's house stood on the moor at the west of the village of Clefthorpe. It is now a ruin as black and drear as my heart. Besides our house there was no other until the village was reached, and it stood at the distance of a mile, excepting another at the farther end of the moor, and it was as bleak, dreary and desolate as our own. Since I could notice anything, Melford House was associated with everything that was ghastly and ghostly, and my timid eyes used to grow larger and rounder with irrepressible terror whenever chance or necessity took me past its grim portals. For years it had been unoccupied, save by the ghosts which all had seen flitting in and out among the old withered elms and peering through the dust-thickened windows; and though many had traveled down from London, tempted by the low rent it was offered at by the agent, to look at it, all were dismayed by its drear, cheerless, awe-inspiring appearance, and refused it, some without crossing its moss-covered court.

The first nursery tale I could understand was the one my nurse whispered fearfully of the two brothers of the house, who quarreled over a treasure which the elder brother had hidden away, and, meeting in the dismal places beneath the old house, had slain each other, and never appeared to mortal kin again; the treasure, so the story ran, still awaiting a finder.

Suddenly, when I had reached my twentieth birthday, my father burst upon me with the news that the house was let. Thornley Carter, whom people said, without being contradicted, that I loved and was loved by in return, sitting by my side, laughed incredulously, and, in a decided tone, ventured to assert that the new tenant would vacate it before the close of the first week.

"That may be," said my father, drawing the curtains closer, for it was November, and sitting down by the large, cheerful fire; "but he has taken it, and Norton the agent tells me he has paid a large and satisfactory deposit."

"Have you heard his name?" I asked, rising to trim the lamp.

"Yes—a strange name, and a strange man too, from all I hear. Wilford Harland he is called. By what profession he lives, or whether he be a gentleman or not, I cannot hear; but they describe him as a great student, of dark and forbidding aspect, and a silent, reserved sort of being altogether."

"A nice sociable neighbor!" said Thornley with a laugh.

My father sighed.

"I have given up all hopes of getting a neighbor at the house," he said; "and I am afraid, from all appearances, that I dare not resume it again."

Then the subject, for the time, dropped. I said nothing; for, incredible as it will seem, a sudden emotion which I could not then—I cannot even now —describe, came over me, and my tongue was tied. My life was like a stream that had run so long and smoothly that the very pebbles of its bed were smooth and commonplace. My father read and wrote each day, Thornley Carter came each evening, and I went about my household duties day by day, for three weeks, without a single incident occuring worth recording. Many times we had spoken of the house and its new tenant, and the mystery enshrouding him, extending even to the date of his arrival, which no one knew, lent a charm to the subject that puzzled me by its depth.

Three weeks, I say, after my father's announcement, we were sitting round the fire listening to the sough of the wind, and gazing at the flames with that settled comfort one derives from contrast, when a sudden gust louder than usual called forth from my father the remark that it was a bitter night.

"A bitter night, indeed," replied Thornley, "and as black as pitch. I pity any poor fellow who may be out in it!"

Scarcely were the words uttered when a sudden ring of the bell broke upon the stillness of the old house, and caused my heart to leap and my father to start with surprise.

"A visitor!" he muttered, gazing at the door with an expression half curious, a shade frightened. "Who can it be?"

The next moment the heavy door opened suddenly, and James, our only man servant, an old and faithful one, appeared, shading a candle with his trembling hand, and, stepping into the room, disclosed to our dim view the outlines of a tall form almost entirely covered by a large dark traveling-cloak, whose voluminous folds were wrapped round the figure, Spanish fashion. A riding-hat of a past age was clasped in one hand, that struck me at once with its length and whiteness, and a whip hung on the other.

My father rose and bowed inquiringly. The stranger spoke.

"Your pardon, sir, for my intrusion, but necessity compelled it. I have traveled far, the night is black and wild, your moor drear, and seemingly endless. I have ridden round it for an hour, and have lost my road."

Then the voice, which rang out in a tone grave, yet filled with a strange, subtle music that thrilled me strangely—fearfully—paused, and the dark eyes, that had been fixed dreamily upon my father, raised themselves and scanned the room. I watched their eagle glance with a feeling of strange terror, waiting until they met mine; and when they did, my heart stood still, and my hand grasped the chair beside me to prevent me from falling. Why I knew not. Why I know not now. My father's bent figure came forward.

"You are welcome, sir," he said. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and we have to thank the wild night for sending us a guest."

The cloaked figure bowed, and once more the dark eyes traveled round the room before they settled upon my father's placid face, and again, once more, the strange feeling thrilled me through.

"Scarcely a guest, I thank you!" said the deep, musical voice, ringing slowly and distinctly, with a pause between each word, that left the sentence ringing in your ears long after the voice was silent. "I must reach my house to-night, and have but troubled you to inquire my way to it;" and the face lit up with a strange smile—perhaps at the seemingly singular thing of a man asking the road to his own house.

My father looked up inquiringly; the stranger had not mentioned the name of the place he wanted.

"I seek Melford House," he said, answering the look.

"Melford House!" echoed my father and Thornley.

"Melford House," repeated the deep voice. "Is there aught strange in the fact?"

The question was asked without any symptom of anger or increased hauteur; but in such a calm, measured tone, that my father, blushing as if for a fault, hastened to reply:

"Pardon my expression of surprise, but Melford House has been untenanted for years; and though it is just let, the gentleman who has taken it, a Mr. Wilford Harland, is not yet arrived."

"Pardon me in turn," said the grave voice; "I am Wilford Harland, and the only reason I have not taken possession of Melford House is that I have not been able to reach it."

My father bowed, and pointed to a chair.

"Pray accept my excuses, sir. It was dull of me not to surmise the fact. Will you be seated, and drink some wine? The night is cold, and you must need refreshment."

And my father, in the old-fashioned way that sat so well upon him, raised his hand to James, who still stood staring, motionless, at the dark figure he had ushered in.

"Bring some wine, and see that this gentleman's horse is stabled."

Before the old servant could reach the door, the stranger stretched forth his hand and laid it gently upon his arm.

"It grieves me to refuse your hospitality," he said, "but my time presses. I have need to be at Melford House before the dawn, and will therefore, if you will permit, be indebted to you for this lantern only;" and he took the lantern from the trembling hand that relinquished it at once. "I owe you my gratitude, sir," continued the calm voice. "Farewell!"

And bowing his head slightly, but low enough to throw a mass of jet-black hair over his shoulder, he threw one penetrating glance at the spot where I stood, rather than at me, and was gone.

For a moment we thought we had been dreaming; so sudden had been the appearance, so sudden the vanishing of the darkly cloaked figure. My father threw himself into a chair with a sigh of relief; Thornley Carter walked to the window and peered out into the night; I sank into a corner of my low couch, and hid my face in my hands.

"Thornley, pray close the window," said my father, querulously. "Grace, what is the matter! are you ill? Why, child, your face is as white as marble! Are you frightened? Come here!"

I tried to smile as I passed tremblingly from the couch to his side, but I could not. I could only hide my head on his shoulder, longing to shut out the remembrance of the dark, mysterious face and black figure, and tremble.

"Frightened! Of course she is frightened!" exclaimed Thornley angrily. "Enough to frighten a stronger woman than Grace! The fellow looked like a midnight assassin, a robber—a—I don't know what. I declare he startled *me*, appearing at the door like a spectre at this time of night! He must be mad!" and Thornley lifted me in his arms and stroked my hair soothingly.

"Mad!" replied my father decidedly. "No; whatever Wilford Harland may be, he is not mad."

I said nothing, but, sitting by Thornley's side, leaned my head upon his shoulder and watched the fire in silence. Half an hour afterwards my father jumped from his chair and threw open the window.

"I hear something," he said; "hush!"

We listened with bated breaths, and heard the deep guttural baying of dogs borne through the window on the gusts of wind.

"Dogs!" said Thornley.

"Bloodhounds!" said my father curtly; "and at Melford House."

And I covered my face with my hands again, to shut out the picture my tortured fancy drew—the picture of the dark sombre figure striding up the moss-grown courtyard, pushing aside the grim old doors, and startling the ghosts, and waking the bloodhounds he had sent down to receive him, with the deep, grave voice, the subtle music of which had chilled and thrilled me to the heart.

CHAPTER II.

"Speak not of dreams, I know that which I know:
I'll ne'er believe the best who says it is not so!"
—HARLECH.

From the evening of Wilford Harland's sudden appearance, a change fell upon our house. My father grew more silent and reserved, more attached to his books and his study-chair, where I could always be sure of finding him at most hours of the day or night. Thornley grew more impulsive and restless every day. But in me the change was more marked and wonderful. I had never been burdened with overmuch spirits, and had always been somewhat silent and meditative. Now I spoke but seldom, started when addressed, and paled at the least unusual sound. I found myself constantly thinking of the dreary house at the end of the moor, and its strange, and, to me, awful tenant. Since the night of his arrival we had seen nothing of him, the dreary aspect of the house had not changed in the slightest, and save for the baying of the bloodhounds, it might still have been empty and deserted. For weeks I had not dared, under the influence of some strange terror, to leave the house; but one evening I struggled womanfully against my morbid feeling, and, wrapping myself in a fur-cloak, ventured onto the moor.

No sooner did I come in sight of the long dreary avenue that led to Melford House than some strange impulse drew me, against all resistance, towards its frowning portals. I struggled against the unnatural prompting, and strove to retrace my steps, but found it impossible, and, trembling in every limb, entered the avenue. I had scarcely passed half a dozen of the gnarled elms when the sound of horse-hoofs rang out behind me, and turning with a suppressed cry of terror, I saw the same dark figure that had stood in the doorway of my father's study, mounted on a powerful horse, and wrapped round, as then, in a long black cloak. Running by the side of the horse, with a swinging, ape-like gait, was a misformed dwarf.

I crept behind a tree and hoped to remain unnoticed, but the dwarf espied me; and I saw, with a spasm of terror, that he suddenly clutched the rider's arm with one claw-like hand, while he pointed at me with the other.

The dark-set face that I so well remembered, which haunted me by night and by day, was lifted from the breast, and two piercing eyes were fixed on mine and shot through them to my soul; then, with a gesture of command and restraint to the dwarf, the rider's head fell upon his breast again, and the awful pair passed on.

I do not remember how I got back—indeed, three days were swallowed up in chaotic confusion—and when I came into my father's study I saw in the mirror that the face that he so loved to call beautiful had grown wan and pale. All mention of my sudden illness was avoided, and both the names of Melford House and its lord were shunned, yet one and all knew the dark shadow of the house on the moor was over us all.

One night, as I passed the servants' hall, I heard James, our old servant, speaking in a hushed whisper, and, catching the word "ghosts" and "the house," stayed a moment to listen.

"Strange sights and sounds were seen and heard about the old mansion, spectre lights flitted from window to window, and fearful wailings and moanings mingled with the baying of the bloodhounds," he said "It was reported that Wilford Harland was a sorcerer, and that the hideous dwarf, half man, half beast, was wholly devil, and his familiar spirit."

I stayed to hear no more, but fled to my own room, panting and trembling. The days moved on, and on the morning before Christmas-day Thornley Carter was summoned to town, some distance off, where a relative lay dying. We had parted but seldom before, and mingled with the pain of the last minutes was a presentiment of evil, which I strove against in vain.

I watched him as he galloped down the road, and when lost to sight glanced across to where the smokeless chimneys of Melford House reared themselves above the trees, and shuddered. My father was locked in his study. I went about my few household duties with a strange absence of mind, that grew more powerful as the day proceeded. In the evening I felt my eyes drawn towards the window which overlooked the moor, and when my father said gently, "Grace you are tired; go to bed, my darling," I rose with a start, as if wakened from a dream, and, kissing him without a word, stole upstairs to my own room, but not to bed. Sitting by the window with my face turned towards the moor, and thinking, still thinking, of the dark figure and the deep voice, I fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know. I awoke with a start; the lamp had burnt almost out; the clock was striking twelve: a strange pain wound round my heart; I fancied I heard my name called: I felt drawn toward something somewhere; I tried to throw off the feeling; I tried to scream, but my lips seemed frozen, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

The impulse grew stronger. With my hands before me, like a somnambulist, I walked towards the door and opened it. The stairs were dark. Still drawn by some invisible force, I trod silently down. I crossed the hall, undid the heavy bolts of the door, and stood, like a figure wrapped in sleep or death, in the cold night-air. Again the impulse, checked for the moment by the cold, drew me on, and with my hands crossed on my bosom I walked forward through the iron gates onto the moor.

The avenue stood out black before me. I reached it; but now my solitude seemed to cease; shadowy forms flitted from tree to tree; the leafless branches swayed in the wind with fitful moaning. Still pacing on, the shadow of the house seeming, like gigantic arms, to draw me forward, I reached the sombre gates of Melford House. Once more I strove to throw the fearful influence off, but in vain. Drawn on and on, I ascended the moss-eaten steps, and stood, before the huge doors. They opened, and I passed in. A thousand forms, shadowy and ghost-like, seemed to flit across the marble floor.

The staircase reared itself before me. Drawn upward, I ascended it. From a room above a light issued in a ghastly streak. Pushing the curtain aside, I entered, and saw, standing in the centre, their shadows falling flickeringly on the black tapestry of the walls, Wilford Harland and the dwarf

Harland was standing with folded arms, which he stretched forth as I entered, and, waving them downwards, seemed to root me to the spot.

I waited to hear him speak, with an eagerness that amounted to agony, my eyes chained to his, which burnt like live coals. At last he spoke, and at the sound of his voice, its music ringing in a subtle tone of command, a thrill of pain and terror ran through me.

"You have come," he said; "it is well; I have need of you. Listen! Beneath this house, within the vaults, lies hidden a large treasure. I know of its being there, but without your aid cannot discover the exact spot where it lies hidden. You hear me?"

I bowed my head.

"You will obey?" cried the voice sternly.

My head fell upon my bosom.

"It is well," he said, waving his hands over me. "Now see! I bid you penetrate with the eyes of a spirit through the darkness of the night. I bid you seek until you find that which I have sought."

As his voice ceased, the pain about my heart grew more intense. With my eyes still closed, I seemed to see a dark, dismal passage, the sides of which were dripping with the damp. I seemed to walk along the floor, treading at each footstep upon some dank weed, and disturbing some noisome reptile. At the end of the passage lay two skeletons, with fragments of ornaments and jewels lying round about them, as they had fallen from their garments. Clasped in the fleshless hands of one was a long rapier, while in his ribs, still entangled, was a broken shaft of a dagger, the hilt of which was clinched in the hand of the other skeleton.

Still seeing with closed eyes, I saw lying at the back of the vault an iron coffer, through the open lid of which a heap of coins shone. My face lit up at the discovery, and instantly the being who seemed to have my soul at his command cried:

"Enough. You have found it. I bid you speak."

With an effort, I opened my lips, and in hard, metallic tones described what I had seen. As I finished, the dwarf, who had been sitting crouched on the floor, sprang to my side, and, throwing up its arms with a fearful yell, was about to clutch me round the waist. Under the influence of the mysterious power, I could not speak, but saw the heavy white hand fall heavily upon the dwarf's shoulder, and heard the voice cry:

"Touch her not; she shall not be harmed."

"But the secret, the secret," croaked the dwarf; "she must not live!"

"She shall not die."

The dwarf looked at me with a fiendish longing, then swung himself upon the open table, and, grasping a torch that was stuck in an iron socket, ran towards the door. My master, for I was in word and in deed his servant, turned, and saying: "Follow me." strode after.

We passed down the stairs, the light from the torch in front throwing ghastly streaks of light on the huge hall. Still descending, we passed into the damp air of the vaults. An iron door barred our progress. The dwarf set down his torch, and, pointing to the door, gesticulated wildly.

"There is no key," said Wilford Harland; "search for a spring."

The horned hands of the dwarf passed rapidly over the iron door, and suddenly, as he pressed the spring, it flew open. My master passed in. The dwarf followed; but suddenly the door swung to and closed with a snap, knocking the torch from the dwarf's hand and leaving me outside the vault.

In an instant the fact that the door had swung to, and that they were shut within the vault and buried alive unless I pressed the spring, flashed upon my senses, and with frantic haste I passed my hands over the cold iron door.

I could hear a muffled sound issuing from within, as if someone were shouting loudly. I do not doubt that both were, but the door being of thick iron, and fitting closely, muffled the sound. Uttering no cry myself, and impelled by the influence which Wilford Harland on the other side of the door was exciting over me, I pressed the door until the skin was knocked off my hand with my eagerness, but could not find the spring. The door remained motionless. Suddenly, as I rested for want of breath, a flash of light lit up the darkness, and, looking down, I perceived that the flame of the torch had caught a portion of the woodwork, and that sparks and smoke were flying and hovering round me.

The sudden light dispelled the mystic influence, and waking, as it were, with a scream, I bounded up the stairs, through the hall, and into the courtyard. There a thousand demoniacal forms seemed to flit silently after me. The trees stretched down their withered arms to grasp me, and the very stones, to my disordered fancy, appeared to rise and impede my footsteps.

I found strength to shriek, and the cry was echoed by a thousand tongues. On, on I sped, like lightning, and stopping only once to look round, I saw a fierce gleam of light pursuing me.

Breathless, ill and fainting, I gave vent to one piercing shriek, and should have fallen to the ground had not someone sprung forward to receive me in his arms. I looked up with one last effort and saw the agitated face of Thornley bending over, and my father's and other faces at his back. I caught the gleam of the torches they carried, and the sound of their shouts, and then fainted.

* * * * * * *

In the morning all that remained of Melford House was the blackened ruin that loomed dark through the trees. It was burnt to the ground. For myself, it was months before I could speak of that night, and when I did my story was not believed.

Even my father would not be persuaded that I had not been walking in my sleep, and adduced as proof the assertions of the villagers that they had seen the dark figure of Wilford Harland and his dwarf servant pass through the town the night before. Others have talked to me of the new science called mesmerism, and have told me I am a clairvoyant. But I lend ear to none. What I have seen I have seen, and I will declare unto my dying day that I saw in waking life the scenes in Melford House I have spoken of.

OYSTERS.—The oyster, when spawning, does not eat its eggs, like other fish, but dissolves, as it were, a part of its own body, which passes off in long, slender threads, as fine as a spider's web, upon which are congregated millions of little eggs, not visible to the naked eye, but which, when put under a powerful magnifying glass, astonish the beholder by their number. It is estimated that about seventy per cent. of the spawn is destroyed by other fish, and about ten per cent. from other causes, leaving twenty per cent. to find its way into the market. These little seeds cling to whatever they touch—generally old oysters—and the many little shells one often sees clinging to large oysters are but the growth of these seeds. When oysters have spawned in a clear space, and free from fish enemies, their growth is very rapid until they attain the size of a quarter of a dollar, and it is at this period of their existence that the oystermen take them for transplanting. The shells are very thin, and the inside meat scarcely larger than a shirt-button, and having the rest of the shell filled with a milky fluid, which, in time, forms the body of the fish. Oysters, after they are transplanted, are, with few exceptions, not fit to eat under three years. It might be supposed that the oyster, with its hard shell, was free from danger, but such is not the case. He has two deadly enemies—the star-fish and the borer. The former will fasten on the mouth of an oyster, and suck the life out of him. The latter, with his little saw and gimlet bill, bores though his shell, and, once through, the oyster is soon destroyed.

A MAN WHO COULDN'T PRAY.—*The Nevada Enterprise* says: "A clergyman at the hotel has been seriously ill for several days past. A kind-hearted nurse, in the person of an old pioneer of this State, a '49er, has been patiently waiting on the sick man and ministering to his physical wants. The nurse was full of sympathy for his charge, and determined to leave nothing undone that he could do to make his patient comfortable. Fearing that the sick man was backward in making known his wants, the nurse addressed him as follows: 'Ask of me any favor that you want, and I will be delighted to do it. Don't be afraid to ask.' 'Pray for me,' the clergyman faintly responded. The 49er stood aghast, and replied: 'I can whip a grizzly bear, play poker, drink a gallon of lightning whiskey, and swear a blue streak; but I haven't seen the inside of a church for twenty-five years, and can't pray. Don't know where to begin, what to say, who to talk to, nor when to let up. I'll go out on the street and whip the biggest man in town for you; anything but make a prayer!' The minister entertains a high opinion of his nurse, and is getting better."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through the department: no answers by mail.

C. P. L., Philadelphia.—Thanks for your information. You say that the late William K. Burton closed a first night engagement at the National Theatre on Walnut street, above Eighth, on Sept. 12, 1857, acting in "The Rise Device," "The Dutch Governess" and "The Mummy." And that in December of that year he was the lessee of that theatre for a few nights, during which time James R. Murdoch performed a star engagement, but that Mr. Burton did not during that time appear upon the stage. You did not during that time appear upon the stage. You think the 12th, 1857, was probably the date of his last appearance in your city, provided he did not act there between Oct. 15, 1856, and Feb. 9, 1860, which is possible.

G. A. L.—Captain Mills was arrested in Philadelphia, as a warrant issued by Alderman McMullin, and was so committed in default of bail, but was released on the following morning, no one appearing against him. It appeared then the Captain and Detective Levy had an appointment at the Continental Hotel in that city. Before the time for the meeting the Captain was in the street, looking at a parade then passing, and while so looking, he was jostled by someone, a stranger to him, and the latter charged the Captain in issuing him. Subsequently he was arrested, and released as above stated.

Dooley Harry, Lowell.—The oldest fire company in the United States was the Union Engine Company of Philadelphia, which was organized in 1752. They celebrated their centennial anniversary in 1852, the company at that time being in a healthy state of preservation. The Hand-in-Hand of the same city made claim to a prior organization, but we believe that they were unable to make good their claim by the production of legal evidence.

Soldier, Windsor.—Your question is so indefinite that we cannot give a positive answer. If you enlisted prior to the 19th inst. and were honorably discharged (not ordered wards) before two years' service, you are not entitled to bounty of any kind, unless said disability was contracted in service and line of duty, which then only gives title to a Second Auditor's office, Washington, D. C., giving date of enlistment and discharge, name of the organization you served with, and the cause of disability.

T. F.—1. The old Broadway Theatre was situated on the easterly side of Broadway, between Pearl and Worth streets. 2. The theatre on the west side of Broadway, near Bleecker street (Brougham's Lyceum, afterwards Wallack's Theatre, was called the Broadway and the theatre opposite the New York Hotel is now known as such. 3. Barry Sullivan made his first appearance in America Nov. 21, 1853, and subsequently acted in all of the principal cities.

W. A. Otis, Westville.—Your questions are somewhat vague. If in town, you could command neither engagement nor salary. If you mean performers of reputation and ability, sing dancers would receive $ 25 per week and upwards. 3. Trapeze and horizontal-bar performer, from $40 a week upward. 4 Double performers would get nearly double that. 5. From $25 a week upward.

J. M. H., Clinton.—1. Her first name was Sara, not Sallie. 2. Her real name. 3. Of a family occupying high social position in this city. 4. Was for many years a great favorite at Wallack's and Laura Keene's Theatres, in this city, and has acted in London, Eng., with success. Was performing in England at the time of her husband's death.

E. C. H., Chicago.—It would be well to get a chance to appear before the public first, and see what success it attained. After making some reputation in the profession it will be easier to command engagements. Salary ranges from $30 to $150 per week, according to merit and reputation.

Gross, Bath.—Cassino is played 21 up ordinarily, but sometimes 25, and often in rubbers, best in three, the highest number of points counting the game. Both cards have been played once around scoring that rubber. It is really immaterial how many points you make it, or whether you play "up" or "down."

Old Reader, National House for D. V. S.—1. Cassino is dead in form the first time round, and one card at a time thereafter until every player has played a card. 2. There are no such names as S. Bowers in City Directory. What is the christian name of your S. Brown, and what his business?

C. H. S., Baltimore.—1. Sixty cents. 2. Sam'l French & Son, 124 Nassau street, and Robt. M. DeWitt, 33 Rose street, New York. 3 You would have to furnish your own costumes. 4. Managers do not engage amateurs in this city.

Subscriber, Richfield Springs.—1. A was entitled to have the ball replaced, and to play the shot over. 2. Had the accident probably changed the direction of the cue ball, your antagonist would have been justified in exacting that penalty.

Handy Andy, Dubuque.—Ticket-agents never take part in the stage performances, and managers do not trust their business in the hands of strangers. Therefore, unless you are personally known to some manager, there would be little chance of your securing such a position.

Miami.—We do not keep cards in stock for correspondents in the smaller towns. As you have no permanent place of amusement all the troupes that visit your town are generally reviewed when they perform in larger cities.

Amateur.—1. No, because managers will not engage amateurs for responsible business, much less imperil their business by putting them up as stars. The only way to ensure success is to commence at the foot of the ladder and work your way up. 2. He is.

Richard Coldamend, Aurora.—Of course, if there are nine contestants, and each is to play one game, and only one, with every other, there will be thirty-six games; and you win six.

Constant Reader, Philadelphia.—Miss Lucille Western commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, New York, June 5, 1871. She acted in "East Lynne" two weeks and in "The Lancashire Witch" one week.

Constant Reader, Wilmantic.—The same rules govern three-handed euchre as in the two or the four handed game. The only difference is, however, in the manner of a march, which counts three at the three-handed game.

Ludwig R.—If your friend declared he would back you, he must put the whole amount of the stake played for. In the event of your winning, as he would be entitled to the whole if you won.

Albany.—John R. McDonough is the manager, and can be addressed at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. 2. The issue of Sept. 20, 1873. 3. It is one of the most attractive exhibitions ever brought to this country.

Constant Reader, Chicago.—1. To obtain an introduction as a member of such club as you desire to join, state your object, and, if you are eligible to membership, he will doubtless propose you. 2. We do not make comparisons of that nature.

L. S., Brooklyn.—1. Sheriff and County Clerk for three years each; they are paid by fees. 2. The judges of the various courts are elected for different terms. 3. Five years. 4. See last week's CLIPPER.

Ros the Rover.—The Russian Empire is the largest in the world. Next in extent is the British Empire with colonial possessions, and the third largest is the Chinese Empire.

A. B. C.—A full hand beats a flush. A straight flush only counts as an ordinary flush, unless a special agreement to the contrary has been made before commencing play.

A. H.—We cannot give you the information, as it was a private company. Capt. Samuels, the well-known navigator, was a member, and you can find his address in the New York Directory.

J. G. G., Clinton, N. Y.—Ed. James, whose advertisement you will find in our sporting columns, can supply you with books teaching dancing, also with songs, jokes, etc.

Zelie.—Edwin Adams performed Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" at Niblo's Garden Saturday afternoon, Aug. 12, 1871, for the annual benefit of J. A. Zimmerman the treasurer.

J. W. M., Buffalo.—All we can tell you is that Malone Raymond died in London, Eng., Jan. 15, 1862, at the age of 64 years.

Pedestrian, City.—H. F. Gulley, a newsdealer, ran and was walked from City Hall square to Harlem Bridge in 59 minutes. Dec. 5, 1872.

L. E. G., Troy.—Reports of such matters will be thankfully received. The same cards only to correspondents who report amusements.

N. H. Slade, Peoria.—The fastest running time on record by a horse, one mile, is 1:42¾ by Alarm; by man, level ground, 4:17½, by Lang and Richards, dead heat.

Regular Reader.—The fastest passage by a steamship from Liverpool, Eng., to New York is 8 days, 21 hours and 37 minutes, by the Inman steamer City of Paris.

J. T., Hudson.—We cannot decide, unless we know whether you mean in size and extent of ground, or in capacity for accommodating guests.

Fort Hill Boy, Boston.—1. There are certain general rules governing the game. 2. You are not compelled. 3. Yes.

Fairplay.—The player who called muggins can claim the count; it was not necessary for him to play first before claiming it.

Arnold.—You must settle the point among yourselves if you play a game for which there are no recognized rules.

Andrews, Baltimore.—1. Dr. Burdell was murdered January, 1857. 2. We cannot positively state by whom he was murdered.

B., Boston.—Simply because the course pulled over by the Stephen Salisbury crew upon that occasion was considerably short of three miles.

Yankee Jack.—1. It is not the same person. 2. A number of years but we cannot state definitely how many. 3. We think not.

J. W. H., St. Louis.—1. Yeah. 2. We have not heard of him for some time. 3. We believe he is. 4. That is his name.

A. Long, H. W., Charleston.—See some manager in person, show him what you can do, and solicit an engagement.

H. B., Philadelphia.—1. She did not act during that week. 2. It has not a proper question to answer. Fifteen years old.

Randolph, Detroit.—Certainly you can, with the dance in your hand, build your opponent's combination up to ten.

Billy, Haverhill.—The term "shamfaker" is applied to persons performers of very limited ability, such as those who can be only one act, and that not well.

Patron, Stoneham.—1. The player who turned up jack wins. 2. The non-dealer takes the game count in case of a tie.

Two Years' Reader, San Francisco.—1. Consult T. Maguire or your city. 2. Cannot give you his present whereabouts.

Amos, Delavan.—The depth of the meridian wall at St. Louis is 2,199 feet. We cannot give the depth of that at Cincinnati.

T. R., Waltham.—No title can be conferred on an American citizen; the badge of an order, such as the Legion of Honor, which bears a title, can be conferred.

W. B.—It is reported as Col. McDaniels, a portion of his stable is at present at Saratoga, and the rest at his residence near Princeton, N. J.

W. G., Brooklyn.—Four aces at poker cannot be beaten unless players, previously to commencing, make a special agreement that a straight flush beats three.

Constant Reader, Boston.—Four aces can use the artificial piece at fifteen-ball pool.

Walter, Pittsburgh.—We cannot build on his antagonist's "chance" in any shape.

Oshkosh.—A pitcher cannot go alone, after his partner has expressed his intention of assisting.

R. A. K., Bedford.—The tonnage of the Great Eastern is 25,000 tons.

F. D., Putnam.—In case of a tie for game at all-fours, the point is scored by the non-dealer.

K. H. P.—The load by the great Chicago fire was much greater than that of the Boston fire.

W. M., Chatham.—When the census was taken in 1870 Chicago, Ill., had a population of 298,977.

C. E. M., Chicago.—*The Herald* is supposed to have a larger circulation than that of the other paper named.

W. G. S., Jr., Phila.—In cutting for deal at all-fours, the ace is high and deuce low. The highest card deals.

H. W., Cleveland.—We keep no record of published or unpublished songs.

A. A., Jamestown.—1. He was. 2. It has not yet been named. 3. Yes. 4. Philadelphia.

J. O.—Address Adam Forepaugh at Philadelphia, and Hyatt Frost at Amesbu, New York.

Harper A., Washington.—The copy was not preserved, we regret to say.

Lisa, St. Louis.—1. One round only. 2. George Rooke weighed 165lb the night before he fought Rodney Moore.

Wm. Blake, Brooklyn.—Cannot insert the challenge without a deposit.

J. H. S., Delphos, O.—We shall be glad to receive it, at your convenience.

Tody Hern, Boston.—Those departments are attended to by members of our regular staff.

Dancer, Wilmington.—Write to Ed. James, who advertises.

C. C., Cincinnati.—Rothschild is reputed to be the more wealthy.

Blonde, Pittsburgh.—See answer to "Old Reader," Louisville.

Frank.—The store is on the south-west corner of Chatham and Pearl streets.

Boc. Amboy.—The author believes it has not been set to music.

K. A. H.—They teach book-keeping at all business colleges.

Constant Reader, Paterson.—We never heard of the occurrence.

Constant Reader.—You cannot command any salary until you have made some reputation.

Constant Reader.—She did not at Niblo's Garden, but did at the Winter Garden.

E. S. M., St. Louis.—1. He can make two or more piles of ten in that way. 2. No answer by mail.

Shorty.—Published at 746 Broadway; price $4 per year.

Martin, St. Louis.—Assuredly, it can so make "nines."

Variety.—You could not procure such an engagement.

W. E. H., Charlotte.—Huntress has a record of 2:22¾.

Stuart, Hartford.—No. The trick has been exposed.

Young.—Of course I will be ah se who money.

Albert Sarony, Springfield.—No letters at present.

M. Quops, Washington.—He was born Feb. 5), 1829.

Don Carlos.—Received, and will probably be used.

S. S. V.—It made a hit. Read our review of it.

L. A. P.—Yes; the letter has been sent for.

T. H., Central City.—A wins the bet.

C. L. W., Sherburn.—He did not.

Lyricus, New Orleans.—He is.

Harry Austin.—No letters.

R. R.—29 years of age.

New Jersey.—No record.

TO ALL: GREETING!

Christmas again! Almost the nineteen hundredth anniversary of that joyful eve when the Syrian shepherds watched and hearkened while lambkins skipped and frisked, frolicked and wantoned, and angels hymned on high the humble birth at Bethlehem.

"On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung!"

Old Christmas with a new face, but yet with his ancient evergreen crown and his proverbial rousing good-cheer! "Life and its ills, duns and their bills, bid we to flee!" Ye silvery chimes, peal joyfully forth upon the midnight air! And O ye deep-toned bell! whether in cathedral tower or rustic spire, clang out the loftiest anthem, the grandest peal, within the scope of sounding metal!

Christmas that quaffs the mightiest ale!

Christmas that tells the merriest tale!

is here again—the ever-welcome season when church and hearth are decked with the aromatic laurel, the spreading fir, the loving ivy, and the holly with its glossy leaves and thorny bells! Christmas, with its Santa Claus born of Holland, its Christ-child and Hans Trapp annual in France, its Niglo in Nether Austria and its Krampus in Lower Austria, its Pandor Klaas in the Netherlands an l its Sonner Klas in Helgoland, its Samiklaus in Switzerland and its Claus in Hanover and Holstein, its Joseph in Silesia, its Bambino in Italy, and its St. Nicholas in Russia!

Christmas is here, Christmas is everywhere that Faith is! In Germany, in its festival of the Twelve Nights, with the mystic Hulda and Odin and Bechter in the foreground; in Norway, with the yule-club bequeathed by Thor the Thunderer; in Scandinavia, with its yule-coat and yule-buck and yule-joy; in Denmark, with its busy fairs and toy-laden trees; in Scotland, with its carol-singers, its masks and mummers, its mince-pie and plum-porridge; in Ireland, where lovely colleens search for four-leaved shamrocks, while "his reverence" blesses the punch he has just brewed, and lusty lads and cherry-lipped lasses trip it merrily in a stirring "rise it" jig; in England, where of yore "the yule-log reared in twain over the dull red hollows of the fire," sending forth that gre ting, original with the Britons, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"—where the soused boar's head was perfumed with rosemary, and there were riddles and hot cockles, jokes and fool-plough, snap-dragon and laughter;—where luscious apples swam in rich warm ale, and where was wont to be so generally suspended the mistletoe that

"—— Winter with'ry touch shall ne'er
Tne bloom from its branches sever:
And under its shade each youth and maid
Shall forfeit to child's caress
The tax that he sips from rosy lips,
And claims at his royal pleasure."

Christmas for Christians!—The week of love, charity and forgiveness, when scandal is tongueless and malice toothless, all hatreds melting away like icicles in the red glare of the morning sun.

Christmas for the Poor!—The season of good actions, when the rich man, suddenly thoughtful of his fellows, becomes more than generous, and even the but-well-to do publican gives bountifully to the poor—of his whiskey that cuts, if not of his Cutter Whiskey. This is the season, too, when the agate-heart of the terrible landlord weakens. He cannot find it even in his stony nature to turn his tenants out into the cold streets—inasmuch as it has been inscrutably ordained that "the first of the month" shall never fall upon the twenty-fifth.

Christmas for Temperance!—The festival of good actions paves the way for that New-Year festival of good intentions, when bibulous mankind, resolving no longer to brave a permanent injury for the sake of a temporary gratification, "swear off"—mostly until the following Sunday.

Christmas for the Gay Girls!—The season whose origin is the keynote to whatever of humility there is in the world is now here. Nevertheless, nothing will sit well on our grown-up daughters but rare sealskins and rich velvets trimmed with point-lace measured by the half-mile. Well, Governors, let your gifts to the budding womanhood in your households be of laces and velvets and sealskins.

Christmas for Bloods!—Its sign is X, and yet XX is not good enough drink for many of our city bucks, whose opened hearts are to be measured just now by opened "bottles" (pints), although last week these selfsame bucks were so light that they could have danced on bubbles without bursting a single one: lager was then their farthest reach. Nor will anything but broadcloth, in the way of holiday clothing, now satisfy these "bloods," who, since they were forced to discard last year's gift of doeskin as threadbare almost to invisibility, have mostly been wearing porous plasters and stray bits of tape in the twofold effort to hide their nakedness and their joints together. But give 'em broadcloth once again, ye fond fathers!

Christmas for Children!—These are the brightest days of young life, and are no sooner come and gone than are looked for to come again. Then hang up the biggest stocking, heap high the table with toys, hide well the evergreen branches with pendant delicacies and knicknacks!

Christmas for Your Pastor!—Although this is the season consecrated to that humble christianity which drew its inspiration from a naked Child in a pillowless manger, still the exponents of that christianity have come nowadays to largely affect brown-stone fronts, carpets woven in Asia, and couches luxurious enough for a bride. But what are we going to do about it? Just nothing. Whether our pastor labors in a city vineyard at a salary of $20,000 a year, or in some bucolic retreat is extravagantly getting away with $300 per annum and a quilting party, he expects us all the same to leave at his door a generous round of beef, a dozen or so of ale, perhaps a basket of wine, and assuredly that inevitable barrel of best Genesee flour. Then let us club together and disfigure his front-stoop with just such things!

Christmas for the Actor!—If there is a human being who ought to enjoy the sumptuous fare and the other good things of Christmas-time, it is the "poor player," be it player good or player but indifferent, male or female. But they don't muchly enjoy. "What's Christmas to us, or we to Christmas, that we should cry for it?" the poor player asks. "The only difference is that on other days of the year we strut our brief hour upon the stage;" but when Christmas comes round we have to strut for at least two hours, and neither of them brief at that. There is no Christmas for such as we." Alas! there is not, in point of fact; and our tears forbid that we should attempt to create for the actor an editor's Christmas—on paper.

Christmas for the Clipper's Readers!—It is due, and ye shall have it. One and all of our especial patrons, we greet you with wishes for the cheeriest, jolliest of Xmases! The wisest of men, until we came upon the scene, has said that "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink." Therefore eat ye, and drink ye alit—be merry, and make glad your souls! May the gallinaceous foul yclept turkey stick not in your œsophagus, nor the plums of the pudding swell uncomfortably beneath your breasts! Invisible, unknown friends! in fondest fancy we greet you by your fifty thousand pair of hands—one pair at a time!

Villainous Sardine's.—"Uncle Sam," of which we had occasion to speak in terms of condemnation some months ago, has lamentably failed in Paris. The author, honing to make capital by ridiculing and insulting the American people, has been most royally snubbed. The Parisians went to see the play, "said nothing," and the production met the fate it deserved. The author of the abortion has also been dragged over the coals and charged with plagiarism. They say he got the material from ancient and obscure works of foreigners who traveled in this country, but which had no bearing whatever upon the present customs; he altered them to suit himself, and presented what all well bred French people who had been here know to be a tissue of falsehoods. Sardou deliberately and ungratefully went back on a people who had been most liberal and lenient to him, and now he has got his desserts. Exit Sardine.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1874.

With the first number of The Clipper issued in January, 1874, we shall present each one of our patrons with an almanac, gratis. It will be handsomely gotten up, printed on superfine paper, and will contain a variety of valuable information, including a chronology of some of the most noteworthy events that have transpired in amusement and sporting circles in ancient and modern times.

Newsdealers will please see that they get the almanacs with The Clipper dated Jan. 3, 1874; and, as the gratuitous distribution of these almanacs will probably increase the sales of that issue of The Clipper, dealers, by ordering in advance whatever extra copies they are likely to require, will thus obviate the delay which might otherwise occur in executing a large number of extra orders.

The Clipper Almanac will be given only to subscribers and purchasers of our issue of Jan. 3, 1874. Otherwise it cannot be procured. Don't forget—a handsome 32 page almanac given free with each number of The Clipper of that date.

We have received quite a number of communications concerning "The Beautiful Snow," the writers being sadly at variance in the information they give as touching the authorship. These letters are quite interesting, and we should take pleasure in giving them publicity, but want of space compels us to omit all but the following:

Editor New York Clipper.—Possibly, I can give you some information concerning "Beautiful Snow." Watson (I forget his first name) is undoubtedly the author, and the poem is incorporated in his volume of poems published by Peterson of Philadelphia. Though I have not had the pleasure of reading the volume, I have seen it advertised in several papers. Harper possesses the original MSS. of the poem, and has, I am almost sure, published a fac simile of the author's writing. The last verse does not belong to the original poem, and does not favorably compare in polish and symmetry with the other verses. It was tacked on by someone, no doubt, with good intentions, and is very moral in its tone, but the cadence is as unlike as the tinkle of a tin pan is to vesper bells. In my volume of poems published in January, 1851, I have a poem entitled "Snow." This was at least seven years before "Beautiful Snow" appeared, but my poem is entirely dissimilar from Watson's, though I think I use the line,

Whirling, twirling, eddying high,
Weaving spells in the azure sky.

Robert Very respectfully, John Cooper Vail.

Author of "Beautiful Snow."

Editor New York Clipper.—In your last issue you publish the poem of "Beautiful Snow," and in an introductory comment say you have in vain tried to find out who the author is. The poetic gem has been improperly attributed to a host of dozen authors at least. While on the editorial corps of the old *Louisville Journal*, in 1867 or 1863, its highly-gifted, and since much-lamented author, Theodore Prentice, wrote the poem, and I have afterwards published a brief article setting forth the whole truth of the matter. Mr. Prentice said "Beautiful Snow" was written by Henry Paxon of Clarksville, Tenn., and was first published in *The Louisville Journal*; the year and date I do not remember, but the files of that paper will show. The poem never, so justly celebrated for its beauty of thought and rich pathos, was written by the world anonymously; for its author, though a great and gifted genius, was exquisitely modest. My memory is that Bessie Gillis first wrote to the author to inquire if the poem "Camille" was confessed in her palmy days, not long ago, only second to that of Matilda Heron, who created the role. Henry Paxon, a literary genius, highly sensitive of temperament, died several years ago at Clarksville, of consumption, while still a young man. He did not live long enough to have a long reputation. Unappreciated, dying before his best poem had been widely read, and unprincipled paglarists had laid impious claim to this brilliant child of the fancy. Levi Paxon, a brother and editor, two years since lived in Paducah, Ky., and was editor of *The Daily Herald* of that city. The mouldering bones of poor Henry lie buried in the shadowy churchyard at Clarksville, by the side of his mother. Many persons still live who *know* he was the author of the fugitive poem now in question. A noble-souled, generous-hearted fellow, and unconquerably poor, he is living, burning shame that anyone should rob his dead brow of its wealth of laurels, for others of his poems live unslained, besides "Beautiful Snow." Record this evidence only to do justice to the modest dead, the memory of whose splendid gifts and natural goodness is dear to me and sweet to his many friends. Sleep peacefully, thou early dead! W. W. Durand.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 14, 1873.

A Poser.—Gerald Massey chose for the subject of his lecture, a few evenings ago, the question "Why don't God kill the devil?" We never before knew an audience to manifest such interest in a lecture as they did in this. It was *new* to them, and they gave evidence that it would be a source of great happiness to have the devil killed, and thus prevent future complications. We think the lecture will become very popular.

Eugene Munday, Esq., contributes to *The Proof Sheet*—a very useful and well-printed journal of Philadelphia—an article on the newspapers of Pennsylvania, being his experience during a thirty-seven days' tour among his journalistic brethren. In addition to being a most excellent writer, Mr. Munday is also business-manager for Messrs. Collins & McClester, publishers of *The Proof Sheet*.

In these days of merry meetings and merry greetings, don't lose sight of the fact that there are thousands in our midst who have no one to give them a merry greeting, no one to cast a single ray of sunlight o'er their dark and dreary way. A trifle out of your well-filled coffers can impart much happiness to these struggling waifs, and make your own rest the sweeter for the good you have done. Try it.

Sports of the Olden Time.—Owing to the demands upon our space for Christmas holiday reading matter, we have deferred until next week No. 9 of our series of articles on Sports of the Olden Time.

When a young fellow makes good his title to the object of his adoration, he is at once invested with the order of the "got her."

"Our Jim" refused the offer of a glass of ale, because he could look upon it in no other light than as an act of *malt-treat-ment*.

Let us mildly suggest to our many lunch architects, that clam-soup is a poor substitute for turkey on Christmas-day.

This is not a good month for planting corn. Corn juice is more in vogue just now.

SQUIBS AND SHOTS.

—A Peoria letter-carrier lately walked nine miles and delivered the same letter to one hundred and thirty-seven John Smiths, each of whom declared it was intended for him. Total number of miles walked by all the Smiths in that Pocahontas was a fool for playing the part history ascribes to her.

—The postmaster lately made a requisition on the department for three thou-and postal cards; but, fearing the order might be thought extravagant, explained that he was going to advertise for a man who used to be our town treasurer, and a scooded.

—In a breach of promise case a Kansas judge thus charged the jury: "Gentlemen, when a lady has a suit with her night attire night, and they squoze hands and talked soft, and I think she ought to have about $.3 damages."

—The hackmen and undertakers of Washington, D. C., are at loggerheads; the latter have been accusto ned to hire carriages for funerals, charging therefor $4 and paying $3½, and now the former offer to furnish first-class carriages for such occasions for $3.

—Seth Adams, manufacturer of the Adams printing press, left a fortune of $1,200,000. He made provision for establishing a hospital for the treatment of persons suffering from hypochondria, a disease which he suffered from for many years.

—Some time ago a San Francisco doctor was enabled to relieve a fellow-traveler in a railroad car from an attack of apoplexy, and now the relieved man manifests his gratitude by dying, and leaving the doctor a fortune of about $200,000.

—A gentleman at a party lately attempted to sing "Why am I so dark, my dear?" when a young lady present told him that "Ann Mary says it's 'cause you come home so late and drunk 'most every night."

—The population of Chicago is much greater this year than ever before, and her citizens boast that they associate with more hogs than the people of any other city in the world.

—The Ame-keag Corporation of Manchester, N. H., has fitted up, for the use of female operatives in their factories, a large boarding-house, and christened it "Solomon's Temple."

—An old resident of Beaver Dam says he saw several snakes crawling around on the snow, and shot one of them. There is something wrong with that Beaver Dam er's beverage.

—A teacher in a Southern freedman's school lately asked the question: "If Mr. Smith's property was worth enough the answer came: "De Boss town must be in de State of Massa Chusetts."

—The members of the Right in the French Assembly propose to di-franchise 4 000 000 persons by making an alteration in the suffrage law.

—The New York Woman's Suffrage Association met at the Union square Theatre, in this city, on the 16th inst., and protested against "taxation without representation."

—At the Hoosac Tunnel, Mass., on the 18th inst., the falling of a rock killed Michael O'Grady, severely hurt Michael Flaherty, and slightly injured several others.

—The King of the Sandwich Islands has withdrawn his proposal to make a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

—A terrific storm of hail and rain, accompanied by vivid lightning, preyed upon Nashville, Tenn., on the 18th inst.

—Arrests by the police in this city last week, 1,351; marriages, 119; deaths, 464; births, 444; still births, 10. Children committed to the Juvenile Asylum, 71. Loss, $30,000.

—The First Baptist Church, corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, 21. Loss, $30,000.

—Copenhagen, Denmark, had to rely upon its faith for light on the night of Dec. 21, the gasmen having struck work.

—A collision between two freight-trains on the Eastern Railway, near Kensebunk, N. H., on Dec. 19, caused the death of three persons.

—The Latest advices from Acheen are that the Dutch troops are in possession of all the territory on the left side of the Acheen River.

—A Polyarillas of sixty-nine years is shortly to be married to a young lady of fifteen years. We'd be glad to give the price paid, but we are unable to do so.

—A man at Newport lately took on his shoulder an anchor weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and carried it four hundred yards.

—An Illinois hunter lately bagged a twenty-three pound turkey, but a Californian goes him eleven pounds better—his bird weighing thirty-four pounds.

—A Minnesota hotel-keeper offers to furnish board and lodging for a bushel of wheat a day, and stabling and hay for a pair of horses for a peck of oats.

—It is estimated that along the line of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, in Minnesota, four thousand men are employed in killing deer for market.

—A Fond du Lac clergyman lately discoursed to his congregation on "The rich man and Lazarus—what he saw there, and what he said when he came out."

—The price for whipping a schoolmaster in Illinois is $5. That's the sum a farmer paid a few days ago for the luxury.

—Mr. Bergh in a late lecture in a Western city claimed for the rat a higher position in utility than that held by grasshoppers and lizards.

—An Iowa paper is publishing the President's last message as a serial, under the title "Grant's Last Shot, or the Ducat and Daughter." It will run about nine weeks.

—A skeleton which, from its immense size, is supposed to be that of Goliah, was lately dug up at West Stratford, Ct.

—A Red Wing, Minn., Justice of the Peace lately had to knock a culprit down with a chair before he could try him.

—"Her face was her fortune" has just been remarked, and is to be followed shortly by "His cheek was what made him."

—The more a grate is coaled the hotter it gets. Isn't it funny?

—The churches of Western Massachusetts give "Mother Goose Receptions."

—"The Order of Liquid Light" is the name of a Massachusetts temperance organization.

—A Western obituary says the deceased had "accumulated a little money and ten children."

—The railroad companies of the United States receive from $2,000 to $3,000 a month from the sale of old tickets over which passengers have ridden. The Salt Lake road, in Cowley, Col.

—The clerk of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire is a young lady.

—Michigan no longer compels convicts to wear striped uniforms.

—At Jacksonville, Fla., an owl lately flew into a house and attacked a lady, biting her ear severely.

—Colorado has added $5,000,000 worth of gold and silver to the national wealth this year.

—An unknown family advertises for "a good girl to cook." *We'd* prefer a good tin key.

—A surprise party was lately given in a coffin warehouse by a lot of Wilmanite ladies.

—A horse which was worth $ 5 000 two years ago is now being driven to a Boston street-car.

—Thanksgiving services have been regularly held in the "old church" at Longmeadow, Mass., since 1767.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ The trial of Assemblyman-elect Harry Genet, upon the charge of obtaining the signature of A. Oakey Hall to a warrant under false pretenses, while the latter was Mayor of this city, resulted on Dec. 19 in conviction. Instead of committing the prisoner to the Tombs, as was his duty, Sheriff Brennan permitted him to return to his residence in Harlem on Dec. 21, in charge of Deputy Sheriffs Shields and Cahill. The natural consequences of this was that Genet made his escape and left the city. On the 23d while Shields was enjoying a comfortable nap, and when we went to press he was still at liberty and in likely to continue so. The District Attorney moved for an order against the sheriff and his deputy Shields, that they appear in court on the 23d inst. and show cause why they should not be punished for contempt.

☞ A verdict was rendered in this city on Dec. 17 because of a singular combination of circumstances. While his wagon was standing at the corner of Worth street and West Broadway, $3,000 worth of cloth got into it in some unexplained way. As Mr. Lane was driving off with his wagon, the owner of the cloth, Mr. James Loughlin, caused him to be arrested. Had ball been put at considerable less than $7,000, Mr. Lane might still be driving off with his wagon.

☞ Covington, Ky., on the 13th inst. got up a first-class sensation in the stabbing of Colonel Terrill, a newspaper reporter, by Thomas Francis. The latter went for the Colonel's bowels with a knife, but did his work so bunglingly that there is a chance that the wounded man will recover. Francis is a Squire, whom the newspaper reporter had accused of neglect of official duty.

☞ The freshest topics by way of Madrid are that Spain will decline to salute the flag of the United States; that Spain's salute of the American flag, as a close feature of the recent surrender is to be omitted; and that Spain will in turn have to ask it with England, whose vessels are now concentrating in Spanish waters preliminary to making a formal demand o satisfaction.

☞ The case of Mayor Hall, indicted for complicity in the Ring frauds, was called on the 22d inst., on the work of empanelling a jury commenced. Michael Norton, Thos. Coman, John J. Walsh and Miller were likewise called, but failed to appear, on the recognizances in the case, except on Coman's misdemeanor indictments, were declared forfeited.

☞ The total number of people who sought lodgings in the station-houses of this city during last month was 23,874, or 12,465 in excess of the number in November of last year. The present month bids fair to largely surpass its immedi te predecessor in the matter of station-house lodgers.

☞ On Dec. 17 the German Government promulgated from Berlin an ordinance requiring that in future all Bishops, when about being installed in office, shall swear to maintain the completest subordination to the State, and to co-operate fi ll e suppression of all disloyal intrigues.

☞ Mrs. Woodhull of Claflin fame very nearly provoked a riot by an attempt to lecture at Ann Arbor, Mich., on Dec. 18. A crowd of students hooted her from the stage, the proprietor of the hall refused to open the doors to the students, upon rising and going out, were accompanied by many of the chairs. No arrests.

☞ August Longbein, in jail at Nashville, Tenn., upon the charge of having in September last attempted to murder a Mrs. Harburger, took advantage of the fog on Dec. 17 and walked away. He is the second prisoner who within the last few months has complacently turned his back upon this model jail.

☞ Startling exposures of frauds have been made in connection with the Comptroller's office of Brooklyn. Requests that were never held have been charged for, and in the past three years upwards of six hundred fraudulent cases of small claims respectively.

☞ John McDermott, the laborer who in August last killed his wife, and who pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, was on Dec 15 sentenced by Judge Daniels, sitting in this city, to imprisonment for life, with hard labor, in Sing Sing.

☞ The centennial anniversary of the Boston tea party was held on Dec. 16 and 17, and attended in the Academy of Music meetings at Faneuil Hall and Tremont Temple, remarks being made by R. C. Winthrop, E. E. Hale, Gen. Banks, and others.

☞ Harriett Wheeler, indicted for murder in causing the death of Fanny Sterling, acknowledged to murder in the second degree, and at Albany, N. Y., on the 16th inst., was sentenced to hard labor in State Prison for six years and ten months.

☞ Herman Koewing, who attempted to murder his wife in the woods near Elizabeth, N. J., was on Dec. 19 at that place convicted of assault and battery, and sentenced to ten years' confinement in State Prison, and to pay a fine of $1,000 and costs.

☞ C. E. Whitney and George Drury, both of New Orleans, La., attempted on the 16th inst. to carve each other with folks, in a duel near Gretna, La., but without having been wounded slightly, all parties shook hands and went home.

☞ Popular indignation, scorning municipal aid, has just broken up three of the leading gambling-houses in Jeffersonville, Ind., to which city, upon being driven from Louisville, Ky., by the police the gambling fraternity had flocked with their "paraphernalia."

☞ Timothy Topping of Ingersoll, Can., on Dec. 21 attempted to kill his wife, his six children and himself. He succeeded in killing one child and injuring another, but his own condition is highly critical. Insanity, superinduced by financial tr ubles.

☞ Nicholas Ryan and his sister, Mary, were married by a minister unknown in the tenemen -house No. 204 Broome street, this city, early on the morning of Dec. 22. Bloody foot-prints were found upon the steps leading to the roof, where lay the rifled corpse of the bridegroom.

☞ Ex-Governor Booth of California, formerly a Republican, but now neither that nor Democrat, was on Dec. 20 worth $30,000 or thereabouts. That is what he was worth $30,000 or thereabouts. That is what he was worth before the great fire in that city, which has caused by the recent resignation of Hon. Eugene Casserly.

☞ David A. Gage, City Treasurer of Chicago, Ill., is short in the sum of $30,000 or thereabouts. That is what he was worth before the great fire in that city, which has caused by the recent resignation of Hon. Eugene Casserly.

☞ The total number of people who sought lodgings in the station-houses of this city during last month was 23,874, or 12,465 in excess of the number in November of last year. The present month bids fair to largely surpass its immedi te predecessor in the matter of station-house lodgers.

☞ On Dec. 19 incendiaries fired Sunbury, Pa., in two places. Stables and horses were consumed, and the total loss is $9 0 0. A white man and a negro are suspected of the crime.

☞ Mrs. Workman of Eureka, Ill., wife of a Baptist clergyman, and who stood charged with the murder of a woman of whom she was jealous, was acquitted on the 20th inst.

☞ Thus early in the game as Dec. 18, the House of Representatives has achieved its annual disgrace, in a little performance between Messrs. Randall, Hale, Eldridge, Butler and Wilson.

☞ Two years in State Prison are Philip Goldstein's reward for a conspiracy to set incendiary fires. Dec. 19, at Boston, Mass., with a view to $10,000 insurance on his store. Sentenced on Dec. 19.

☞ The annual session of the section by the Federal Assembly for President and Vice-president of the Swiss Confederation was held on Dec. 15, and resulted in the choice of Dr. C. Schenck and Dr. Zeiler.

☞ On Dec. 17, General O. O. Howard appeared before the Military Commi tee of the House and filed an answer to the charges brought against him by the Secretary of War.

☞ Captain J. S. Michener, chief letter-opener at the dead-letter office, Washington, D. C., was arrested on the 17th inst., charged with abstracting money from letters. He was held in $5,000 bail.

☞ At Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 17, a drunken brawl originating in a game of cards put an end to Lieutenant Baker of the Fifteenth Infantry, whose murderer has been lodged in jail.

☞ By a vote of 130 (*sic*), the House of Representatives on Dec. 17 repealed the Salary Act. This fixes the salary of Congressmen at $6,000 a year; but traveling expenses are added.

☞ A locomotive explosion at Columbus, O., on Dec. 14, killed the engineer, demolished two freight cars, and lifted the fireman two hundred feet in all without smashing him.

☞ Fire destroyed the Dayton Hotel, at Dayton, Nev., on Dec. 16, and Messrs. L. D. Gould, Thomas Younger, John Norton, H. Nash and Mr. Clyster were burned to death.

☞ On the 17th inst. the Senate confirmed the House bill appropriating $1,000,000 for the work, and the House on Dec.

was unanimously re-elected president: but, much to the regret of the members, he was compelled to decline the honor, his business being such that he could not very well spare the time to attend to the duties of the office. The club will still have the benefit of his advice and experience as a director. Mr. Fred E. Long, treasurer, made the appended report of the finances of the club during the past season, and he was highly complimented by Mr. Porter for the very efficient manner in which he had performed the duties appertaining to his office. Without doubt the club, in a great measure, owe their success financially to his efforts. In Mr. N. T. Apollonio the Association have a president thoroughly conversant with the duties of his position, and a gentleman who has the best interests of the game at heart. He intends by every honorable effort to keep the club up to its present high standing as an organization of honorable ball-players, and show that they are well worthy of their justly earned title—champions of the United States, 1873 and 1874. The treasurer's report for 1873 is herewith given:

Receipts.—Balance per old account, $48.40; cash received from old accounts, $80.37; total, $128.77. Donations, $13.50; gate receipts, net, $13,999; gate receipts on tours, $10,122.42; total, $24,121.42. Stock subscriptions, $1,050; members' tickets, etc., $2,647.46. Total receipts $27,961.15.

Expenses.—Cash paid old account, 1872, $806.36; salaries for 1872, $3,214.02; total, $4,020.38. Salaries, 1873, $14,988; advertising, printing, etc., $1,350.37; rent of grounds, $500; rent of club-room to Nov. 1, $333.36; care of grounds, McNamara, $585.32; repairing grounds, etc., $319.91; uniforms, etc., $181.73; sundries, $594.58; traveling expenses, $4,370.60. Total expenses, $27,193.22. Cash in the treasury, $767.93.

Actual Profits. — Total receipts, $27,961.15; less old account, $128.77; total, $27,832.38. Total expenses, $27,193.22; less amount paid for 1872, $4,020.38; total, $23,172.84. Balance, $4,659.54; liabilities, $413.89; actual profits of the season, $4,245.65.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

At the amateur convention held in Boston, Mass., in December, the King Phillip Club of East Abingdon was declared the champion amateur club of the State for 1873. Below we give their record for the past season, as sent us by Mr. C. H. Chubbuck, their secretary.

VICTORIES.

King Phillip vs. Tufts College	7 to	3
King Phillip vs. Chelsea	8	6
King Phillip vs. Lowell	9	5
King Phillip vs. Tufts College	10	2
King Phillip vs. Chelsea	16	7
King Phillip vs. Beacon	20	7
King Phillip vs. Lowell	27	12
Totals	97	40

The above games were won against very strong nines. Their other victories are as follows:

King Phillip vs. Howard	7 to	1
King Phillip vs. Active	8	5
King Phillip vs. Howard	8	6
King Phillip vs. Active	9	1
King Phillip vs. Fremont	11	1
King Phillip vs. Active	13	4
King Phillip vs. Howard	14	3
King Phillip vs. Independent	30	3
King Phillip vs. Active	30	5
Totals	130	28

DEFEATS.

King Phillip vs. Chelsea	3	4
King Phillip vs. Beacon	8	16
King Phillip vs. Beacon	9	16
King Phillip vs. Howard	5	12
Totals	25	48

The batting averages of the players taking part in the above games are as follows:

	No. Games.	1st-base hits.	Average to game.	Runs.
J. Madigan, c	18	22	1-4	38
W. T. Thompson, p	20	22	1-2	24
F. Tirrell, 1st b	15	25	1-10	19
R. Madigan, r f	20	26	1-6	20
J. F. Thompson, 2d b	20	30	1-10	31
F. Bates, 3d b	14	23	1-8	16
R. D. Thompson, s s	20	21	1-1	26
H. M. Loud, l f	18	21	1-3	23
T. Mangan, c f	16	12	0-12	15
A. Mitchell, c f	6	10	1-4	11
W. E. Forta, l f	5	5	1-0	9
Totals	20	216		232
Score made by substitutes				20
Grand total				252

AMATEURS IN COUNCIL.—On December 17 a few of the young amateur clubs of the metropolis and vicinity gathered at the Astor House, to take some particular action looking to a successful amateur convention next Spring. The result of the meeting was not, apparently, satisfactory to its originators, and it certainly did not result in anything likely to bring about the end contemplated. The fact is, this convention business, so far as the establishment of such a representative association as the old National Association was in 1857, 1858, and 1859, is played out. The amateurs had better look to the best exponents of amateur playing for the playing rules, and they are the college clubs.

THE CHICAGO CLUB.—There is nothing like opposition to stir up an energetic man to action, and the efforts of the sensation writers of the Chicago press to break up Mr. Gassette's baseball enterprise have led to redoubled efforts on his part to make the thing a success, and he'll do it too. The players will be held to their contracts, and their salaries will be guaranteed—on condition of honest service only, however—and the Chicago baseball ten will take the field in April.

A MATCH AT HANDBALL, home and home, best out of eleven games, twenty-one aces each, has been arranged between Phil Casey of Brooklyn, N. Y., on one side, and Messrs. Judge and Fleming of Philadelphia on the other. The first six games will be played at 913 Carpenter street, in the Quaker City, on Monday, Dec. 29, the remainder to take place in Brooklyn at such times as may hereafter be decided upon.

MESSRS. JUDGE AND FLEMING played a match at handball, for $100, at the court No. 913 Carpenter street, Philadelphia, Dec. 15. It resulted in the success of Judge, who won three straight games, by scores of 21 to 7, 21 to 12, and 21 to 16.

JAMES DUNN AND RICHARD TOWNSEND will be opposed to Barney McQuade and Billy Ryan in a double-handed match at handball, best in seven games, at Casey's Alley, at 111 Douglas street, Brooklyn, N. Y., next week. They play for $100 and a spread.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB ROOMS.—These rooms will be ready for opening on Christmas-night, on which occasion Hayhurst and Col. Fitzgerald are to play seven-up for suppers for the crowd, Al. Wright to keep score.

TRIGGER.

TRIGGER PULLING IN NEW JERSEY.—A series of pigeon-shooting contests took place at Chester, N. J., Dec. 16, participated in by Mose Myers, L. Quimby, A. Volkenburg and other shootists of note, and witnessed by a goodly concourse of spectators. The sport began with a sweepstakes at five birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, eleven competitors. The purse, $22, was divided between Theo. Young and J. Rudy, who killed all their birds. A match for $20 followed between Geo. Fraizer and T. Young, seven birds, same conditions, the latter winning; score, 5 to 4. A sweepstakes, same conditions as before, succeeded; eleven entries. R. Fulliger killed all his birds and carried off the treasury notes. S. S. Whitney and F. Harrison then shot a match for $20, ten birds, 30 yards rise, 80 yards fall, the first named winning by a score of 5 to 3. Another match, for a like stake, was then in order, five birds, 21 and 80 yards, in which T. Young proved victor over Geo. Fraizer, the score being 4 to 3. Fourteen competitors then took part in a sweepstakes shoot at three birds, 21 and 80 yards. Hughson, Harrison, Quimby, Myers, Vange, Fulliger and Whitney brought down three each; and as there wasn't time to shoot off the tie, the money was divided. S. S. Whitney next demonstrated his superiority over F. Harrison in a match for $20, five birds, 30 and 80 yards; score, 3 to 2. The concluding contest was a match between Wm. P. Hughson and R. Young, Jr., for $10 a side, ten birds, 21 and 80 yards. Hughson shot eight birds in succession, Young killing six out of the ten.

TRIGGER TOURNEY AT BUFFALO, N. Y.—On the 17th and 18th inst. a pigeon-shooting tournament was held at Buffalo, N. Y., $500 in cash prizes being offered for competition by five classes of shots; first prize $150, second $125, third $100, fourth $75, fifth $50. There were forty-nine entries, the competitors shooting from H and T ground traps, fifteen singles each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall; entrance, $15. The result of the shooting on the first day was as follows: Newell, Schultz, Weighell, each killed 14; Wilmer, Beard, Marsh, Lansing, 13; Green, Smith, Jones, Farrar, Miller, Clay, Dorr, 12; McElroy, 11; Loff, Wheat, George Smith, 10; Joll, Sheffield, Melvin, Tyler, 9; Nash, 8; Richmond, 7. Darkness put a stop to the shooting, which was resumed at nine o'clock A. M. on the 18th. The winners of the prizes were: Robert Newell of Buffalo first prize, E. P. Fish of Buffalo second, H. M. Clay of Buffalo third, J. C. Haskell of Boston fourth, George Smith of Buffalo fifth.

SHOOTING MATCH IN ENGLAND.—A pigeon match for £50 a side was shot at Sheffield, Eng., Dec. 2, between W. Thornton of Bradford (champion), and Thomas Batty of Attercliffe (ex-champion), nearly one thousand people gathering to witness it. The conditions were to shoot at twenty-five pigeons each, with 1oz. of shot, the gun to rest on a stake 36in. out of the ground, and twenty-one yards from the trap, until the bird was fairly on the wing, or to count a miss, 60 yards fall. The men have met once before, when Batty was defeated after an excellent match. After the thirteenth bird had been shot at, the men rested ten minutes, Thornton at that time leading by four birds. After resuming, he fell off considerably, while Batty improved his position. Thornton eventually had his last to kill to win, which he succeeded in doing, the excitement at this moment being intense. The winner killed 17 out of 25, and Batty 16. W. Bailey acted as charger and referee.

TALL SHOOTING.—An exchange says: "Recently, two young men living in Detroit, Mich., anxious to exhibit their nerve laid a wager with a third person, which resulted in some rifle-shooting of an extraordinary character. A dozen apples were procured, and one of the gentlemen stood forty feet distant from the other, who with a rifle shot each of the dozen apples in succession from his friend's head, after the manner of the late William Tell. Not satisfied with that, the apple holder procured a common pasteboard match-box cover, and held it close to his head, between his finger and thumb, and in that position allowed his friend to fire three times at it, each going 'plumb' centre."

PIGEON-SHOOTING TOURNEY.—The tournament at Toronto, Canada, was brought to a close Dec. 8, the first prize of $300 and a gold medal being taken by Mr. Dalton, of Hamilton. The winners of the other prizes were as follows: Second, Haskell, Detroit, Mich.; third, N. C. Hinsdale, Syracuse, N. Y.; fourth, Pickwick, Jr., Sarnia; fifth, C. Pickering, Toronto; sixth, Coles, Detroit; seventh, Griffith, Hamilton; eighth, J. Lusted, Uxbridge; ninth, Geo. Smith, Buffalo; tenth, E. Stephens, Scarboro; eleventh, Cash Henderson, Detroit; twelfth, W. McIlroy, Peel; thirteenth, J. Tweedie, Detroit.

A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH for $100, twenty-five singles each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, between Chas. Metcalfe and John A. Decker, was contested at New Dorp, Staten Island, Dec. 17. Each killed fifteen, and in shooting off Metcalfe peppered 4 to his opponent's 2. Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt and Dwight Townsend (handicapped four yards) likewise shot a match, ten singles each, the captain scoring 9 to 8.

THE American and English Athlete Club held their first annual ball at the National Guards Hall, Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, Dec. 16. It was a thoroughly successful and most enjoyable reunion of the athletes of the City of Quakers and their wives, daughters and sweethearts. During the evening Wm. Faldon, one of the originators of the club, sang "The Fisherman's Daughter," "She's as Good as Gold" and "Our Good Old Friends."

THE TURF.

THE NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

Decisions of the Board of Appeals.

The Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association, at their regular session, held in this city last week, rendered decisions in the following cases:

J. J. Bowen vs. Hampden Park Association.—This was a protest against the decision of the judges in the third heat of the race for a 2:38 purse, Aug. 23, at Springfield, where an accident occurred through M. Roden's horse Goldleaf becoming unmanageable, breaking his sulky, and interfering with Clementine to that extent that she was left outside the distance-flag. The judges decided to allow Clementine to start in the next heat, which she won, and the race as well. Bowen claimed the mare ought to have been distanced. Mr. Whitehead, who appeared as counsel for the Association, confirmed the action of the judges by producing an affidavit from Roden, the driver of Goldleaf, to the effect that his horse was alone to blame for the accident. The Board confirmed the decision of the judges and the action of the Association.

J. L. Doty vs. Fleetwood Park Association.—Appeal for reinstatement dismissed.

Philip Bauman vs. Pittsburgh Driving Park Association.—Application for reinstatement of self and his mare Gipsy Queen and horse Sorrel Dick, suspended for non-payment of entrance money in certain purses. Application allowed in part.

E. S. Stokes vs. H. N. Smith.—Appeal from decision of judges in the match between the mares Juno and Josephine, at Fleetwood Park, July 15, 1870, in which some $11,000 are involved. This case, so often before the Board, was continued.

W. H. Mitchell vs. Hampden Park Association.—This was an appeal in relation to the suspension of the horse Ed. Foster for non-payment of entrance money. Mr. Whitehead appeared for the Association, and stated the facts of the case; also that the horse had been trotting under another name since the suspension, and therefore deserved no favor at the hands of the Board. The decision to be reported at an early day.

Jacob Peters (ex parte).—Application for reopening the case of H. H. Hitner vs. Montgomery County Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania.—This was a case of fraudulent entry, and was decided against Mr. Peters at the last July meeting of the Board. Mr. Dedrick of Philadelphia now appeared on his behalf, and succeeded, by showing that Mr. Peters had never received any notice of the action against him at the previous meeting, in getting the case reopened. The case was not one of fraudulent entry, but simply a clerical error on the part of the clerk of the course in making out his entry as "bay gelding Jones" instead of "gray gelding Jones." The Board reversed its former decision and reinstated Mr. Peters.

J. S. Parkis vs. Woonsocket, R. I., Agricultural Association.—Application to set aside the judges' decision on a race, and to compel the payment of premiums claimed to have been won by petitioner's horse Parkis' Abdallah. There were three horses in the race, viz., Abdallah, Harry Genet and St. Elmo, and appellant claims he won the race in three straight heats, but the judges decided the second no heat, and distanced him in the fourth heat for running. Decision to be reported at an early date.

J. A. Mechlin vs. Pittsburgh Driving Park Association; J. A. McKee, proprietor.—Application for an order to compel the payment of $560, alleged to have been won by Mr. Mechlin's horse Blue Ridge Sept. 11, 1872, in a race for horses that had never beaten 2:50. The defense was that the horse had beaten 2:50 when trotting under the name of Jimmy Dolan. Application refused by the Board.

W. H. Royce vs. Detroit, Mich., Horse Fair Association.—Petition of removal of suspension imposed on the sorrel gelding Rival, and the disposal of $80 held by the treasurer of the National Association. The Board confirmed the action of the Association, and ordered the money on deposit to be paid to them.

Ben Mace vs. Utica Park Association.—Petition for removal of penalty of expulsion imposed on the roan gelding Walter. The petitioner Mace had entered Walter in certain purses to be trotted at Utica during the regular meeting of the Association last August; that at Buffalo the horse went lame; that from the first purse he was entered in, Ben in person withdrew him; but having to leave Utica before the meeting ended, he left the horse in Dan Mace's hands, with instructions to withdraw him if he did not improve; that he did not improve, and that Dan forgot to withdraw the horse until after five P. M. of the day, instead of doing so before three P. M. The Board granted the petition.

A. O. Cummings (ex parte).—Application for reward under Rule 15, claiming $50 from an association for information as to a fraudulent entry. Also, P. E. McCauley, for similar reward. The Board allowed both applications.

Thomas S. Foster vs. Woonsocket, R. I., Agricultural Association.—Application for removal of suspension. Foster was the driver of the horse Henry Genet, and took him off the track during a race, contrary to the express order of the judges, for which they expelled him. It was proved the horse was in bad condition, having let down the tendon of the nigh foreleg. The applicant had also used bad language to the judges. On the petition of Mr. Charles Revere, the owner of Henry Genet, the horse was reinstated, but Foster was fined $50 for violation of the rules, and ordered to be reinstated on its payment.

Henry Hughes (ex parte).—Application for removal of penalty of expulsion of the bay mare Lady Hughes, alias Mollie Clark. Mr. Hughes showed by an affidavit that previous to going to Europe he put the mare into the hands of one Lewis Brokaw, Morristown, N. J., with instructions for her to be "turned out" without her shoes, and on no account to be driven. That during his absence Brokaw "took up" the mare, trained her, and trotted her at Wilkesbarre, Pa., under the name of Mollie Clark; that the fraud was subsequently found out and the mare expelled. The Board granted the application, and reinstated Lady Hughes.

Joseph P. Silsby (ex parte).—Petition to be released from the penalty of expulsion by the Mystic Park Association. Petitioner states that in 1870 he was trotting a race at Mystic Park, and withdrew his horse without permission of the judges, who expelled him for so doing; that since then the Mystic Park Association have ceased to exist, and he asks reinstatement. The Board granted the application. The decisions in a number of other interesting cases will be reported at an early date.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB.

Tuesday, 16th inst., was the second day of the Fall meeting of the above-named turf organization, and the races took place under brighter auspices than on the opening day, Dec. 13, the weather being fine and the track in first-rate order. The same can be said of the two succeeding days, 18th and 20th, while the attendance throughout was good. Summaries of the different events are appended:—

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB FALL MEETING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Second Day, Dec. 16, 1873.—The Orleans Stakes, for three-year-olds, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $700 added; closed with twenty nominations; value of stakes, $1,200; the second to receive $200, and the third $100. Dash two miles.

A. Bonnabel's ch g Fred Bonnabel, by King Lear, dam Earring by Ringgold, 87lb ... 1
John Coffee's gr c ——, by Lightning, dam Jessamine Porter, 90lb ... 2
J. H. Stone's ch f Meta H., by Harry of the West, dam Louisiana B., 87lb ... 3
G. W. Hake's ch c Western Star, by France, dam by Bill Alexander, 90lb ... 0
G. B. Morris' b g Edwin Adams, by Planet, dam by Lexington, 87lb ... 0
Fred. Lloyd's b f Philomena, by King Lear, dam by La Brune, 87lb ... 0
Time, 3:46½.

SAME DAY.—Purse $800, for all ages; $650 to the winner, $150 to the second. Two mile heats.

A. Jennings' ch c Silent Friend, 4 yrs old, by Australian, dam by Lexington, 104lb ... 1 1
J. J. Crowley's ch c J. L. Carrington, 4 yrs old, by Exchequer, dam Tribulation, 104lb ... 2 2
G. B. Morris' ch m Nellie R, 5 yrs old, by Lightning, dam Nora Creina, 107lb ... 4 3
M. Walsh's b g Port Leonard, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Prunella, 101lb ... 3 4
Time, 3:48¼; 3:47¾.

SAME DAY.—Purse $400, for all ages; $300 to the winner, $75 to the second, and $25 to the third; to carry 100lb; no allowance for mares or geldings; three-year-olds to carry 90lb. One mile.

W. Jennings' b c Cape Race, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Zone, 100lb ... 1
E. Warwick's b c Tom Leathers, 4 yrs old, by Whale, dam by Doubloon, 100lb ... 2
W. Cottrill's ch f Romping Girl, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Fanny McAllister, 100lb ... 3
G. Rice's ch c Wanderer, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Coral, 100lb ... 0
M. Walsh's ch f Mary L., 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam by Epsilon, 100lb ... 0
E. Harrison's b c Vidal, 5 yrs old, by Wakefield, dam by Lexington, 100lb ... 0
W. A. Weils' b c Falmouth, 4 yrs old, by Planet, dam Red Rose, 100lb ... 0
W. Cottrill's b f Lottie Moore, 2 yrs old, by Australian, dam by Lexington, 73lb ... 0
E. Warwick's b f Mary Forest, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam imp. Weatherwitch, 90lb ... 0
Time, 1:48¾.

THIRD DAY, Dec. 18—Purse $500; a handicap for all ages; $350 to the winner, $100 to the second, and $50 to the third. Dash two miles.

Ed. Harrison's ch g Fred. Bonnabel, 3 yrs old, by King Lear, dam Earring, by Ringgold ... 1
M. Walsh's b g Port Leonard, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Prunella ... 2
J. H. Stone's ch f Meta H., 3 yrs old, by Harry of the West, dam Louisiana B ... 3
W. Jennings' ch g Donnybrook, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam Linda, by imp. Scythian ... 0
M. Walsh's ch f Mary L, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam by Epsilon ... 0
E. Harrison's b h Vidal, 5 yrs old, by Wakefield, dam by Lexington ... 0
Time, 3:44.

SAME DAY.—Purse $800, for all ages; the winner to receive $600, the second $150, and the third $50. Dash three miles.

W. Jennings' b c Cape Race, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam imp. Zone, 100lb ... 1
G. Cadwallader's b f Fannie M., 4 yrs old, by Lightning, dam Leland's dam, 97lb ... 2
A. M. Burton's ch g Tom Aiken, 4 yrs old, by John Aiken, dam Likeness, by Boston, 97lb ... 3
Ed. Harrison's ch g Fred Bonnabel, 3 yrs old, by King Lear, dam Earring, 87lb ... 0
G. Rice's ch c Wanderer, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Coral, 100lb ... 0
J. J. Crowley's ch c J. L. Carrington, 4 yrs old, by Exchequer, dam Tribulation, 100lb ... 0
Time, 5:34½.

SAME DAY.—Purse $500; a selling race, for all ages; horses entered to be sold at $1,000 to carry weight for age; if to be sold for $750, allowed seven pounds; if for $500, fourteen pounds; and if for $300, twenty pounds; the winner to receive $350, the second $150. Mile heats.

G. B. Morris' b g Edwin Adams, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam by Lexington ... 1 1
E. Warwick's b c Tom Leathers, 4 yrs old, by Whale, dam by Doubloon ... 4 2
George Cadwallader's b g Mephisto, 4 yrs old, by Ulverston, dam by Knight of St George ... 5 3
T. Lloyd's b h Captain Hutchinson, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Zero ... 2 dis
J. C. Lacey's b c General Palmer, 3 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Dixie, by Revenue ... 3 dis
E. Harrison's b h Vidal, 5 yrs old, by Wakefield, dam by Lexington ... 6 dis
J. H. Stone's ch f I. O. U., 4 yrs old, by Harry of the West, dam Isadore Hill ... 7 dis
W. Cottrill's ch f Romping Girl, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Fanny McAllister ... 8 dis
Time, 1:46¾; 1:47¾.

FOURTH DAY, Dec. 20.—Howard Stakes, for two-year-olds, dash of one mile; $25 entrance, play or pay, $700 added by the club. Ten starters.

Wm. Jennings' b c Ballankeel, by Asteroid out of Schottische ... 1
Time, 1:46½.

Consolation Purse $400; dash of one mile, for horses that have run and not won at the meeting up to closing of entries; horses beaten once allowed 7lb; twice, 10lb; three times or more, 15lb; first horse to receive $300; second, $75, and third, $25.

Wm. A. Weils' b. c. Falmouth, 4 yrs old, by Planet, dam Red Rose ... 1
G. W. Hake's ch c Western Star, 3 yrs old, by France, dam by Bill Alexander ... 2
J. H. Stone's ch f I. O. U., 4 yrs old, by Harry of the West, dam Isidora Hill ... 3
Time, 1:44½.

SUMMARY.—Club Purse $1,200, of which $350 to the first, and $250 to the second horse; four-mile heats, for all ages.

A. Jennings' ch c Silent Friend, 4 yrs, by Australian, dam by Lexington ... 1 1
J. J. Crowley's ch c Carrington, 4 yrs, by Exchequer, dam Tribulation ... 3 2
Ed. Harrison's ch g Fred Bonnabel, 3 yrs, by King Lear, dam Earring, by Ringgold ... 2 3
A. M. Burton's ch g Tom Aiken, 4 yrs, by John Aiken, dam Likeness, by Boston ... 4 dis
Time not given.

JEROME PARK RACE COURSE.—Since the Fall meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, extensive improvements have been in progress, and are rapidly approaching completion. The original course is being covered with loam to an average depth of eight inches, requiring for this purpose about 8,000 cubic feet of that description of soil, which is carefully freed from gravel and stones. When finished the Jerome Park course will be one of the fastest and safest running tracks in the country. The new straight half-mile course will be ready for the first Summer meeting in June next, and the Juvenile Stakes for two-year-olds, to be run then, and which closes on March 1, will be the inauguration race over this course. The Jockey Club also contemplate changing the distance of the Belmont Stakes and Ladies' Stakes from the present length, one mile and five furlongs, to a mile and a half, so as to start on this new course, and consent has been solicited from the subscribers to those events in 1874 and 1875 which are already closed. There is every reason to believe a unanimous consent to the proposed change will be given, as there is a general impression among turfmen that a mile and a half is quite far enough a distance for three-year-olds in the spring of the year.

SALES OF MILDEW AND LONG BRANCH.—Mr. Jeter Walden, the well-known trainer of Jerome Park, has purchased of Mr. H. Sanford his four-year-old colt Mildew, by Lexington, out of Mildred (consequently full brother to Monarchist) for the sum of $500. He will probably be schooled in the cross-country business by his new owner, who last year brought out Victor Hugo. Mildew is a bay gelding of great speed (as he showed in the Manhattan Handicap at Jerome Park last Fall, where he ran second to his stable companion Preakness, beating such fast horses as Survivor, Eolus, Stockwood and Minnie Mac) and being a muscular-framed colt of good size, ought to make a capital steeplechaser. His brother, R. Wyndham Walden, has recently purchased of Mr. Francis Morris the three-year-old bay colt Long Branch, by imp. Eclipse, out of Mollie Jackson, by Vandal, for $500. This colt at two years old ran four times, winning the Hopeful Stakes at Long Branch from Tom Bowling, Artist and six others, and running second to Wildidle for the Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park. He has been out of form all through the past season.

TRAINERS AND DRIVERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Trainers and Drivers' Protective Association held an important meeting at their club-rooms, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, on the 17th inst. Considerable business was transacted, including the expelling of delinquent members and a few parties who had violated the rules. The Association will be officially represented at the meeting of the National Trotting Association to be held in this city in February next, and it is anticipated that the temporary truce between the two associations existing during the past season will result in the establishment of a permanent satisfactory arrangement of the questions at issue.

MURDER OF A TRAINER.—A trainer of trotting horses, named Thomas McDonald, formerly a resident of Baltimore, Md., was brutally murdered at the Park House, attached to the Thunderbolt race-track near Savannah, Ga., on the 5th inst. The perpetrators of the crime were a man named Charles De Lorge and Lillie Rogers, the latter an abandoned woman, originally from New York. The murdered man was in the habit every Fall of taking trotting stock from Baltimore to Savannah, for the purpose of wintering them; he was about 30 years of age, mild and inoffensive, and generally esteemed. He had entire charge of the track at the time of his murder.

THE SAVANNAH, GA., JOCKEY CLUB.—Two out of the three stakes opened by the Savannah Jockey Club, and to be run for at the February meeting, have filled. These are the Handicap Stakes, which closed with ten entries, and the Savannah Cup, with six entries. The Lamar Stake did not fill, but in its place a mile heat race, called the Ten Broeck Stakes, has been substituted, for which the entries close on Jan. 1.

AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB MEETINGS FOR 1874.—The race meetings at Jerome Park for next year are fixed to be held on and between the first, second and third Saturdays in June and October. The entries for the Withers' Stakes, to be run for at the Spring meetings of 1874 and 1875, close on Jan. 1.

DEATH OF A TURFMAN.—The death of Judge C. B. Thomas of Lexington, Ky., is announced. He was a steadfast friend of the racing turf, and owned several famous horses, among them the great racemare Hegira, Mons. Bertrand, Hira, Ramadan, etc.

AQUATIC.

FRANK KILSBY VS. WM. SADLER.—On Friday, Dec. 5, these old opponents rowed a scullers' race from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, for £50. Sadler at once drew out, and at the Steamboat Pier led by a length, which he had increased to a length and a half off Simmons' yard. At the Creek he was a clear length to the good, and maintained his advantage all up the Willows, the pace hitherto being anything but good. Crossing the water, Kilsby, who had been rowing a slower stroke than his opponent, rapidly closed the gap, and just below the Grass Wharf drew up level with the leading man. From this point Kilsby came right away, and led quite three lengths at the Soap Works, which he had increased to five as they shot Hammersmith Bridge. Hence to the finish Kilsby had the race in hand, for though Sadler spurted pluckily as they passed the Doves, and momentarily improved his position, the leader again drew away off Chiswick Church, and, passing under Barnes Bridge some 12 or 14 lengths in front, ultimately won easily by about 20 lengths. Time, 25min. 42 sec. H. Reid officiated as umpire.

SADLER AND BROWN.—Concerning this proposed Anglo-Canadian match, *Bell's Life* of the 6th inst. contains the following: "With reference to the announcement which appeared in our last impression, that James Taylor of Newcastle was authorized to match G. Brown of Nova Scotia against J. H. Sadler, provided the latter would row at Queenstown, Sadler requests us to state, once for all, that he is open to row all comers, for £200 or £500 a side, over the recognized championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, but must positively decline to row for the championship over any other course."

THE LOUISIANA ROWING CLUB of New Orleans, La., organized Nov. 2, 1872, has fifty members and five boats, as follows: One four-oared gig, one double scull, one single scull, one six-oared gig, one double shell. The rowing course is on Mississippi River and Lake Pontchartrain. An elegant boat-house is in process of construction at foot of Calliope street, on the Mississippi River. Officers for the ensuing year are as follows: M. J. Hart, president; C. C. Haley, vice-president; Jno. F. Chellet, secretary; Thos. McIntyre, treasurer; and J. B. Kelley, captain.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Robt. Bagnall of Newcastle now offers to row Joe Sadler (champion) on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, about the latter end of March next, for £200 a side and the championship, Bagnall to receive £25 for expenses, and the editor of *The Newcastle Chronicle* to be stakeholder. It is improbable that Sadler will row before May, or that he will consent to have the stakes held outside of London. However, it is likely that an amicable arrangement will soon be made.

THE BOAT CLUB at Saratoga Lake, N. Y., has adopted the appellation of the "Cedar Bluff Rowing Association." At a meeting which convened at Myers' Cedar Bluff Hotel Dec. 17, the annexed officers were chosen: President, H. U. Myers; vice-president, John D. Curtis; treasurer, Chas. H. Sturges; secretary, Geo. M. Crane; trustees, O. J. Wing, John H. Myers and Denis Ramsdill; captain, C. C. Myers.

THE PRIZES won by vessels belonging to the Brooklyn Yacht Club, during the past season, were presented to the winners at a special meeting held Dec. 17. Daniel Edgar, Jr., who has in course of construction the largest sloop-yacht in the country, was elected a member.

THE COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB of this city elected the following officers on the 16th inst.: John S. Gage, commodore, R. McWhinney, vice commodore; James A. Smith, secretary; R. Wilson, treasurer; F. Papbst, measurer; J. P. Smith, steward.

BILLIARDS.

GARNIER IN NEW ORLEANS.—This expert has been attracting enthusiastic audiences at the St. Charles billiard-room, New Orleans, says our correspondent, writing on Dec. 16. Garnier's antagonists have been Messrs. Abrams, Coste, Oberlander and Maggioli, amateurs, whom he sometimes discounted, at others double-discounted, and again played them two at a time. On one occasion, double-discounting Maggioli in a game of 300 points, he scored 767 against Maggioli's 259. Garnier's best runs in the several games have been 113, 93, 94, 80, 86, 80, and 99, and his averages 21, 27½, 26, 24, 30½, 22, and 36½. It is due, as a tag to these unusual figures at three-ball billiards, to say that they were accomplished with 2⅜ balls on a table eight and a half feet long. Slosson, who had been detained, was expected to arrive on the 17th; and Ubassy was expected later in the week.

A RUN OF 936 BY WILLIAM COOK.—On Nov. 29, in London, while playing Joseph Bennett at the English winning-and-losing hazard game, Champion William Cook, for the eleventh time, made the largest "break" on record, the last amounting to 936. It is to be explained that not only was this run not made on the standard English table, but also that, as we compute even exhibition runs in this country, it was but 842, Cook overrunning the game of 1,000 points by 94 points. Finally, the run would not here be credited to its maker, having been made, like Cook's other ten large runs, in an exhibition game.

HUBBARD VS. HEPP.—At McCoombs' Parlors, Titusville, Pa., on Dec. 16, Chet Hubbard was beaten by Fred Hepp for $50 at the American game. Hubbard, who was short 9 points, attempted to play 1,500 to Hepp's 1,200.

DALY VS. UBASSY.—It is announced that Francois Ubassy, in conjunction with Maurice Daly, will give an exhibition in this city every night of the current week, the whole forming a 2,000-point game of three-ball caroms, three of the *seances* to be held at Daly's rooms, and the other three at Chris. O'Connor's.

SI SLOKUM AGAIN.—This *litterateur*, whose "How to Conduct Yourself in a Billiard-room" has attracted so much attention, has just issued a companion set of rules, viz.: "How to Behave in a Bar-room." As to profounder particulars, see his card in our business columns.

CHALLENGE FROM A TROY FANCIER.—The attention of the fanciers of this exciting sport is called to the subjoined straightforward challenge from the well-known trotting turfman and patron of cocking, Mr. James Dougrey. It will be observed that the challenger is silent on the subject of expenses, but we presume there would be no difficulty in arranging that point.

LANSINGBURG, Dec. 19, 1873.

SIR.—I will fight a main of cocks, 4lb. or 4lb. 2oz. to 5lb. 12oz or 5lb. 14oz., for a thousand dollars a side and a hundred dollars each battle; the Albany rules to govern, and to be fought within 25 miles of Troy. This challenge to be accepted within ten days from date of publication. Any party or person wishing to accept the above challenge, by telegraphing to James Dougrey, Jr., Rensselaer Park Hotel, Lansingburg, N. Y., will be met by him at Johnson's Pool-room, corner of Broadway and 28th street, New York, to draw articles of agreement, and put up forfeit. Respectfully yours, JAMES DOUGREY, JR.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.—The Young Men's Gymnasium Association of Cincinnati, O., gave a public exhibition and competed for prizes on the 19th inst. The successful contestants were as follows: General prize, Isaac Jones; best special act, Andrew Cutter; somersault, Geo. S. Parvin; horizontal bar, Thos. Sutton; parallel bars, N. E. Keeler; honorable mention, Benj. Strauss, A. H. Pape. The board of directors, through the president, A. W. Whelpley, awarded a special badge to L. Norton, for interest manifested in managing the entertainment.

THE RING.

CHAMBERS VS. CAMPBELL.—As had been anticipated, the unreasonable propositions made by Bryan Campbell in his reply to Arthur Chambers' challenge have been simply laughed at by the latter, as "Barney," probably, knew they would be when he made them. Arthur now says he will fight Campbell for $1,000 a side (no less), over five hundred miles from New York City, at Bryan's own weight, 126 pounds, eight or ten weeks from signing articles; the men to toss for choice of fighting ground at the time of posting the last deposit, and the loser to receive ten days' notice of the place. If these terms suit, Chambers will be pleased to receive articles from Campbell as soon as possible. The fairness of the proposals made herewith cannot be questioned; and as Arthur's fighting weight is 118lbs., the Wilkesbarre man ought not to object upon that score. His answer will show whether he means business or not.

JACK BOYLAN is up for a benefit at the Sixteenth Ward Hotel, No. 263 West Seventeenth street, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30. The Dublin Lad will wind-up with his old opponent, Pete Croker, and a number of other professors of fistology will assist, while there'll be singing and dancing galore. Jack had a turn-up with Jim Turner on the night of the 21st inst., and as the latter seems desirous of testing Boylan's mutton again, Jack will be prepared to make a match on the night of the exhibition.

HARRY HICKEN has located at Utica, N. Y., where he is proprietor of the saloon on Charlotte street known as the Pearl Place. Attached to the saloon is a large room, wherein Harry will give instruction in the art pugilistic to all who desire to learn how to hit out from the shoulder artistically.

HOMER LANE AND W. RICHARDSON wrestled for $100 a side at Harry Hill's on the afternoon of Dec. 18, the former gaining two falls in succession, and thereby coming into possession of the two centuries. The contest was of an exciting description, and was witnessed by a good company. John McMahon officiated as referee.

STEVE O'REILLY, better known as "Seddons' Mouse," and Mike Kehoe fought for a purse, off-hand, at Detroit, Mich., Dec. 14, the former winning in nine rounds, lasting 22 min. 30 sec. Josh Wilton officiated as referee.

MIKE C. O'CONNOR gave an exhibition at Gescanaba, Mich., Dec. 10. He and Johnny Mulligan, an old antagonist of Tom McAlpine, gave the wind-up.

WE HAVE LETTERS for George Siler, Patsy Sheppard, and Jack Gallagher.

PEDESTRIANISM.

JOHN ALLISON of Fall River, Mass., and James Harris, the Canadian sprint-runner, contended in a race of sixty yards, for $500 a side, 'tis said, at Providence, R. I., Dec. 18, when Harris turned the tables on his opponent, winning in 6¼ seconds, by several feet. On the same day and track Wm. Allison easily vanquished Geo. Forbes of Woodstock, Canada, one hundred yards, for $250 a side. Time, 11 seconds.

WM. H. ADSETTS is requested to call or send for a letter now in our care.

GREAT PUMPING FEAT.—The steam pump used in connection with the Lynn Water Works has on previous occasions been so fully described that it need only be said here that it is a powerful machine of the Leavitt patent. When purchased by the city of Lynn the contractors warranted it to possess a working capacity of raising 60,000,000 gallons of water one foot with 100 pounds of coal. In order to prove the machine, Messrs. Kirkwood of Brooklyn, Hermony of Louisville, Hoodley of Lawrence, Worthen of New York, and Davis of Boston, were appointed a committee to test the engine for a period of fifty-two consecutive hours. The test was made some months ago and a capacity of 84,000,000 foot-pounds was developed. This result, though satisfactory in the main, was nevertheless not entirely so to the contractors, for various reasons. Accordingly, a second test was made about a week ago, when the supply of water was more abundant than on the former occasion. This time the result was most gratifying, 103,923,215 37 gallons having been raised the requisite height, in accordance with the conditions of the test. This is believed to be the greatest feat of the kind ever performed, the nearest approach to it being that of the engine at the Lowell water works, which has exhibited a capacity of about 90,000,000 foot-pounds in the same period of time. In connection with the trial at Lynn it should be said that the area of the pump was 534.53 pounds per square inch; pressure of water against the pump, 73.41 pounds to the square inch; evaporation of boilers, 10.1318 pounds from and at 212; stroke, 7 feet; revolutions per hour, 573.557; loss of action, 4 per cent.; gallons pumped per hour, 205,772.371. The committee have not yet made an official report, but the above are said to be the principal statistics of the trial.

A NOVEL SPORTING CHALLENGE.—A novel challenge has recently been received from England; and it is likely to create unusual excitement among the gentlemen sportsmen of this country. Mr. R. L. Price of Bala, North Wales, with the sanction of the Rev. Cumming Macdona, has addressed a communication to American gentlemen delighting in field sports, in which he offers to make a friendly match against any *bona fide* pointers and setters in America, not English dogs imported for the purpose, as the challengers say they can run the latter at home. A double match, brace of dogs against brace, is proposed, to be followed by two single matches. If the owners of the American team consent to run in England, their expenses will gladly be paid, and a well-known sportsman and master of foxhounds, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynnstay, Denbighshire, will lend the requisite ground and game. The champion field-trial dog of England, at present, is Mr Price's liver-and-white pointer Belle, 3½ years old, by Lord Henry Bentick's ranger, out of his slut Grouse. Belle was the winner of the Rhiwlas stakes for all aged pointers and setters, when she beat Mr. Macdona's ranger, Mr. Llewellyn's Countess and Flax, Mr. Slatter's Rob Roy, and many others. In a match of this kind the points counted are: 1. Nose; 2. Pace and style of hunting; 3. Breaking; 4. Backing; 5. Drawing on game or roading. The attention of the following distinguished American field-sportsmen is called to this challenge: Colonel Trigg of Glasgow, Kentucky, Mr. George Taylor of Virginia, Dr. Meyers of Savannah, Mr. Stephen Whitney of Morristown, New Jersey, Mr. R. Robinson of Brooklyn, Mr. Eyrich of Mississippi, Mr. Raymond of New Jersey, Mr. Scott Rodman of New Jersey, and Colonel Knight of Wisconsin.

THE GEORGE Y. LEARNED ENGINE COMPANY are to hold their ninth annual concert and ball at the Academy of Music, Pittsfield, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30. The music will be furnished by the Germania Orchestra of Boston.

A CHICKEN DISPUTE for $100 a side took place at Hornellsville, N. Y., Dec. 15, between Messrs. Grosvenor and Berdine, the former showing a yellow duckwing, and the latter producing a Derby. The latter was killed in two minutes.

SKATING.—The skating season is remarkably backward this Winter in the metropolis. The first day's sport has yet to be had, and in consequence the skate market is very dull. Everything is in readiness at Central and Prospect Parks except the ice.

A. M. RADCLIFF has inaugurated a series of entertainments at his hall, No. 490 Eighth avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets. The assembly nights are Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE LINWOOD CLUB, an influential organization of the West side, will hold their first annual ball at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 14. Joy be with them.

ALEC. SCOTT, brother to the famous Jimmy Scott the 154lb champion wrestler of England, died at Carlisle on Nov. 27.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
Perceiving in the issue of THE CLIPPER of Dec. 13, a notice of the Great Eastern Circus performing in San Francisco, Cal., under the management of Mr. John Wilson, THIS IS TO NOTIFY ALL PERSONS that the title of THE GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS has been duly copyrighted by us, and the use of that title by any other person or persons is a clear infringement upon our rights.
HAIGHT & CO., Proprietors
39-1t and Managers of The Great Eastern Circus.

A PIANIST AND LECTURER for an Irish Panorama wanted. Only those that can do both need apply. To commence Monday, December 29.
39-1t* Address C. H. HUMPHRY, 63 West 12th st., City.

TO LET.
The privileges with Montgomery Queen's Circus, Menagerie and Hippodrome.
For particulars inquire at 57 Irving place, or address me, Commercial Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
39-1t* MONTGOMERY QUEEN.

GEORGE T. SHIELDS.
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FOR SALE, CHEAP.
Gentleman's Theatrical Wardrobe and Books. Call after 3 P. M., No 322 E. 32d street, N. Y., Mrs. Cooke. 49-1t*

MARKED BACK PLAYING CARDS $1 50 per pack. Send to Reeves & Relyea, dealers in sporting goods and novelties, No. 3 Willett street, N. Y. Price list of goods sent free. 39-1t*

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Since the days of "Free Masonry Exposed." The complete "Ventilation" of the secret order known as "The Equestrian Benevolent Association" by Mr. Claude de Haven. The author threatened with secret violence. The members mute with astonishment. Society paralysed by the ghostly revelation! "Shall a man be Murdered in our midst?"
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LATEST SPECIALTIES.
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SKATING RINKS.—SHOWING HUNDREDS OF MOVING FIGURES in splendid Costumes, from $25 to $200. Stereoscopic Shows on hand and made to order for Sideshows and street.
39-1t* JAMES LEE, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

[illegible] APPEAR this week in THE CRITIC Claude De Haven's Strange Expose of the "E. B. A."
Notwithstanding the powerful influence brought to bear by the "Equestrian Benevolent Association" to suppress it, their attempt last week to buy up all the copies on sale proving a failure, a larger edition will be issued the coming week. The Ceremonies, Grips, Signs and Pass-words exposed. Send 10c. for copy to M. M. Shelly, Publisher of THE CRITIC, 22 Ann street, New York. 39-1t

THE GREAT CHARLEY HOWARD, OF HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, Will arrive in New York December 24. 39-1t*

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MARIE ... MISS LOUISE SYLVESTER
Preceded by the comedy of THE KISS IN THE DARK.
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TOPSY, with Songs, Dances, Banjo Solos, &c., in which she excels all competition ... MISS LOUISE SYLVESTER
EVA ... LITTLE LIZZIE HENDERSON
UNCLE TOM ... MR. CHARLES FOSTER
On CHRISTMAS (Thursday) afternoon at 2 o'clock, first performance of a new and gorgeous pantomime, entitled MOTHER GOOSE [39-1t] MATINEE SATURDAY.

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A new grand holiday trick pantomime, called
GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER, OR HARLEQUIN JACK NIMBLE.
The celebrated clown and pantomimist HARRY THORNE has been engaged to appear as Clown.
First appearance of the old darky delineator J. W. McANDREWS.
First appearance of the comic change vocalist, WILL H. STOWE.
The comic artists, FOLEY AND WADE.
TONY PASTOR'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS.
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MATINEES TUESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.
EXTRA MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY AT 2. 39-1t

P. T. BARNUM'S GREAT MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.
(American Institute Building, 3d avenue and 63d street.)
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FIVE HUNDRED MEN AND HORSES!
Artillery, Musketry and Cannonading!
EVERY NIGHT. EVERY NIGHT. EVERY NIGHT.
BRIEF SYNOPSIS—SCENE I.—Grand Review of English Troops; Commanding General's Address; "England's King and England's Honor!" TABLEAU.
SCENE II.—Night before battle; Encampment of Americans; "Paddy Whack," with song. TABLEAU.
SCENE III.—Arrival of GEN. WARREN; his address to his countrymen and fellow-soldiers. TABLEAU.
SCENE IV.—The battle commences; desperate fight for the flag; lucky arrival of "Paddy Whack;" terrible fight of cavalry and infantry. TABLEAU.
SCENE V.—Bunker Hill; meeting of the armies; desperate charge and hand-to-hand conflicts; battlements, walls and fortifications blown to atoms; Goddess of Liberty upon the field. TABLEAU.
This great Equestrian Drama, produced at an actual outlay of $30,000, will be given every night, in addition to the regular performance.
☞ For illustration of principal BATTLE SCENE see Daily Graphic, Tuesday, Dec. 23.
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Every department open from 12 M. to 10 P. M.
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E. L. DAVENPORT.
Monday, Dec. 22, 1873, first appearance of the eminent tragedian, Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT, supported by the gifted artist, Mrs. E. L. DAVENPORT, and entire Wood's Museum Dramatic Company.
Evening at 8; Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT in the tragedy of HAMLET. Afternoon at 2, the original spectacle, CHERRY and FAIR STAR. New scenery, costumes, etc., and entire company. Incidental to the spectacle the following specialties will appear every afternoon at 2: the song-and-dance artists, DELEHANTY & HENGLER; the Animal Imitator, HERR WILLIO; the renowned gymnast, Professor J. J. SHOWLES; the charming artist, MISS SAIDEE O'NEIL; Triple Clog Dancers, STURGES BROTHERS. Thursday, Dec. 25, 1873, GRAND CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.
Three performances in the lecture-room. Morning at 11, afternoon at 2, evening at 8. On exhibition all day, the great Arabian giant, Colonel ROUTH GOSHAN. 39-1t

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The great dramatic sensation,
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EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
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WRITE AND GET A DATE.
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The sole right of this piece in America belongs to MR. WYBERT REEVE.
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JACK HARKAWAY AMONG THE BRIGANDS,
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Having closed a very successful engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, open at TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Dec. 22, for two weeks. To TONY PASTOR'S, for two weeks, commencing Jan. 12, 1874. First open date Jan. 26. Address all letters as above, or to their sole agents, JONES & DALY,
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SPECIALTIES,
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closed a brilliant engagement at TONY PASTOR'S. Responsible managers only wishing to engage these Dual Star Artists can address OLYMPIC THEATRE,
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Having concluded a very successful engagement at the GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, opens at TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Dec. 22, for two weeks; to TONY PASTOR'S for two weeks, commencing Jan. 12, 1874; to MITCHELL'S, St. Louis, for two weeks, commencing Jan. 26. FIRST OPEN DATE, FEB. 9.
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(ENGLAND'S CHAMPION EQUESTRIAN),
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Variety artists wanted. Must be first-class.
SALARY SURE.
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LAST SENSATION.
This Monster Organization will hereafter travel exclusively by railroad. The Great Troupe, 36 in number, together with the Band Chariot and Six Beautiful Dapple Gray Horses, will be conveyed from city to city by special cars. The Troupe of Warm Spring Chiefs and Braves, are proving extraordinary curiosities, attracting the attention of all classes. They appear nightly in their Unique Rites, Ceremonies and Dances. This show is drawing larger audiences and taking more money than any other Four Hall Companies now traveling combined.
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E. S. WASHBURN, Proprietor,
39-2t The manager who never suspends.

TO
JAMES TAYLOR, ESQ.,
ENGLAND'S ROYAL COMIQUE.
SIR.—Do not seek notoriety by courting a controversy between yourself and E. S. Washburn, Esq., as he will not deign, either in the present or future, to notice your futile efforts to class yourself among first-class managers. As for Tony Pastor, he is not a traveling manager. Mr. Pastor has an opera-house in New York City, and only travels a few months in the Summer season. Mr. Washburn travels all the year round, and is considered by the PRESS of the leading cities of the U. S. to be the ONLY SUCCESSFUL and LEGITIMATE VARIETY MANAGER upon the road. Yours respectfully, JAS. MAAS,
39-1t Stage-manager Washburn's Last Sensation.

CLOUDS,
AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN COMEDY,
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FRED. MARSDEN.
OPINIONS OF BROOKLYN PRESS.
FROM BROOKLYN EAGLE, NOV. 26.
It is well written—it is well constructed: it sustains the interest of the story until its culmination. It is far above the level of the trash known as society dramas. The plot is strong, probable and consistent. The characters are well drawn and the dialogue is terse, written in a sharp and pungent way. The repartee is quick and often witty. In short, it is that rarity—a good play—a better play than has been produced in New York or Brooklyn from the pen of an American dramatist in ten years.
FROM BROOKLYN SUN, NOV. 30.
The piece is of the Robertson school, chastely written and neatly sprinkled with graceful witticisms, not always new, to be sure, but almost newly introduced. It is free from slang—no small merit. It betrays respect for grammatical rules—an unusual merit. It entitles Mr. Marsden to hearty recognition as the best American dramatist now alive, and its freedom from anything morbid, as well as from all attempt to duplicate the old clap-trap of the stage, evidences at once a sound mind and an excellent taste.
FROM BROOKLYN UNION, NOV. 28.
"Clouds" is the metaphorical title of a comedy of the emotional sort. The victim of the plot is betrayed but not frail. It puts forward a woman of a higher type than the Frou-Frous, Moreta or Camilles. Mr. Marsden has attempted to invest his heroine with such exalted womanly pride, that although she is denied the possession of an honorable name, she continues to command respect as well as sympathy. As the play loses none of its exciting interest by this concession to a purer taste, and, it has met with genuine success, it may be hoped that society drama has seen its worst days, and is likely to be lifted from its degradation.
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THOS. E. MORRIS,
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MADAME LOPEZ,
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ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven—
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been—
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And maybe she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did den,
And ask Dod to send him with pesents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light;
I want he should div me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin unners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumbers, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again:
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless Papa" drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nurs'ry was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright, shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, tripping down-stairs, he retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents espied;
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light:
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers; now, wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

THE
LAPIDARY OF NUREMBERG:
A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE,
Compiled from the Manuscripts of a Patient in Bedlam,

AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.
CRŒSUS ON THE TRAIL.

In 1814, the Faubourg St. Antoine was one of the worst-regulated streets in Paris. The gutters reeked with filth and mire of every possible description, and the wine-shops and cafes which bordered the plebeian thoroughfare were the haunts of robbers, forgers, courtezans, and in fact of every calling of humanity that belongs to the vile and the depraved. Since the days of the Regency the Faubourg St. Antoine has ever been cited by historians and novelists as a festering plague-spot in the capital of France. There scoundrels reigned, and crime found among its dark slums a refuge from the hounds of the law. Officers never dared singly to invade this sanctuary of the thief, the forger and the murderer. Even a Vidocq cared not to enter the Faubourg St. Antoine unless backed by a score of valiant gendarmes. Furthermore, the fact is historical that several Revolutions began among the idle, dissipated and unruly Sans Culottes who swarmed in the garrets and hideous underground cellars of the impious and depraved street. There the champions of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," in the ever-memorable year 1792, found congenial spirits, ripe for blood and plunder whenever the argument advanced was *hatred to the rich.*

In the year 1814, the cafe of Olivier Chatlet was the resort of many of the worst characters who bade the authorities defiance from their stronghold the Faubourg St. Antoine. There were at least two Saints in the calendar, in the year 1814, who could feel justly indignant at humanity for having bestowed their titles on such hideous places as St. Giles of London, and St. Antoine of Paris.

The wife of Olivier Chatlet occupied a small desk in one corner of the cafe, where she took the receipts, while her husband engaged in sociable conversation with the customers whom he served at the tables. She was a very large and robust woman, and one would judge her to be quite industrious, for she continually passed her leisure time in knitting. There was an object in this with which the general public were not familiar. If the truth must be told, she was one of the most skillful of female detectives, and could sum up a patron of the house far more readily than her worthy husband. The house was noted among the police as about the worst rendezvous of the burglars, thieves and forgers in Paris, and the prefect always cautioned the inspectors to keep a good watch over the cafe of Monsieur Olivier Chatlet. This the proprietor well knew, and he trusted to his wife's sagacity, rather than to his own judgment, to ferret out a spy. The knitting was a sort of telegraph by which they communicated. When Madame Chatlet dropped three stitches in succession, he would terminate his discourse very abruptly, whether the person he conversed with was dressed like a gentleman or like a Sans Culotte. The act on her part implied: "Have nothing more to say to him, or we may get into trouble."

During the day—that is, from the hours of seven till six—the cafe of Monsieur Chatlet had little trade. When night set in, however, the scene changed, and so great was the rush of customers that the proprietor had no time to converse with anyone. Still, Madame Chatlet was always at her post, and never failed to resume her knitting after making change for a patron. When she dropped a stitch, it meant "Be cautious;" two stitches, "A spy;" three, "Cease the conversation." Monsieur Chatlet seemed to have a strong affection for his wife, for he could not help glancing at her on an average at least twice a minute.

One dark and rainy forenoon a man with a huge mastiff-dog at his heels came into Monsieur Chatlet's cafe, and, taking a seat at one of the tables, called for a bottle of the host's best wine. This man carried a small bundle, suggestive of extra clothing, and a stout oaken cudgel. His shoes were stained with the mire of travel, as though he had journeyed a long distance; while the blouse which he wore, braided after the manner of a provincial, would have looked far better if it had been washed. To be brief, the man appeared to have been sleeping on the highway or under hedges. There was also a restlessness about the dog, for he was never quiet for a moment, and his eyes were bloodshot, as if he had been a long time without sleep, as well as his master. Olivier Chatlet glanced at his guest and remarked:

"Monsieur, I sell my best Lafitte wine for five francs a bottle. Now, I have a fair article of hock at thirty sous, and a genuine claret at twenty."

"I fancy the Lafitte," said the guest, and he threw a gold louis on the table, at which the host's eyes fairly sparkled.

In a moment or two Chatlet brought the bottle of wine from the cellar; but in that short interval he had managed to scrape a few cobwebs from the ceiling and twist them round the cork. The cobwebs were infallible proof of the age of the vintage.

"You will drink with me, monsieur," said the stranger pleasantly enough.

Chatlet glanced at his wife; she did not drop a stitch, and he replied:

"With pleasure."

They drank each other's health.

"From Nantz?" inquired Chatlet, taking a survey of the stranger's shoes.

"No; from Limoges last. The fact is, landlord—there is no one within hearing, I suppose?"

"No one but my wife, whom you can trust as the embodiment of secrecy."

"Well, then, I wish to gain some information from you, and I am willing to pay fifty francs for what I feel assured you can inform me."

Olivier Chatlet gave his wife a glance, and she dropped a stitch. The stranger drew a purse from under his blouse and counted fifty francs upon the table.

"Come," he continued; "I am a detective, and I own to it. This sum of money is yours if you will inform me of the whereabouts of Jacques Legendre, alias Jacques le Forgeur."

Chatlet looked at his wife, but she continued her knitting without dropping a stitch.

"The police never knew me to betray a friend in their clutches; but my information cannot harm the man now, as he has been sent for life to the galleys at Marseilles."

"For what crime?"

"Housebreaking."

"Under what name was he convicted?"

"Ernest Gerard. What puzzles me most, monsieur, is how you came to know him as Jacques Legendre. He had been away from Paris for nearly a dozen years before he was taken in the toils, and I did not think there was an officer or a detective in the city who knew him by that name."

"The police of Vienna and Berlin knew him as Jacques Legendre, and I tracked him from the latter city to Paris. He made your house his headquarters until his arrest."

"Yes; but he was not the Jacques Legendre of former times. He drank deeply, and complained of seeing spectres. As he is caged for life, I do him no harm by telling you everything. His hand was unsteady, and he could not forge. He took to burglary, and was caught in the act, being drunk. Sentenced for life to the galleys. Have I earned the fifty francs you promised me?"

"As honorably as any man could, and the reward is fairly yours; but, Monsieur Chatlet, I have one or two more questions to ask."

"A man who pays so liberally is worthy to gain information. Say on."

"Had this Ernest Gerard—we will give him his last title through courtesy to his ready wit in assuming an alias—any rare jewels which he would occasionally display for the setting-off of his person?"

"Jewels! Ha, ha! Monsieur, you are pleased to be facetious. Why, he was as poor as a church-mouse, and as ragged as a Sans Culotte. Remember, not for fifty thousand francs would I give you this information if he was not a lifer. I cannot see any harm in my share of this business, since Vidocq has made things so sure that the most cunning criminal has no chance of escaping from the galleys."

The stranger rose from the table satisfied with the knowledge he had gained, and said: "Come, Crœsus; we have much to do before nightfall, and must travel." The dog rose, shook himself, and licked his chops: "I am aware what you mean, my fine fellow. You have not dined yet, while I have been refreshing myself, which is unfair. Now, I am thoroughly convinced that you are too wise a dog to throw your money away on Lafitte wine at five francs a bottle, when a savory sausage can be purchased around the corner for two or three sous, to say nothing of a dish of cream, which I shall add by way of finale, to wash down the delicious morsel."

Crœsus gave the short bark, "I understand," and thanked his master by harmoniously wagging his tail.

Olivier Chatlet noticed Crœsus, and thought he would make an ornament to his cafe if he could purchase him.

"English mastiff," he said suggestively.

"Thoroughbred," replied Wilfred Shaw, whom the readers of this autobiography must have recognized as the stranger in the tattered blouse.

"I like his appearance, and such a dog, if trained, would be valuable in preserving order when I am pestered with the rough characters who infest the Faubourg St. Antoine. I will give a hundred francs for Crœsus. Is my offer worthy of monsieur's consideration?"

"I think he is worth more."

"Name what sum, then, will purchase him. I want a dog of his make and material. Look you, I have only to advertise that I will give such a sum for a good animal, and my place would be besieged."

"True," said Wilfred Shaw; "but they are not able detectives, like Crœsus. What would you say, Monsieur Chatlet, if I should tell you that he is on the track of and running to cover game that can be safely quoted at two million five hundred thousand francs?"

Olivier Chatlet glanced at his wife, and observed that she frowned and let fall three stitches in rapid succession. Still he was unable to quell his curiosity.

"Thunder! what a sum! Two million—fi—'hem—has monsieur any further orders?"

"None. Come, Crœsus; now for the sausage and cream."

The keeper of the cafe and his wife were never more bewildered in their lives than they appeared after Wilfred Shaw and his dog had left. To sum up such a man was utterly impossible with their limited facilities; but the mention of the enormous sum of two million five hundred thousand francs scared Madame Chatlet, and she thought it best to bring the conversation to a close.

Crœsus enjoyed his promised sausage and cream like an epicure, while Wilfred Shaw mused to himself:

"This game is growing hot. I wish I understood Crœsus as well as Crœsus understands me. Thanks to the worthy magistrate at Nuremberg, the trial is postponed, and I have three months to work up the case in, instead of one. I must purchase a copy of 'The Adventures of Martin Guiere and Arnold du Silh,' and reperuse the work again to refresh my memory with like incidents.

"Crœsus was most unwilling to leave Limoges, where we slept under a hayrick, like traveling gipsies. He took the scent kindly again at Dijon, and has followed it up to Paris.

"At Dijon, Jacques Legendre was well clad, and spent his money like a prince, to the amount of fifty louis. He may have pawned the diamond; yet no! He would scarcely dare do that, for there is not a Jew or a Gentile in the trade who would loan money on such a valuable gem unless informed how its possessor came to so much wealth. I have an idea that my purpose can be accomplished by connivance with the prefect of the Parisian police. I am satisfied that this tangled skein of mystery can only be unraveled at the galleys of Marseilles. To accomplish what I undertake, I must become the friend, confidant and fellow-convict of the honest housebreaker Ernest Gerard. The programme is well drawn, and ought to prove a success. Now, Crœsus, the first thing is to find a coach. I hope you enjoyed your breakfast, for I want you to put on your best looks, as we are going into grand company. I trust Monsieur the Prefect and the inspectors will give us a good reception. Halloa, coachman!"

As Wilfred Shaw uttered this salutation, a man who, by his garb and bearing, evidently stabled in the rank neighborhood, drew up to the curb his steeds, jaded with all-night "fares," and said rather morosely:

"If monsieur is larking, two can play at the game. I'm for a row or business, as monsieur desires."

Wilfred Shaw's reply wilted the surly coachman to a state of abject civility in an instant:

"I am a detective, and require your services, for which I am willing to pay the customary fare. Drive me to the office of the prefect of police."

"And the dog, monsieur?" said the coachman, humbly. "I am not allowed, by law, to take him as an inside passenger."

"He will not lose us, never fear," said Wilfred with a laugh, as he stepped into the coach. "Your fare, I observe by the card, is three francs fifteen centimes. I will make the amount five francs if you arrive there before the prefect leaves for dinner."

"My wheel-horse is slightly spavined, but I will do my best to oblige so amiable a gentleman." And with this compliment he mounted the box, gave a chirrip, and the coach rattled away in the direction of the office of the prefect.

That worthy was still in his private room when Wilfred arrived, and consequently the coachman received the extra pay promised him. Wilfred accosted one of the inspectors on duty:

"I desire to have an interview with the prefect of the police department."

"Monsieur," said the inspector pompously, "I am stationed here at present for the arrangement of difficulties. Monsieur the Prefect is engaged in a case that occupies his whole attention."

"When will Monsieur the Prefect be at leisure?" inquired Wilfred.

"Possibly to-morrow at this time, or the day after. But he has hardly a moment he can call his own, and leaves us, monsieur, to act as his deputies. When I say us, I mean, monsieur, those who, like myself, fill the position of inspectors."

"Monsieur the Inspector, my business is urgent, and I have come all the way from Limoges to see the prefect in private."

"If you came from the moon, your case would not be bettered, monsieur," responded the inspector, paring his nails with easy indifference.

"I try never to be tedious," said Wilfred; "but, Monsieur the Inspector, mine is a very unusual case. A robbery recently took place in Nuremberg, and the plunder obtained amounted to the enormous sum of two million five hundred thousand francs. Crœsus and myself are on the villain's track, and have nearly run the game to cover."

The inspector's pompous manner changed instantly for the better, and he said: "A diamond belonging to the Count D'E—— was the prize of the swindler. The history of the affair stands prominent on our records. Your name is Wilfred Shaw, journeyman to the renowned lapidary Rudolf F——, a thorough Republican and an honest man, though at present he is placed in a very awkward position. Well, Monsieur Wilfred Shaw, I have altered my opinion. You shall see the prefect, and immediately. This way," continued the inspector. "Monsieur the Prefect is always at leisure when a man gives plausible reasons for clearing up a mystery involving millions. The dog can remain here while you confer in private."

"No," said Wilfred; "I must introduce Crœsus, as well as myself, to Monsieur the Prefect's notice. I promise you he will feel glad to make the animal's acquaintance."

"As you please," said the inspector, smiling and thoroughly tractable since learning of the work Wilfred Shaw had in view. "Come to think, I believe he is rather partial to dogs, and he may place this intelligent chap on the list of detectives. How may I name the fine fellow?"

"Crœsus."

"Ha, ha! Very good, very good indeed. A historical title, if I remember correctly, that belonged to a man who owned more money than brains. Now, though bearing the same name, I think these attributes are reversed as regards your favorite, and he is just the boy to hunt diamonds. This way, monsieur," and the polite inspector ushered Wilfred Shaw into the presence of the prefect of Paris.

CHAPTER IX.
MONSIEUR THE PREFECT.

The head of the Parisian police was a man apparently of about five-and-fifty years of age; yet, as the Scripture saith of the patriarch, "his eye was not dimmed, nor his natural force abated." Schooled from his youth in the department of which he now stood at the head, not even a Vidocq could boast of an equal knowledge of crime in all its hideous and demoralizing shapes and forms. His clear gray eye seemed to pierce like a lightning shaft those with whom he conversed; but honest persons had no cause to fear, and often felt proud of being considered as an acquaintance of the polite and affable gentleman known as Monsieur the Prefect. He had risen step by step from a gendarme to the pinnacle of his loftiest ambition, the prefect of Paris. To attain such a height at the period of which I write, a man required tact, energy, skill and perseverance, combined with truth, valor, honesty and an unswerving determination to vindicate the majesty of the law. One author has written a rather foolish commandment, "See Naples, and die;" but there is something in this world worth living for after Naples. Now, Monsieur the Prefect was too sensible a man to cry, "Ne plus ultra!" and, though at the pinnacle of power, never suffered his energies to stagnate.

Ether is boundless, but law and order prevail everywhere within the range of the telescope. Since the shepherds of Chaldea observed the flush of Arcturus and the occultation of Orion, Nature has preserved a harmonious system of concord in all her works. The fallen Pleiad is a myth of the early astronomers. Monsieur the Prefect was a close observer of Nature.

Wilfred Shaw was thoroughly astonished when the chief of the Parisian police addressed him familiarly by name. Until then he had no idea that the system adopted by Monsieur Vidocq had taken root so firmly. There was espionage everywhere. Even the coachman of the Faubourg St. Antoine was in his employ, for Monsieur the Prefect believed in Scipio's principle of carrying on the war in the enemy's domains. Therefore, no stranger could visit Paris in the year of grace 1814 but Monsieur the Prefect was made aware of his antecedents. The library attached to his private office was composed mainly of books of reference as to individuals and their characters, and dated as far back as the fall of Robespierre, when the new dynasty commenced. The nucleus, since then, like the hundred-armed Titan, had grasped crime in every direction with the might of an ever-increasing avalanche. There were secrets in some of the massive volumes accessible only to Monsieur the Prefect, that would have sapped society to the very base, had they been thrown open to the view of the world. Some of these strange mysteries were hidden behind cyphers of which only he possessed the key.

Monsieur the Prefect was more than usually condescending in his interview with Wilfred Shaw. He called his attention to a page in one of the volumes, where every prominent action of his own life had been carefully noted down since he and the dog Crœsus set out on their journey from Nuremberg to Paris; and then, by way of dessert, this strange man took from a private cabinet the mate of the glove which Wilfred preserved so carefully in his bosom.

"Then you have discovered the—the—thief who stole the Count D'E——'s valuable gem?" said Wilfred, wondering greatly at Monsieur the Prefect's knowledge of the affair.

"Yes, monsieur; and had it not been for the stupidity of one of my agents, whom Ernest Gerard had the foresight to treat to a glass of drugged wine at Limoges, we should have captured him and his Polish confederate, and recovered the Count D'E——'s property. As it is, the confederate is missing, even beyond my powers of investigation, and Ernest Gerard is doing time as a lifer at the galleys of Marseilles."

"Then there is no hope," said Wilfred, "and my worthy master, Monsieur Rudolf F——, will always rest under the ban of making away with the Count D'E——'s diamond?"

"If the Count D'E—— knew as much as I do about the case, he would not press the charge against anyone, even if he were confident of having his gem restored, and did he value it at ten million francs, instead of three. Come, Monsieur Wilfred Shaw, the prefect of Paris takes you into his confidence, and is willing to play the part of a conspirator with you. This is because he wishes to serve the ends of justice, believes you to be an honest man, and does not desire to bring a noble family to disgrace and shame."

"I am at your service to the best of my ability," said Wilfred, highly gratified with the prefect's good opinion.

"Then, in the first place, you are to commit a most daring highway robbery ——"

"Monsieur the Prefect!" said Wilfred, blushing scarlet, while he clutched his fist with spasmodic energy.

"Do not interrupt, I beg, until I come to the conclusion. My dear fellow, I have no desire to hurt your feelings, and you are anxious to prove yourself a first-class detective. Now, I shall put you on the high road to promotion. Please remain as quiet as Crœsus, who is taking a comfortable snooze on the door-mat yonder, while I rehearse the whole of my plan. All attention! You commit a highway robbery, one that startles Paris and makes you famous through the press. Ha, ha! I have the idea. What do you think, Monsieur Wilfred Shaw, of robbing me?—*me,* the prefect of Paris. I think I shall get a patent for the grand conception and sell the right to the first-brigand at the Opera. There is a fortune for him if he plays the part well. I am returning to my home, like many another peaceable and quiet citizen of Paris. The shades of night are descending, and the street through which I pass is more than usually quiet (I shall arrange that no gendarmes or detectives are on the beat at the hour), when suddenly you rush around the corner, and in the most dastardly and wicked manner rob me of my gold watch, diamond pin, and—ha, ha, ha!—spectacles. There's a joke for the Sans Culottes. The prefect of police is superannuated! They have robbed him of his spectacles. Why, Monsieur Wilfred Shaw, there is not a scoundrel in the city but will vote you famous. *Parblieu!* I almost envy you the honors that will be thrust upon you."

"Zounds!" said Wilfred, who could contain himself no longer, "I shall be arrested and sent to the galleys for life."

"Under the rose, monsieur. You will certainly be arrested at the very next crossing, and of course you will be condemned and sent to the galleys. There the number of prisoners will be so great that none can enjoy a cell apiece, and you by lot are made the partner of Jacques Le Forgeur, Ernest Gerard, or any other alias he has chosen to adopt since his incarceration. When, through some of the keepers, who in a casual way rehearse within his hearing the story I have related, he is informed of your crime, he will admire your achievements, and, if I am any judge of human nature, make you his confidant."

"I see everything as clear as crystal," said Wilfred joyfully; "but he knows me, I fear, and will suspect."

"Hardly. He was only in your society for a few moments, and then his trepidation was evidently so great that he must have failed to notice you with the eye of a connoisseur. However, if he should know you as the journeyman of Rudolf F—— the lapidary of Nuremberg, change your tactics."

"Will not every avenue to his confidence be lost, monsieur, if he once doubts me?"

"Not by any means. If he grows suspicious, swear that you yourself stole the Count D'E——'s diamond, and have hidden the treasure in a safe place, to be converted into cash if you can only effect your escape from the galleys. The stone he imagined he carried off by strategy was a substitute of paste, placed in Monsieur Lebau's patent safe by your own hands. What he risked so much for was a mere bauble, not worth a hundred francs. Every word that he utters must be carefully noted down in your memory, and I shall be sure to have the information transcribed to paper on the following day."

"Then," said Wilfred, "I am not to be employed in his shop or gang through the day."

"Not by any means, unless you have a strong predilection to toil hard for a little sour wine and black bread. Confound it, man! don't you understand that you are a detective of the police, employed by the head of the department at Paris, and from sunrise to sunset may roam the streets of Marseilles in a suitable disguise, and drink, smoke, and court the pretty girls at your leisure?"

"Monsieur the Prefect, I think there is something more than a seventy-carat diamond that makes you take such unusual proceedings with the prisoner known as Ernest Gerard, Jacques le Forgeur, and by other eminent titles, though I have no desire to learn your secret. I shall do everything as you suggest. Please name the part of the town and street in which I am to assault and rob you to-night."

Monsieur the Prefect smiled, and informed Wilfred of the most favorable locality for such a transaction to take place.

"At night there is such a thing possible as Crœsus howling for my company. Do not have him beat if he indulges in such a pastime, for he is a dog of rather tender feelings, and such a course might sour his temper. He will soon grow tired of venting his indignation, and when he finds that we only part company for the night, and always associate by day, he will soon grow accustomed to the change. How long, think you, Monsieur the Prefect, will I be obliged to share the couch of my amiable companion?"

"Possibly not more than ten days; but such a thing may be desirable as your stopping with him a month. One thing I promise you—if you worm from him what I desire to know, you are as likely as not to receive a present of twenty thousand francs at the end of your probation."

"Concerning the diamond?"

"Pshaw! Do not harp upon that bauble always. No; what I wish to learn I will inquire of you day by day, and in detail. Ferret out of him first any item that concerns his childhood's history—what he remembers of the time that preceded his advent before the world as a gamin of the streets, or, as I may more properly term it, a young Ishmaelite of Paris. And now, Monsieur Wilfred Shaw, we will close our conference for the present."

Monsieur the Prefect rang a small bell, and an inspector was at the door on the instant. He conducted Wilfred, who was followed by Crœsus, to the outer office. So long a conference with the head of the police department was a very rare event, and the inspectors glanced at the son of Albion as a rather unique specimen of the *genus homo.* He had acquired a rare degree of popularity among the haughty officials in a very short space of time. There were good men connected with the police, and on duty for a dozen years, who never could boast of having had an interview with Monsieur the Prefect. The inspectors treated him with marked politeness, and, when he left the office, bowed him out as if he were an ambassador from a foreign Court.

Monsieur the Prefect mused long and earnestly over a dusty parchment after Wilfred was gone. This parchment depicted the genealogical tree of a great and noble family from the times of Anna of Austria to the year 1789. A grand tree it was, for at the base the roots, which spread out like the famous banyan of India, were designated by such lofty titles as Chilperic, Charlemagne, Pepin and Capet, though the last title was rather written on the trunk, and seemed like the keystone to the whole structure towering above. Beneath Capet all was mystery and indefiniteness, but above that kingly name Monsieur the Prefect knew his path thoroughly, and was able to shun every rock and shoal, until the roar of hidden breakers suggested danger to the house of Count D'E——, in or about the year 1786. This dark riddle had long been a favorite study with astute and far-seeing Monsieur the Prefect. No human eye but his own had ever been allowed to peruse the genealogical tree of the Count D'E——'s patrician ancestors, since fortune had placed the valuable document in his possession.

"The plan I have adopted," he mused aloud, "may throw additional light upon the intricate subject. That there was a great crime committed I have not a doubt; yet still the proof must be as strongly confirmed as Holy Writ, and there is no easy way of ferreting out in the year of grace 1814 a crime that occurred in 1786. With such a combination of unfortunate circumstances against me, should I arrive at a successful result I would rate myself the monarch of prefects. And if my suspicions should prove true, what then? The Countess D'E—— died twelve years ago. The hidden issue, the fruit of her crime, brought up in the vilest ignorance and depravity, and totally unaware of his high birth and the station for which nature had designed him, becomes a burglar, forger, and, what I fear worse, a midnight assassin. His Polish companion and confederate in crime disappeared at Limoges, since which time no detective or spy has set eyes on him. If true, how strange is the morbid fancy that could tempt the beautiful Countess D'E—— to follow the path marked out by Anne of Austria. The theory I adopt is that great crimes always follow a precedent. When a suicide throws himself from the towers of Notre Dame, we find a dozen always ready to follow suit, until that mode of shuffling off this mortal coil becomes an old story. Well, I will place the parchment safely by for future reference, while Monsieur Wilfred Shaw practices his new vocation as a detective at the galleys of Marseilles."

Again Monsieur the Prefect touched the small bell, and an inspector answered the summons with ready promptness, and stood awaiting orders. Monsieur the Prefect hastily traced a few pencil lines on a scrap of paper, and handed it to him with the remark:

"These instructions must be followed to the very letter. Note the time and situation carefully. See that no blundering official on duty interferes to prevent my plan from being thoroughly carried out. Do you understand?"

"Thoroughly, Monsieur the Prefect."

"That is all I have to suggest."

The inspector bowed and withdrew. His motto was, to perform his duty and never to inquire into the motives of his superior officer.

"Now to prepare for my drama, that is to startle the Parisians. I have yet an hour for lunch and recreation, and then—ha, ha, ha!—poor soul! I am to be robbed of my money, gold watch and spectacles. How the thieves and burglars will cry 'superannuated,' and clap their hands and laugh; and how I will make them laugh on the other side of their mouths, when, growing bold at my seeming impotence, they undertake great achievements. When I throw out my nets, what a miraculous draught I shall surely bring in. Ha, ha, ha!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN "old citizen" wishes to inform the public that "there's no use trying to break those iron coal-hole covers by setting down on 'em." He knows.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.

"I cannot keep the Christmas now!
The chimes are rung in vain!
My heart is buried with the dead
On yonder battle-plain.
And years on years come floating by
On memory's misty breath,
With lifelike brightness of the Past
To mock the present Death."

Yet merrily the joy-bells ring!
And notes of holy hope they fling
Out on the night, and tidings bring
Of promise from the Heaven-born King.

"I cannot keep the Christmas now—
Take feast and mirth away;
In lonely chamber, with my prayers,
I will abide the day.
And, to my fancy, friends now lost
Will come to share my woe,
And, through my tears, will look at me
With the love of long ago."

But still the merry joy-bells ring,
And fill the air with welcoming;
While messages of peace they bring,
The language of the Heaven-born King!

"Arise!" the Christmas bells clang out,
"And consecrate thy tears!
The greater grief, the greater need
Of Christ to soothe thy fears.
And who, so much as those who mourn,
Should triumph in His birth
Who came to conquer sin and death,
And lift the pall from earth?

"We leave a blessing as we ring!
We have a strain of faith to sing,
And hearts attuned to listening
Hear music from the Heaven-born King."

BANTY BELLEW'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.
A STORY WITH A MORAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

THE STORY.

In the city of New York, in the immediate neighborhood of Amity street, and not many blocks removed from Broadway, once dwelt Mr. Banty Bellew. He occupied a fourth-story back-room, which might have measured ten feet by twelve, but which certainly would not have measured twelve by fourteen; and this apartment served the threefold purpose of parlor, office and bed-room. It was not commodious, as I have intimated; and it was not particularly inviting in appearance; but the rent charged was moderate, and the terms of payment were easy. In selecting his place of habitation, Mr. Banty Bellew invariably allowed these latter considerations to outweigh all others.

In addition to the worn carpet, the ink-bespattered table, and the depressed-looking bed, this room contained, on a certain December afternoon, Banty Bellew himself—fully as worn, ink-bespattered and depressed as the furniture about him. He was seated by the table, whereon lay sundry piles of manuscripts, flanked by a generous array of odd-looking ink-bottles and odder-looking pen-holders. Through these agencies Banty Bellew made his living; these, and the fertile imagination with which nature had endowed him—the spark of that divine fire which we are content to call genius. In short, Banty Bellew was a Bohemian.

Precisely what a Bohemian is would be a difficult task to inform one who has no knowledge of the existence of the tribe—who is unable to number any of its representatives among his acquaintances. Presuming, however, such instances to be rare, it will be enough to say that Bohemia is by no means the Utopia of earthly existence; that it is rich in romance and exceedingly poor in all other respects; that the tribe who dwell within its borders are often gifted, generally genial, chronically lazy, and invariably poor; that whoever is possessed of these attributes—whoever ekes out a scanty and debt-encumbered existence by the spasmodic working of his wits, and is able readily to distinguish stock from lager—may claim for himself the title of Bohemian. And, it may be added, his right to the title remains so long as his wits continue to work spasmodically—so long as he remains genial, lazy and poor. Bohemianism is the direct opposite to whatever partakes of a fixed purpose, or requires steady work. The regular performance of duty is not countenanced by any article in their creed; and to labor while there is yet money in the pocket is simply preposterous. A true Bohemian takes but little thought of to-day, and none whatever of to-morrow. He is content to eat sparingly that he may drink plenteously; to subsist on expectations, bright hopes, possibilities and counter-lunches. Such is his manner of life. And had you dropped in upon Mr. Banty Bellew, on that particular December afternoon when I have introduced him to your notice, he would have informed you, with his wonted weakness for alliteration, that it is a manner painfully precarious and undeniably uncertain. He would have proved his assertions most conclusively by showing you his purse; and might have imparted even additional force to his remarks by soliciting from you the loan of a couple of dollars.

Not that it was an unusual position in which Banty found himself placed. That purse was so often empty, and so rarely filled, that it might have been a question, admitting of doubt, whether, had a roll of crisp bank-notes fattened its attenuated appearance, Banty would have known better what to do with the treasure, than did the worthy couple with the three wishes granted by the fairy. If not precisely a black-pudding, a black-pudding on his nose and a black-pudding off of his nose, I fear the results would have been scarcely more satisfactory. But though the position was not a novel one, it was none the less unpleasant. For a month past Banty had been at work, with praiseworthy regularity, preparing a serial story of the most absorbing interest and startling *denouement* that ever opened the eyes of a Bowery boy, or caused the million readers of *The Illuminated Gusher* to pass sleepless nights in awaiting successive issues of that paper. He had confidently counted upon the completion of this story before Christmas-day. On the strength of this confidence he had managed for the time being to pacify his numerous creditors—including Mrs. Bunce the landlady—solemnly promising to call around at noon on Friday. (The exactness with which Banty always fixed his times for settlement would have done honor to a broker; while the persistency with which he avoided the localities of his creditors, when such times arrived, would not, I am sure, have done honor to anyone.) The expectation of a check from *The Illuminated Gusher* had likewise caused Banty to indulge in the pleasing anticipation of a Christmas-dinner at Zittle's, the favorite resort of all Bohemia. He had pictured it vividly out in his own mind, had decided precisely on what dishes he should call for, and had even gone so far as to invite Ned, Daisy and the Doctor to partake of the repast with him.

And now it was Wednesday afternoon. The tale upon which hung so many bright possibilities—upon which depended the fate of Mrs. Bunce's bill, and the quality of Banty's dinner—was still unfinished. Even by killing off two of the characters—which the original plot had not doomed to death—and marrying the heroine a month earlier than was intended, Banty found it would require at least three chapters more to bring the narrative to a proper conclusion. He might, to be sure, offer the six-and-twenty completed chapters, and agree to furnish the remainder long before they would be required for publication; but he knew perfectly well that such an offer would be respectfully declined by the proprietors of *The Gusher.* Those gentlemen had been rash enough, in one instance, to begin the publication of one of Banty's serials before its completion; and they had learned a lesson at the time which they would be apt to remember. The serial came to an abrupt termination, and for the reason which *The Gusher* editors might have anticipated—the money once in his pocket, our Bohemian failed to furnish any more manuscript. From that time forward *The Illuminated Gusher* bought articles which were complete, or bought not at all. So Banty cherished no delusive hopes in disposing of "A Desperate Game, or the Mysterious Man of Manchester," until such time as "The Desperate Game and the Mysterious Man" should be finished. And that time, it grieved him to acknowledge, would not come with the dawn of the morrow.

Up to this hour, when we find him with pen resting idly between his fingers, Banty had worked on with unflagging energy. Page after page of the thrilling narrative lay before him. Desolate caverns had been entered; hand-to-hand conflicts fought; masked villains discomfited; fair maids from death's clutches snatched; and still the desperate game was desperate; the mysterious man of Manchester remained clothed in mystery. And now was the worker in fiction discouraged. Those three unwritten chapters suddenly assumed giant proportions. No longer would the exhausted brain guide the benumbed fingers which held the pen—no longer weave the labyrinthine web of romance. All disconsolate, Banty tipped back in his chair, while his mind reverted from masked villains and oppressed maids to Mrs. Bunce and her long-standing bill. With sad heart he recalled the bright visions cherished for the morrow. There would be no dinner at Zittle's now; no mingling of congenial spirits in the cosy basement-saloon; no delightful hour passed in the exhilarating company of Ned, Daisy and the Doctor; no steak-pie, no rarebit, no "Tom and Jerry" to soothe the soul and drown Mrs. Bunce in oblivion? A cheerless Christmas would it be—and keenly enough Banty realized the fact, gazing upon the unfinished manuscript before him.

Possibly, too, the remembrance of other days came surging back from the sea of the past—brighter days, forsooth, than life would bring again; days when free-lunches held no attractions in his eyes; when this Christmas-time brought the good things which Christmas-times would bring no more; the blue stockings hung at the chimney-corner, the turkey with cranberry-sauce, the table full of uncles and aunts and cousins, the service in the little white meeting-house, the long evening passed around the open fireplace; days when Banty Bellew was a blue-eyed boy, who in the contented atmosphere of a New England home knew naught of Bohemia. These days, I say, may have come trooping up before his vision in the leaden twilight of the December afternoon; they might even have led to the production of a saleable piece of verse, but for the untimely interruption of a rap at the door. Raps were not pleasant sounds in Banty's ears. They were suggestive of Mrs. Bunce and Mrs. Bunce's bill; or of small boys with envelopes in their hands, and the inquiry, "Does Mr. Bellew live here?" upon their lips. (To which latter, providing the boy had not called more than once before, a negative rejoinder was invariably given by Mr. Bellew himself.) The present rap roused Banty from his dreams and drove the Muses back to Olympus. With some little misgiving, he opened the door.

"Hello, Banty! Glad to find you in!"

"What! Billy? Well, who'd have thought it! It's good as lobster-salad to have you come up and see me—it is, now, really! I was getting blue as an Italian sky when you rapped. Sit down, Billy, and I'll light up!"

Banty placed one of the two chairs which the room contained at the disposal of his visitor, and proceeded to light the gas. Its rays would have disclosed to the most casual observer the fact that "Billy"—whose visiting-cards read "William Girard Ten Eyck"—was not a follower of the Bohemian tribe. The mere cut of his chinchilla coat was sufficient, in itself, to render such a supposition highly improbable; the date of his Amidon and the texture of his gloves removed any lingering doubts as to its absurdity. Mr. Ten Eyck's watch-chain hung regularly from his vest; Mr. Ten Eyck's diamond ring never left his finger for the seclusion of Simpson's safe; Mr. Ten Eyck's morocco wallet was accustomed to bills of two figures; Mr. Ten Eyck walked freely through any street his fancy led him; Mr. Ten Eyck never partook of free-lunches; Mr. Ten Eyck resided in Madison square. Under such circumstances, Mr. Ten Eyck could no more have been a Bohemian than he could have eaten his dinner with his knife. When the Philochtian Society, of which he was a member, chose Mr. Ten Eyck to read the poem at their annual supper, that gentleman went immediately to Banty Bellew, and laid the case candidly before him.

"I can't write poetry, you know—how the deuce should I?—but I can read something, if you'll get it up for me. Just lay yourself out, and hang the expense!"

Banty had accordingly "laid himself out." The result was highly satisfactory both to Mr. Ten Eyck and to the Philochtian Society. So flattering were the judgments passed upon the production, that Ten Eyck was again chosen to fill the position, and Banty's talents were again called into requisition. The second effort was even more acceptable than the first; Ten Eyck's reputation as a poet was established—at least in the Philochtian Society. Singular, too, as it may appear, the young gentleman was exceedingly vain of the distinction. As the old college-professor, who was able to raise himself twice to his chin, talked more of this acquisition than of all his knowledge of Æschylean metres and aorist participles, so Mr. Ten Eyck prided himself more upon his reputation as a writer of verse than upon his proficiency in the German, or his skill at billiards. As this reputation depended in no small degree upon Banty Bellew, a friendship had sprung up between the two, mutually beneficial and in all respects pleasant.

"Now, what put it into your head to come up here?" said Banty, blowing out the match, and adjusting the flame to a very modest size (Mrs. Bunce had talked upon the subject of gas freely).

"Well, I was passing up Amity street when I happened to think of you, so dropped in. Had a time getting up those stairs, I can assure you. Why don't you room in Trinity steeple?"

"Really, Billy, if apartments are to be obtained in that precise locality at any marked discount, I should have no objections to taking up my abode there; and I am confident Mrs. Bunce, my present landlady, would have none whatever! It overlooks Wall street—might be a good place to borrow money!"

"What do you pay Mrs. Bunce for this roost?" inquired Mr. Ten Eyck, gazing about the room.

"That is a conundrum, Billy, not admitting of definite answer. I am *supposed* to pay the sum of two dollars and seventy-five cents per week; but whether this amount is paid or not paid, depends altogether upon circumstances. Of late these circumstances have been of such a nature as to render it absolutely impossible for me to meet the demands of Mrs. Bunce; and, as nearly as I can estimate, I am now indebted to that lady to the extent of thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents!"

"But that's only a small amount!" observed Mr. Ten Eyck.

"Comparatively so, I admit; yet it is thirteen dollars and twenty cents more than I am able to command at this moment."

"What! Haven't you but five cents, Banty?"

"That is the sum of which I am now the fortunate possessor."

"Where in thunder are you going to get dinner to-morrow? It's Christmas, you know."

Banty eyed the heir of the Ten Eyck estates thoughtfully for a moment, and then, tipping back in his chair and resting one of his feet squarely upon a death-scene in "The Desperate Game," he replied slowly:

"I am fully cognizant of the fact that to-morrow is Christmas, Billy; and I am not decided, as yet, where I shall dine. Had I finished this yarn"—tapping the manuscript with his heel—"Ned, Daisy, the Doctor and myself anticipated a little spread at Zittle's. But I have not finished it. I shall be, therefore, dependent upon the charities of the world, and of that particular portion of the world who are wont, upon festive days, to serve free-lunches to their fellow-creatures. I went over to Brunner's, on the Bowery, last year; he gave a good dinner, a remarkably good dinner. But Brunner is getting penurious, I fear; there is to be nothing but soup to-morrow, and I am not overfond of Brunner's soups. Zittle is to have cheese, I understand, and may possibly set up some punch—but that is doubtful. Ned informed me that Hutton, on Sixth avenue, was to stand the sandwiches; if that is so, I shall probably go to Hutton's."

Here Banty ceased, and Ten Eyck generously said:

"If those are your only prospects for a dinner, suppose you come up and dine with me, Banty?"

Banty's feet came down from the table immediately.

"You don't mean up to your home, Billy?"

"Of course I do!" asserted Ten Eyck.

"Well, now, that's kind in you—it is, surely. It would afford me the sincerest pleasure to accept of the invitation, but"—here Banty's face, which had brightened at the proposition, became grave again—"my present wardrobe is not in a condition to warrant my appearance at a dinner-party. I fear I must decline."

"Nonsense, Banty; your dress is of no account!"

"Of very small account, that's a fact!" rejoined Banty sadly.

"But I mean it will make no difference what you wear. I'll tell 'em you're a gentleman of literary tastes—a well-known author—and any peculiarities in your apparel will be regarded as the eccentricities of genius—or whatever you call it."

"Exactly. And yet a fellow doesn't like to let his eccentricities of genius, or whatever you call it, render him too conspicuously the object of criticism. You wouldn't yourself, Billy! Now, this coat is the only one I've got in the world"—Banty gave a deprecatory glance at the garment mentioned—"and it is certainly not the thing to attend a dinner-party in. For trousers, I might get along; I've got a moderately good vest, and in neckerchiefs I am, so to speak, flush; but for a coat, I am strapped!"

Mr. Ten Eyck smiled.

"If nothing stands in the way of your coming except the want of a coat, and if you'll not take offense at the offer, I'll lend you one. We're about of a size, and I think mine would fit you."

"Well, that's generous, Billy! I assure you any number of such offers could be made me without giving offense! I haven't a doubt but that one of your coats *would* fit me, admirably; and if you had one of a blueish tint, something to match these trousers as nearly as possible, it would set me out very presentably!"

"And you'll accept of the invitation, providing the coat suits?"

"Most assuredly, my dear Billy!"

"Good! I'll send it 'round in the morning. That will give you time to exchange it, should it prove unsatisfactory." Mr. Ten Eyck buttoned his chinchilla coat, and drew on his sealskin gloves.

"You're not going, Billy?"

"Yes—must get up-town; dinner at six, you know."

"Sorry you can't stay longer," remarked Banty, opening the door for his visitor. "You have been so very kind, I'm really at a loss how to express my thanks. I can only observe that I owe you a debt of gratitude, Billy, which it will be as difficult for me to liquidate as any of the numerous obligations I am now laboring under!"

Ten Eyck laughed good-naturedly.

"I think the balance is still in your favor, Banty. I shall consider it an honor to have you dine with me. So you won't disappoint us? Dinner at five—you know the place? Good-night!"

Mr. Ten Eyck groped his way down the three flights of stairs, conscious of having done a good deed. As for Banty, had Mrs. Bunce been stricken with paralysis, the calamity could not have afforded him serener satisfaction than the thought of dining at the residence of the Ten Eycks. It was something so wholly unexpected, so fabulously unreal, so like his hero's experience, so unlike any of his own! What would Ned say? What would Daisy think? What would the Doctor think to say? Surely it was better than a legacy, incomparably better than "lobster-salad!"

Of course Ten Eyck was as good as his word—when was a Ten Eyck otherwise? Early the next morning a boy brought a package for Mr. Charles Bellew; as the package was not an envelope, the boy had no difficulty in finding where Mr. Bellew roomed. It may be safely asserted that the handiwork of a tailor was never scrutinized by eyes more critical, yet appreciative, than those which inspected the coat contained in that package. Banty had his suspicions as to whether it had ever been worn. It was certainly cut in accordance with the latest fashion-plate, and "made up" in a manner "artistic" to the last stitch.

Dress was an art with Banty Bellew. Not that his wardrobe admitted of any experimental effects in color or combination—since the same coat remained the same coat whether buttoned one or two places from the collar—but it was an art in that he had learned the secret of dressing well with very little dress at his disposal. Like a French cook, who makes savory dishes for dinner from the remnants of breakfast, and equally savory dishes for supper from what is left at dinner, adding nothing except the seasoning, so Banty relied largely upon the condiments of dress, and very little upon the substance, to produce most marvelous results. These condiments consisted, usually, in getting his hat freshly ironed, in purchasing a cravat, a pair of gloves and a cane, in polishing his boots to a resplendent lustre, and in displaying to the best advantage his cameo pin—when the latter was not at Isaac's. The effect produced by these inexpensive means was truly astonishing. The tie of his cravat alone was something to be wondered at. Daisy, who was possessed of a mathematical turn of mind, was fond of asserting that Banty's tie was to the rest of his apparel what unity is to the square root of minus one!

On that eventful day, Banty began his toilet at a little after two o'clock, and completed the interesting task at precisely four. He then emerged from his room, and went quietly down the stairs. He had fallen insensibly into the habit of walking on tiptoe when leaving the house, as Mrs. Bunce, whose own apartments were on the second floor, and whose auricular organs were unusually acute, had a way of pushing open her door at the sound of footsteps, to make sure that no burglar was carrying off the spoons. Banty had not the remotest desire of carrying off the spoons, but he had as wholesome a dread of meeting his landlady as if his pockets continually secreted those cherished valuables. Cautiously closing the street-door behind him, Banty passed briskly down the steps and beyond the reach of Mrs. Bunce's voice, where he breathed more easily. Perfect freedom, however, in the choice of streets was a privilege our Bohemian rarely enjoyed. The number which was closed to him just then was surprisingly large. He selected, therefore, a somewhat circuitous route for reaching Madison square. Passing through Amity street to Mercer, he turned up the latter and proceeded as far as Fourth, where he crossed over to the Bowery. From this point there were but few obstacles in his way, and the Ten Eyck mansion was reached without encountering a single creditor.

Banty ascended the massive stone steps with a slight feeling of awe. Although he had ushered innumerable heroes and heroines into abodes more magnificent even than the Ten Eycks', he had never, that he could remember, ushered himself into one. It was natural, therefore, that his hand should tremble a trifle as he pulled the bell which was to rouse the giant aristocracy. Nature, however, had done much for Banty which opportunity does for others. When the door opened to his summons, he stepped over the threshold with as much apparent composure as though entering Brunner's for lunch. Whether it was because Ten Eyck had conveyed the impression that his friend was a gentleman of the most extraordinary ability—a genius destined to startle the world by the brilliancy of his overpowering intellect; or whether the authorship of the Philochtian supper-poems had become known to the Ten Eyck family; or whether it was simply such hospitality as was always extended to guests of the house, there was no mistaking the warmth of Banty's reception. When Mr. Ten Eyck, senior, said he felt highly honored in meeting Mr. Bellew, Banty was surprised; when Mrs. Ten Eyck said she had long wished the pleasure of his acquaintance, Banty's blue eyes opened in astonishment; when Miss Ten Eyck said she should have been ever so disappointed if he hadn't come, Banty began seriously to doubt his own identity. Even Master Ten Eyck, whom Banty was certain had recognized the coat as belonging to his big brother, displayed good-breeding enough to keep the discovery to himself, merely whispering to Mr. Bellew, at an opportune moment, and by way of encouragement:

"She fits bully."

Everybody, in short, seemed glad to see him; everybody had a word of welcome to say, and said it right cordially. Then dinner was announced. In a state of blissful bewilderment Banty escorted Miss Ten Eyck to the dining-room.

It is well known, by those who know anything about the matter, that the Ten Eycks have always been famous for their dinners; but the menu served on that Christmas-day utterly eclipsed any previous attempts. As the sumptuously spread board burst upon Banty's vision, he could scarce suppress his admiration. What were Hutton's sandwiches, or Zittle's cheese, or Brunner's soup, compared with this! How vulgar seemed steak-pie and rarebit; how unspeakably common red-checked table-cloths, mustard-mugs with wooden spoons, castors with odd bottles, thick-rimmed coffee-cups and pewter spoons! The snow-white spread of finest damask, the old china that had come down through generations of the Ten Eyck family, the solid silver, the resplendant goblets, the crisp napkins, the vases of odorous celery; these things gave æsthetic coloring to the material repast. About everything hung the atmosphere of strict propriety. The very turkey reposing upon the platter seemed conscious of having laid down his life in a good cause, and proud of the honor which had come to him in death. Then the wine! Pure blood of the grapes that clustered on the vines of sunny Madeira twenty years before; crisp and dry and clear as amber; such wine as thrills the soul and warms the heart and quickens thought!

It is sad that good things must end. When the last nut on Banty's plate was cracked, and the last raisin disposed of, that Christmas-dinner became only a pleasant memory. Then the company returned to the parlors. Miss Ten Eyck seated herself at the piano and played an extract from "Martha;" a Miss Van Deusen executed one of Strauss' waltzes; and a Miss Somebody, whose name Banty had failed to catch, sang "The Moon is Brightly Beaming," or words to that effect. After this musical repast, the company fell into conversation.

Upon a velvet-covered ottoman, still bewildered, yet serenely happy, sat Banty. His eyes were dazzled by the splendor that surrounded him, and his mind was as full of wonder as his heart of gratitude. An invited guest at the Ten Eyck mansion! Present at a Ten Eyck dinner-party! What a subject for future descriptions! Admitting of what elaboration! And there he now sat, in the Ten Eyck parlors, Mr. Bellew, friend of the family, occupant of Mrs. Bunce's fourth-story back-room, regular partaker of Zittle's free-lunches! It was too much! Even while these thoughts were filling his mind, Miss Ten Eyck came and took a seat by his side.

Now, Miss Ten Eyck was an exceedingly pretty girl. That verdict had been unanimously rendered by the club of which her brother was a member, and heartily endorsed by all who had met her. So graceful a figure, so comely a face, such big hazel eyes, such red ripe lips, would have made her pretty had she been a shop-girl; when joined to the name of Ten Eyck, they made her simply irresistible. And she had such sweet little ways, and such a winning smile and such a rippling laugh, that everyone was in duty bound to fall in love with her. Which Banty accordingly did immediately upon seeing her.

When Miss Ten Eyck had taken her seat at Banty's side, she turned her big hazel eyes up to his, and said:

"Do you really write stories, Mr. Bellew, that are printed?"

"I really do," replied Banty, "when I can find anyone to print them."

"How splendid that must be!"

"Well, I never looked at it in that light," asserted Banty.

"Oh, but it must be splendid to see your thoughts in print and have everybody read what you write!"

"But everybody doesn't read what I write—only a small proportion of everybody reads it!"

"Well, they might, if they wanted to!" protested Miss Ten Eyck.

"Yes; so they might," admitted Banty. "Providing, of course, they could read at all. But the trouble seems to be they don't want to! Now, did you ever read anything that I wrote, Miss Ten Eyck?"

"No, I never did! But Will says your stories are charming, and I want you to send me the very next one that is published!"

Banty wondered if Miss Ten Eyck ever saw *The Illuminated Gusher,* and whether "A Desperate Game" would interest her.

"I don't believe you would be charmed with my productions," he said candidly. "I have never written anything yet that satisfies me; and, perhaps, I never shall."

"Oh, but I'm not hard to please!" persisted Miss Ten Eyck. "I should like anything that you wrote; I know I should! Isn't it nice to be an author?"

"Y-e-s!" returned Banty doubtfully. "In some respects it is very nice."

"Dear me! I wish I was smart and could write!"

"Really, Miss Ten Eyck, it doesn't seem possible for you to wish for anything you don't possess!"

Now, this was precisely what Fitz James would have said under similar circumstances; yet it did not sound at all like Fitz James, coming from the lips of Banty Bellew. Miss Ten Eyck thought it sounded a great deal better. Indeed, she began to think everything Mr. Bellew said sounded better than Fitz James.

"Why, I could wish for a great many things I don't possess! I could wish that I knew more, for one thing; and that I had more brains, for another. Do you know, Mr. Bellew, that I always like people who have brains?"

"No; do you? Well, that's not so strange; all people have brains, more or less, Miss Ten Eyck!"

"Yes; but I mean those who have *more*—those who can write and paint and compose poetry. Do you ever compose poetry, Mr. Bellew?"

"I occasionally jerk stanzas," replied Banty, "but ——"

"Jerk stanzas!" exclaimed Miss Ten Eyck. "What in the world is that?"

"Why, write them, you know!" explained Banty, conscious of having committed an error. "We call it 'jerking' them, because they're done at odd times; one can't work steadily on them, as he can spinning a yarn."

"Spinning a yarn! Why, you don't spin yarn, do you, Mr. Bellew?"

Banty laughed good-naturedly at his second blunder.

"By that I mean writing a story, Miss Ten Eyck!"

"Oh! what funny expressions! Well, then, the next stanzas which you ——"

"Jerk!" suggested Banty.

"Which you jerk, or the next yarn you spin, you'll send to me, won't you, Mr. Bellew?"

Of course there was no resisting this appeal, and Banty promised that his next production should be submitted to Miss Ten Eyck for perusal.

At this point some of the party rose to go, and Banty saw that it behooved him to follow in their leading. With more sincerity, perhaps, than anyone else of the company, he expressed his thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ten Eyck, to Billy, and to Billy's sister, and shook hands with them all, wondering if he would ever enjoy that privilege again.

"We shall be pleased to see you often, Mr. Bellew," said Mrs. Ten Eyck.

"Yes—esteem it an honor," added Mr. Ten Eyck.

"Now that you've broken the ice, you must come up whenever you feel disposed!" said Billy. "You will always be welcome!"

And then Miss Ten Eyck capped it all by saying:

"If you *don't* come, I shall be real vexed at you!"

What could Banty do but thank them all again, assure them the occasion was one he should never forget, that it would afford him the sincerest pleasure to accept of their flattering invitation, and then, like Cinderella, pass from the splendor of the king's ball to the ashes of Mrs. Bunce's fourth-story back-room?

There Banty sat down upon the depressed bed, and thought over the events of the day. Pleasant was the memory of them all, the bounteous dinner, the good wine, the brilliant company, the friendly greeting, the warm hospitality, the kind wishes expressed. But pleasanter than them all, and shining over them all, were the hazel eyes of Miss Ten Eyck!

THE MORAL.

It is Christmas-day again. The world is older by a couple of years than when Banty Bellew first dined at the residence of the Ten Eycks.

Around a table at Zittle's are seated the old friends of Mrs. Bunce's former lodger—Ned, Daisy and the Doctor. Time has dealt kindly with them all, though possibly Ned's coat is a trifle shabbier, Daisy's cheek not quite so fresh, the Doctor's hair a shade whiter than of yore.

Spreading a piece of bread with the mustard, and fixing his gaze upon the Dutch clock over the bar, Ned remarks:

"At this precise moment, Banty, I presume, is drawing on his gloves!"

Daisy turns his head to get a look at the clock.

"I think he has them on!" is the quiet rejoinder.

There follows a brief silence.

"It seems almost incredible!" resumes Ned, nibbling thoughtfully upon a piece of cheese.

"I never heard of anything to compare with it!" responds Daisy.

There is another silence.

"To think of Banty Bellew's marrying into the Ten Eyck family!"

Ned speaks these words slowly, each syllable lingering upon his lips till its full significance is appreciated.

"It is astonishing!"

"Astonishing!" echoes Daisy.

Here the Doctor, breaking an egg upon the edge of the table, and removing the shell with great nicety, takes up the conversation:

"My young friends, there is nothing astonishing in the good fortune of Banty Bellew. There is nothing, I might say, that is even surprising, when one is acquainted with the facts of the case. What if a slight discrepancy in social standing did exist between Mr. Bellew and Miss Ten Eyck—is not love able to overcome such discrepancies? What if he met her first in the coat belonging to her brother—did she think any the less of him when he told her of that circumstance? What if pecuniary embarrassments often beclouded the pathway of our friend—was he, for that reason, any the less a gentleman? And do you imagine that it was simply good luck that raised Banty to his present position? By no means! For the past two years his example has been one worthy of emulation. He labored honestly, earnestly and persistently. He broke loose from all questionable companionship"—the Doctor fixes an eye upon each of his listeners—"he gave up frequenting saloons, and places of similar character; he utterly eschewed the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; and he has reaped the reward which always comes from an earnest endeavor to do what is right!"

"Married an heiress!" suggests Ned.

"Doctor, it is your turn to call for the beer!" observes Daisy, whose glass has been empty for some time.

Without heeding either of these interruptions, however, the Doctor continues:

"Nor is the case of Banty Bellew without precedent. You certainly remember to have heard me relate how Edgar Faxton used to drop in occasionally at Brunner's and be glad enough to eat of the frugal repast there spread. Has it escaped your mind how Barton Telmar was wont to preside over social gatherings in this very room, of which the dishes were by no means dainty, but to which his own genial nature and the presence of poor, rollicking Fitz Zeno O'Banningan, big-hearted George Anson, and boyish Nat. Sherwood, gave a charm which Boston dinner-parties never possessed? Are you ignorant of the fact that Tom B. Archer was once the most companionable of fellows who frequented Pfaff's, rich in the possession of a V, and content to draw his inspiration from streams less translucent than the broad-spreading Atlantic? Are you unmindful, I repeat, of these things? As it appears to me, the fortune which has befallen our friend Banty is neither astonishing—I will thank you for the mustard, Daisy—nor in any manner without a precedent. Now, Bobby, you may bring us some beer!"

CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS.—The best cake for prize-fighters, pound cake; the most suitable for carpenters, plane cake; the most relished by loafers, sponge cake; the most palatable for boatmen, current cake; the most acceptable to hangmen, drop cake; the best for farmers, seed cake; the most healthy for plumbers, plumb cake; the debtors' cake, short cake; for a young man in love, soft cake.

A BOSTON preacher, speaking of the danger of the Bible being crowded out by the newspapers, perpetrated the following excellent pun: "Men nowadays," said he, "are like Zaccheus, desirous of seeing Jesus, but they cannot because of the press."

MY HAND IN THINE.

My hand in thine—my hand in thine!
Oh! 'twere of heavenly grace a sign!
Then banished all this dread, dull pain—
Then dried the tears that drop like rain.

My hand in thine—then all forgot—
The wrongs of earth—I'd heed them not.
Bravely should strength and hope combine—
Feeling and thought sweet intertwine.

My hand in thine—then all below
I'd meet with triumph—weal or woe.
Outglowing e'en Falernian wine
Were pulses, with my hand in thine.

My hand!—'tis aching—restless—lone—
(Oh! balmiest med'cine's in thy own):
Now would kind heaven vouchsafe a sign,
I'd ask but this—my hand in thine.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

It was a bright little second-story room, and Mrs. Moulton sat by her fire, putting a neat patch on the elbow of little Willie's jacket, while Bessy played with her dolls in the wide window-seat, and the baby slumbered sweetly in its little crib, like a folded flower. She was a pretty, fresh-faced woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, with bright blue eyes and hair touched with the golden gloss which no *coiffeur's* art can give—yet there was a discontented line between her eyebrows, and a troubled curve to her lips as she sat there, which betokened inward dissatisfaction.

"Mamma," said Bessy, surveying the damaged features of her doll, "aint I to have a new dolly for Christmas? Christmas is most here!"

"Don't tease me, child," said Mrs. Moulton fretfully. "Poor men's families don't have any Christmas!"

"Mamma," said Bessy, with round, wide-open eyes, "is my papa a poor man?"

"Of course he is!"

"But mamma ——"

"There, there, run away, and don't tease me any more," interrupted her mother sharply, and Bessy took up her doll and went slowly down-stairs to play with Minnie Carpenter, whose mamma lived on the first floor and kept a select-school.

"It's a shame," thought impetuous little Mrs. Moulton, "so it is. I never have had a silk dress since I was married, and George never refused me anything before. I'm sure I've been an economical, hard-working woman, and now, when I've set my heart on a black-silk dress ——"

It was a fortunate thing that Willie bounced into the room just then, clamoring for his jacket to wear to school, or the dew on Mrs. Moulton's eyelashes might have resolved itself into tears.

"Papa! papa!" cried Bessy and Willie with one voice, when their father came home to his supper—a cheery, bustling little man, with bristly whiskers, and a healthy brown complexion, "can we have a Christmas-tree this year?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Moulton tartly. "Poor folks can't spend their hard-earned money for such folderols!"

"If you feel so poverty-stricken," said Mrs. Moulton a little bitterly, "of course you won't give me the black-silk dress?"

"Rebecca," said Mr. Moulton solemnly, and with the corners of his mouth drawn down, "do you think I am made of money? Did you ever consider how little my salary is, and how great are our expenses? We don't live on air, and we don't wear sunbeams. Once for all, leave off thinking about silk dresses. Give me my supper; I've got to go out this evening."

"Again, George!" Mrs. Moulton nearly dropped the teapot in her consternation.

"Again!" echoed her husband. "Why not? You sulk as if I were tied to your apron-string. Aint a man a free agent, I'd like to know?"

"But, George," persisted his wife, "where do you spend your evenings?"

"Women shouldn't ask questions, my dear," said Mr. Moulton, with a little embarrassed laugh.

"Won't you tell me, George?"

"No, I won't!" was the brusque reply. "Now, then, if you're going to whimper and make a fuss, I'm off."

Mrs. Moulton choked back the tears, and silently set the chairs round the tea-table, feeling as if she were in a dream. What had come to George of late? Evening after evening he was absent from her, gone she knew not whither, and he never once alluded to this change of habits.

"I don't think he loves me as he used to do," thought the poor little wife, as she sat all alone by the lamp, industriously darning a worn place in her merino dress—for she did not suffer herself to waste any more useless longings over the black silk. "He is so changed—so unlike himself. Perhaps I had better take the children and go back to father's in the country!"

And Mrs. Moulton cried the bitterest tears she ever shed, sobbing softly and under her breath, lest she should wake the little sleeping children. For she had been so happy a wife once, and the shadows were gathering so darkly round her life!

"Perhaps I have been a little too petulant and short-tempered sometimes," she said to herself; "but I never meant anything, and he knew—oh! He *must* have known—how dearly I loved him all the while! And the poor little children—the money for a few toys, just to make Christmas seem as it ought, would not be missed; and he never spoke crossly to *them* before! Oh! if I only knew what I ought to do!

"Mamma," said little Willie, coming in from school a few days afterwards, with his nose blue, and his hands stuffed in his pockets, "it's Christmas-eve."

"I know it, child."

"Oh," said Willie, wistfully, "I don't know but you'd forgotten. Aint we to have a Christmas-tree?"

"Your father thinks it would be foolish, Willie."

"Well then, it's a great shame; everybody but us has got a Christmas-tree."

"Papa knows best, my boy," said Mrs. Moulton, trying to speak calmly.

"Well, then, can me and Bessy go out and look in the shop-windows? That'll be better than nothing."

"Yes—run along," said Mrs. Moulton; "only be sure and keep tight hold of Bessy's hand."

Away went the little people, while Mrs. Moulton glanced up at the clock, and wondered why her husband was later than usual in coming home. When he did come, "Jones' wife is poorly to-night," he said, shaking the snowflakes from the shoulders of his shaggy greatcoat. "Can't you go round and sit with her for a while?"

"On Christmas-eve?"

"I suppose a person can be neighborly on Christmas-eve as well as any other time," was his curt answer. "You needn't be gone long, and you can bring the children back with you when you return. They were flattening their noses against a toy-shop window when I came past, as if they never had seen anything before in their lives."

"Poor things," said Mrs. Moulton softly, as she put on her cloak and bonnet, "they are very much disappointed at having no Christmas-tree."

Her husband did not reply, and she went out, smothering a halfaudible sigh beneath her worn green veil. It was, perhaps, two hours later when, with one little child in each hand, she climbed the stairway, and opened the door of her own apartment once more. But was it her own apartment, or had some all-powerful magician been at work to transform it? The walls were all hung with wreaths of evergreen—a tree stood in a green box on the centre of the table, its boughs sparkling with balls of colored glass and glittering waxen tapers, and hung with dolls, and books, and tops, and games.

"O mamma, mamma!" shrieked Bessy, "here's a real Christmas-tree, and a tea-set, and a paint-box ——"

"And," chimed in Willie, "a four-bladed knife, and a drum, and ——"

"And here, my love," said Mr. Moulton, whose face shone brighter than all the lights, "is what Christmas-eve has brought *you!*"

He unfolded a mysterious-looking paper package as he spoke, and displayed the glistening folds of a new black-silk dress.

"Fourteen yards," he added, rubbing his hands, "and the very best quality."

"O George!" said Mrs. Moulton, rubbing her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming, "where did you get the money?"

Mr. Moulton laughed joyously, and lifted Bessy up on the table, so that she could reach the shining treasures of the Christmas-tree.

"I've been doing extra work all these evenings for Jay & Co.," he said. "While you thought I was hanging about at public houses, this Christmas-tree has been growing. I didn't want you and the children to suspect what was going on, so I've been a shade crustier than usual, as you may perhaps remember."

"And I was so cross to you, George!" cried the wife remorsefully.

"It was pretty hard work to keep my secret sometimes, Becky," he said, "but I kept telling myself 'Christmas isn't far off.' And now I'm paid for it all!"

And, as he stood with his arm round his wife's waist, watching the delighted faces of the children as they rifled the glittering boughs of the Christmas-tree, both husband and wife felt that the sweetest influences of the Christmas-eve were sinking deep down into their hearts.

FALLEN GREATNESS.—*The Pittsburg Dispatch* tells the history of the rise and fall of Pithole City, Pa. The Danforth House, which cost $28,000, was sold the other day for $10. Within one month from the completion of the first house she had an $80,000 hotel. In two months she had a daily paper, and a fast one it was, too. In three months she had a theatre. In four months she had another theatre and an Academy of Music. In five months she had her celebrated fire extinguisher, a curious invention for throwing mud, sired by a live Yankee, and d—d by necessity, for the city had no water—the people all drank whiskey. In six months she had seventy-four hotels and boarding-houses, where the substitute for water was dispensed. In seven months the Miller farm-pipe line was completed, which event threw 4,000 men and 2,000 horses out of employment, and Pithole City had reached the zenith of her glory. She had at that time 15,000 inhabitants, elaborate water-works, and all the paraphernalia of a city government. She has now no theatre, no newspaper, no hotel, no telegraph office (the telegraph office closed for time and eternity last week), and but nine families out of all that multitude. The Pithole and Oleopolis Railroad runs but one train of one car a day, and that only to hold the charter.

A NEGRO ASTONISHED.—Not long ago a country store, in close proximity to the city of New Orleans, had one or two boxes of torpedoes, that are about the size of a wren's egg, left over from its holiday stock. In rearranging the shelves one of the little boxes was opened and all its contents given away, except one single torpedo, which, resembling a "bird's egg" candy, as the colored folks call them, was left on the counter. A wise-looking old negro rode up to the store on a malicious-looking horse, about 9 o'clock at night. He hitched his "critter," and came into the store to get a dram. While the clerk was pouring this out, old grizzly head, thinking that, where even the smallest things are available, opportunities should not be lost, slid his horny hand over that "bird's egg" candy and hauled it in. Then he made out like he was putting a chew of tobacco in his mouth. He rolled his apparent quid with his tongue back to his jaw teeth, and then he must have shut down upon it tight, for the explosion of yells, and shrieks, and howls, and sulphur smoke commingled, that ensued, was perfectly awful. The old negro tore out to his nag howling, and, under the impression that he had got "conjured," fled as fast as sorry bones could fly.

THE MAN whose curiosity led him to place his nose in close proximity to a turtle's mouth, to ascertain whether or not it was true that the creature's breath smelt like onions, was in the city yesterday, and wore a great patch of courtplaster on the extremity of his proboscis, which, from casual observation, appeared as though it had been slightly abbreviated.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE PERILS OF A NIGHT.

Absent-minded people get themselves sometimes into curious scrapes, as the private records of the stage will verify. We "mind" a case in point. Not long since Joe Buskin went to the Quaker City to fulfill a stellar contract—in other words, a star engagement. Unsuspicious of mishap, Joe proceeded to a prominent hotel and took lodgings therein, and set about refreshing his memory in the several parts he was to be called upon to play. Being fatigued with his trip, he prepared to retire early to rest; but, while unrobing, it occurred to him that he had forgotten to mention an important fact to a brother actor rooming upon the same corridor. In his hurry, "accoutred as he was," he ran to the apartment occupied by his friend, conveyed the desired hint, then ran back to his room, and, dousing the glim, was soon in the arms of Morpheus. Ten o'clock struck; eleven, twelve. Our actor had got awake again—perhaps it was the mosquitoes, perhaps it was the bedbugs, or overstudy, or all three. At any rate, he arose, being unable to sleep, and lighted the gas, when, to his alarm, he perceived upon the chair at his bedside—a lady's dress! He rubbed his eyes, looked again, and, failing to discover his own clothes, concluded that he had mistaken the room, and slipped out again on tiptoe, his heart palpitating at the idea of being discovered and mistaken for a thief. Once more in the passage, he became confused, tried door after door, but even his friend's was locked, that worthy not having returned from the theatre. While in this dilemma the hall porter made his appearance, and, seeing a man in undress trying the doors, he gave vent to an unearthly howl and rushed upon the actor in much the same manner as Damon descends upon his servant. "Whoof! ye tief of the worruld!" yelled Mickey, "I've got ye at last. You're the chap that goes rootin' around the wimmen's apartments at dead o' night, are ye? Help, murder!" "Murder be ——!" quoth Buskin, "I'm no thief nor murderer. Hush, for Heaven's sake. I've lost my room." "A purty story," replied Mick, as men and women began to gather in the corridor. "Dad, I'll hand ye over, so I will." And he was about to fulfil his threat when Buskin, thinking himself on the wrong corridor, started for upstairs on a run, the whole crowd after him, armed with shovels, pokers, brooms, while Mickey gave vent to his feelings in a solo on the gong. In the midst of this uproar his friend arrived, pronounced it a case of somnambulism, and took poor Buskin to his room—where he found that he had been frightened by the apparition of his own domino!

STARLIGHT.

BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

Life seemed void, my angel darling,
Dark clouds low'ring all around,
When I laid thy pulseless bosom
Neath the churchyard's sodded ground.
Chorus.—O my darling! pray draw near me,
Fold me with thy snowy wings;
Yes! I see thy shining features—
Harken, how my angel sings.

Stars as brightly shine above me
As when first you gave that vow—
"Darling! darling! how I love thee,"
And I feel you love me now.
Chorus.—O my darling! pray draw near me, etc.

Shall we meet beyond that starlight?
Shall we roam the heavenly shore?
Yes, my angel, you have whispered,
There sad partings come no more.
Chorus.—O my darling! pray draw near me, etc.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF J. R. SCOTT.

Charles P. Lamb, Esq., of Philadelphia, has kindly forwarded to us the following copy of the bill of the last appearance on any stage of the once celebrated actor, Mr. John R. Scott. He commenced this engagement on Monday evening, Jan. 21, being announced for *six nights only*, (although he did not complete the six nights), and appearing in his famous character of Damon. Mr. Scott was so weak and feeble on this occasion that he could scarcely finish his part. He was to appear (as will be seen by the bill) on the following night as Rob Roy and Michael, in "Rob Roy" and "The Adopted Child." He managed with great difficulty to get through with Rob Roy; but in "The Adopted Child" it was impossible for him to appear, and Boucicault's comedy of "Used Up" was substituted, Mr. David S. Palmer appearing in the part of Sir Charles Coldstream. At this time Mr. Scott was stopping at the Montgomery Hotel, N. E. corner of Sixth and Willow streets, Philadelphia, where he remained until his removal to his sister's house, in which he breathed his last, March 2, 1856. The bills were posted for Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, for "The Willow Copse," but Mr. Scott did not appear, and that was the *last* bill that his name was ever seen on. He was buried from the residence of his sister, in South Eighteenth street, below Pine, and his remains lie in St. Peter's churchyard, at Third and Pine streets. His funeral was very large, and was attended by the "Actors' Order of Friendship," and by many of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia. A fine band of music performed dirges all the way from his residence to the cemetery. Dr. Odenheimer and Mr. Benner officiated at the grave, where his remains repose with those of his father, mother, and others of the family.

CITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA,
Fifth and Callowhill streets.
NEW MANAGEMENT.
Lessee, Henry Willard (also of National Theatre, Boston).
Stage-manager..Robt. Jones | Prompter....J. W. Clifford
The universal favorite,
J. R. SCOTT,
in two excellent pieces:
ROB ROY AND THE ADOPTED CHILD.
First appearance in this theatre of
MRS. P. C. CUNNINGHAM
(Late Miss Virginia Howard),
who will appear as Helen Macgregor.
MR. P. C. CUNNINGHAM as Baillie Nicol Jarvie.
ON TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 22, 1856,
will be presented the drama of
ROB ROY, OR AULD LANG SYNE.

Rob Roy Macgregor....................Mr. J. R. Scott
Baillie Nicol Jarvie, his first appearance here....Mr. Cunningham

Francis Osbaldistone.. Mr. Lingham	Robert.........Miss Evain
Rashleigh Osbaldistone.. Mr. J. M. Cooke	Willie.........Mr. Page
Sir Frederick Vernon.. Mr. Byrne	Saunders Wylie.Mr. Stanton
Dougal.....Mr. C. W. Hield	Highlander....Mr. Johnston
Capt. Thornton.Mr. R. Jones	Corporal.......Mr. Hanaker
Major Galbraith.. Mr. Wilkinson	Helen Macgregor.. Mrs. Cunningham (her first appearance here.)
Mr. Owen.....Mr. Stafford	Diana Vernon.Miss L. Steele
McStuart.....Mr. Van Horn	Mattie......Miss Julia Miles
Jean McAlpine.Miss Cooper	Martha......Miss L. Cooper
	Hamish.......Petite Emily
	Highlanders, Soldiers, etc.

Overture..............................By the Orchestra
Fancy Dance..............................Mlle. Aubri
The performance will conclude with the drama of
THE ADOPTED CHILD.
Michael..............................Mr. J. R. Scott

Sir Bertrand.....J. M. Cooke	Servant.......Mr. Stanton
Le Sage.......Mr. Byrne	Nell.......Miss Julia Miles
Spruce.......Mr. Wilkinson	Lucy.......Miss L. Steele
Record.......Mr. Cunningham	Boy.......Petite Emily
Flint.......Mr. Page	Lady Clara.......Miss Cutler

To-morrow, THE WILLOW COPSE.
J. R. SCOTT AS LUKE FIELDING.
Omnibuses pass and repass the Museum every ten minutes, through Fourth, Fifth and Sixth streets.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Orchestra and parquet, 50c.; dress-circle, 37½c.; family circle, 25c.; private boxes, $3; single seats in private boxes, 75c. No extra charge for reserved seats. Doors open at quarter of 7 o'clock. Curtain will rise at quarter past 7, precisely.
The Box-office will be open from 10 A. M. until 3 P. M., where seats and private boxes may be secured.

BYWORDS.

BANJO SOLO, BY BILLY MORTLAND.

There's many an odd saying heard
'Most everywhere you go,
And I propose to mention some,
And pick the old banjo.
The subject I have chosen is
The bywords of the day,
So just "drop" on "the racket,"
And you'll "tumble to my lay."

If you are talking to a girl,
Some friend goes by and sees it,
He's always sure to halloa out:
"I say, young feller, cheese it."
The greeting that you'll now receive,
If seen with a white hat,
Is "Shoot it," "Take it off, old boy,"
"The bells have rung for that."

If, while traveling with a crowd,
You're acting "smiled," and show it,
They soon pronounce that you're "no good"—
You're "N. G.," and they know it.
If you try to get off funny jokes,
You'll hear your friends all shout:
"Oh! aint you fresh," "You're getting fly;"
"You're over your head," "Swim out."

But every dog must have its day,
And every song its end—
I hope that I have pleased you,
For that I did intend:
I'm going now to take my leave,
For your applause I cater—
"All reservoir," "So long," my friends,
"Good-bye," "I'll see you later."

RICHARD THIRD AND THE CALF.

Some years ago a company of comedians were performing at a temporary theatre in a country town. The green-room was a stable, and the other out-buildings being completely occupied, the said green-room was the only residence for a poor unfortunate calf, just taken from the cow. This proved a very noisy companion, particularly in the early part of the evening, before the juvenile ox was supplied with his supper. To remedy the evil, the performers (in rotation, or as they could oblige each other) hit upon the plan of holding their fingers in his mouth during every scene of interest; and whilst employed in knawing the digits, he was tolerably quiet. On one occasion, however, when Harry Johnston was "starring it," as Richard, the animal was left alone, and the following scene ensued:

LADY ANNE.—Would that I knew thy heart!
RICHARD.—'Tis figured in my speech.
(CALF.—Baa! baa!)
(RICHARD.—Some of you go to the calf.)
LADY ANNE.—I fear me both are false.
RICHARD.—Then never man was true.
(CALF.—Baa! baa!)
(RICHARD.—Why the devil don't one of you go and give the calf something to eat?)

The confusion of the actors and the mirth of the audience may be easily imagined.

"I MISS MY DARLING EV'RY DAY."

DEDICATED TO WM. DWYER OF BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,
BY J. J. McDERMOTT.

When the birds are singing merrily,
And flow'rs are blooming in the dale,
I wander to the little rill
That flows, 'mid silence, in the vale
Where we have often met, and passed
So many happy hours away;
But they were joys that could not last—
I miss my darling ev'ry day.
Chorus—Her gentle voice no more I'll hear,
She's laid beneath the cold, cold clay;
I cannot drive away the tear—
I miss my darling ev'ry day.

To me 'tis like a painful dream
That her I ne'er again will see—
It cannot be, it does not seem
That she will not come back to me.
Ah! no; I need no longer seek,
But here alone, in grief, must stay;
In death's cold arms she's last asleep—
I miss her more and more each day.
Chorus.—Her gentle voice no more I'll hear, etc.

CATHERINE HAYES IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Wm. Griffiths places us under renewed obligations for the following memento of the once celebrated prima donna Catherine Hayes, who came into such favor in New York and the other cities where she appeared. The programme below is of a concert given in Melbourne:

THEATRE ROYAL, BOURKE STREET.
GRAND CONCERT.
First appearance of the eminent prima donna
MISS CATHERINE HAYES.
Great combination of talent. The talented vocal artistes Madame Carandini, Mr. John Gregg, Mr. John Howson.
Conductor of the orchestra, Mr. L. Lavenu. Leader, Mr. R. Thom. First violin, Herr Strebinger.
THIS EVENING, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1855.
GRAND CONCERT.—PART I.

Overture, "La Sirene"....................Auber
Grand Aria, "As I view," Mr. John Gregg..........Bellini
Cavatina, "Ah, mon fils," from the opera of "La Prophete," Miss Catherine Hayes..........Meyerbeer
Ballad, "Mary O'More"..........Mr. John Howson
Grand Aria with Violin Obligato, "Fly Hence," from the Opera of "Matilda of Hungary," Madame Carandini..........Wallace
Fantasia, Flute..........Mr. Creed Royal
Grand Cavatina and Aria, "Casta Diva," (by particular desire), from the opera of "Norma," Miss Catherine Hayes..........Bellini
An Interval of Ten Minutes.
PART II.
Overture, "Anne of Gierstein," composed by Mr. Lavenu.
Descriptive Cavatina, "It was a Form," from the opera of "Matilda of Hungary," Mr. John Howson..........Wallace
Ballad, "My Mollie Asthore," new version, composed by Mr. Lavenu, Miss Catherine Hayes.
Ballad, "Woman," Mr. John Gregg..........Phillips
Ballad, "Home, Sweet Home"..........Madame Carandini.
Solo on the Cornet-a-Piston, "The Exile's Lament," Mr. R. Kohler.
Scotch Ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," Miss Catherine Hayes.
Cavatina, "Gone is the Calmness," Mr. John Howson..........Wallace
Rondo Brilliante, "Alin Brillar," Miss Catherine Hayes.
Finale..........God Save the Queen

The manager begs to announce that an Amateur Performance by the Garrison Theatricals will take place on Saturday evening next, for the benefit of the sick and wounded of the French Army in the Crimea.

The performances will be under the distinguished patronage of his Excellency the Governor and the Hon. Lady Hotham.

Full particulars will be early announced.

The admission to the dress circle and stalls will be by ticket only, which may be obtained on application to the committee, at the theatre, from one to four P. M. on and after to-morrow, the 27th instant.

Stage-manager..........Mr. Charles Poole

Prices of Admission.—Dress Circle, 10s.; Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Upper Circle, 6s.; Pit, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. Private boxes and seats in the dress circle can be obtained by application at the box office, from eleven till four.

Doors open at half-past seven; commence precisely at eight. Box-office open from eleven till four.

N. B.—Carriages—Horses' heads towards Russell street.

A MANAGER SOLD.

Shrewd as they thought themselves, the management of the old Park Theatre were sometimes "sold" by their own agents. Once, when several English stars sent out by him had failed in succession, Price—to snub American audiences for their neglect—exported to Simpson a tragedian with a historical name, who chose the arduous part of Richard for his debut. The house was crowded with a most critical auditory, all ears being strained to catch the first magical sounds. Simpson was in front, and Barry at the wings. Imagine the prevailing astonishment when, instead of the anticipated flow of English undefiled, the ponderous jaws of the new "card" opened and gave vent to a string of disjointed, rasping sentences, cast in the broadest Scotch-English dialect, delivered somewhat as follows:

"Noo is tur Weenter av oor dees-coontent
Made glorious simmer by tur sin av Yoork,
An' a' thae cluds that joukit ouer oor hoos
In thae teep breastie av tur ocean burrit;
Noo are oor braws bun' wi' veectorious wraiths,
Oor brouzit arrums," etc., etc.

The snuffing-up of a liberal pinch of Maccaboy at the close of each sentence finished the disenchantment and brought the engagement to a somewhat premature ending.

ONE FOOT AS GOOD AS TWO.

SONG-AND-DANCE, BY ED. HARRIGAN.
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO TOMMY HARPER, ONE-LEGGED SONG-AND-DANCE ARTIST.

You've seen all kinds of dancers
Get out upon the floor,
And dance around and do the grand
In the art of Terpsichore;
Of course I'm very singular,
But I'm gwine to show to you
I dance and kick with this wooden stick,
For one foot's as good as two.
Chorus.—Oh, my, I'll try to make you laugh,
As I dance upon my wooden staff;
This world am full of wonders,
And I'm gwine to show to you,
Before you go, you'll all agree
That one foot's as good as two.

Now, there was Santa Anna,
Way down in Mexico—
He was single-handed in his legs,
But still he wasn't slow;
When Zachary Taylor fought him
He jumped up quick and flew,
And proved the fact conclusively
Dat one foot's as good as two.
Chorus.—Oh, my, I'll try to make, etc.

HAMLET NINETY-NINE YEARS AGO.

The bill given below is of date nearly a hundred years ago. "Hamlet," as there and then played, was the version with Garrick's alterations, which consisted, chiefly, of the omission of the Gravedigger, and the retention of the entire part of the King. Much critical objection was urged against the absence of the Gravedigger; but it appears that Garrick persisted, as this bill is dated within less than two years prior to his final retirement from the stage. At the date of the bill Garrick was sixty years of age. "Critic" of Philadelphia contributes the bill:

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY,
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, LONDON,
THIS PRESENT FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1774,
HAMLET
(with alterations).

Hamlet..........Mr. Garrick	Player King.......Mr. Keen
King..........Mr. Jefferson	Lucianus.......Mr. Parsons
Ghost..........Mr. Bransley	Messenger.......Mr. Wright
Horatio..........Mr. Packer	Bernardo.......Mr. Griffiths
Polonius.......Mr. Baddeley	Francisco.......Mr. Morriss
Laertes..........Mr. Aickin	Queen.......Mrs. Hopkins
Rosencrans.......Mr. Davies	Player Queen,Mrs. Johnston
Guildenstern....Mr. Fawcett	Ophelia.........Mrs. Smith
Marcellus.....Mr. Wrighten	

ORIGINALITIES.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

This world always looks brighter to us after attending the funeral of a life-insurance agent.

Visitors with more than one acre of real estate on their boots will please test the merits of our new door-mat.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to send another vessel down to Santiago de Cuba with a load of modern poets?

During the mud-and-slush season we may truly say with somebody, "These are the days that try men's soles."

The memory of the oldest inhabitant can recall no time when the lunch routes have been so well patronized as they are this Winter.

Notwithstanding the high price of provisions, etc., it is a consolation to know that arsenic and strychnine remain as cheap as ever.

Will the young men who serenaded us last night please go out in the woods and shoot themselves, as it will save us the necessity of doing it?

How nice it is to hang around a church Sunday night, and, when it is out, sling away a fresh cud of tobacco, and see your sweetness walk off with another feller.

A young man over in Jersey has shook so much for the drinks lately that he actually last week "shook" his landlady to the tune of three weeks' board.

If anyone knows of a youth who has recently purchased a flute, we would like his address, as we want to hire someone to scare away the rats at our boarding-house.

THE BELLE OF LOUISVILLE.

Improvised by Earl Warwick, and dedicated to Thomas Flanagan, Louisville, Ky.

I struck this famous city
Quite early in the morn;
I thought it was the greatest
I'd seen since I'd been born.
I stopped at a first-class hostelrie—
You bet I always will—
'Twas there I met this fair young girl,
The Belle of Louisville.
Chorus.—Then sing away, my hearties,
Oh, sing with royal will,
About this jolly female swell,
The Belle of Louisville.

I was walking through the hall-ways,
And putting on fine airs,
When I saw a damsel tripping
Quite gayly up the stairs;
Says I, "Fair maiden, listen;"
She answered, "Sir, I will."
"Your name," said I. She answered,
"I'm the Belle of Louisville."
Chorus.—Then sing another chorus,
Yes, sing it with a will,
About this girl who claimed to be
The Belle of Louisville.

"Come up into my room, sir;
We'll have a pleasant talk."
Of course I quickly did so—
'Twas but a little walk.
I talked with her an hour—
I am thinking of it still—
For she stole my watch and pocketbook,
This Belle of Louisville.
Chorus.—Then sing another chorus,
And sing it with a will,
About that fraud, that female beat,
The Belle of Louisville.

GEORGE KUNKEL AND HIS MINSTREL TROUPE.

Eighteen years ago an entertainment was given in Cleveland, O., by Kunkel's Opera Troupe, started some years previously as Kunkel's Nightingale Serenaders, if our memory is not at fault. Many important changes have taken place since then; and of the members of that organization, several are dead, some have "merged" into other troupes, and some have retired from the profession. It is noteworthy that the John T. Ford, who then acted as agent for that troupe, is now the popular manager in Baltimore and Washington, whose energy and industry have placed him in the front rank of managers, and who is one of the wealthiest in the profession. Mr. Kunkel is still about, occasionally giving entertainments in "the Southern circuit;" but his lines, we believe, have not been cast in fruitful waters, and his efforts have not been attended with the same fortunate results as have rewarded the perseverance of him who was once his agent. We are indebted to Billy Grew for the programme.

MELODEON, CLEVELAND, O.
TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1855.
Farewell concert of
KUNKEL'S OPERA TROUPE.
(As they appear in Buffalo on Wednesday evening.)
First and only representation of the new and laughable piece, written by C. W. Tayleure, entitled
MYSTERIOUS COUTTS, OR A GREASY ROMANCE.
Abounding with wit and humor.
THEODORE AHREND, the greatest violincello performer of the age.
JOE BROWN, the champion jig dancer.
T. L. FLOYD, the inimitable fancy dancer and female personator.
HARRY LEHR, the only living bones.
PENN LEHR, the lion banjoist.
PROGRAMME—NO REPETITION. NO INTERMISSION.
1. T. L. Floyd in his splendid female impersonation of Miss Fanny.
2. Instrumental Overture..Hermann, Ahrend and troupe
3. Grand Opening Chorus, "Ernani"..........Nightingales
4. Good News from Home..........Geo. Kunkel
5. Good-bye, Good-bye..........Master Adams
6. Hold your Horses..........W. Penn Lehr
7. Freedom's Echoes..........J. K. Search
8. By-and-bye, with a Hope to Meet You ....Harry Lehr
9. Accordeon Solo..........Levi Brown
10. Cynthia Sue Dance..........T. L. Floyd and Joe Brown
11. Banjo Solo..........W. Penn Lehr
12. Don't be Angry, Mother..........Master Adams
13. Washwoman's Dance..........T. L. Floyd and Joe Brown
14. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep..........Geo. Kunkel
15. Cleveland Reel..........Joe Brown
16. Violincello Solo..........Theodore Ahrend
17. Gwine Round the Horn..........Joe Brown
To conclude with
MYSTERIOUS COUTTS, OR GREASY ROMANCE.
Mario, an exquisitely fine tenor..........J. W. Adams
Boniface, an innkeeper..........Levi Brown
Flappo, page to Grisi..........W. H. Morgan
Sam, Boniface's servant..........Geo. Kunkel
Bob, Boniface's servant..........P. Berger
Larete, Boniface's steward..........Harry Lehr
Grisi, a delicate invalid singer..........J. K. Search
Mysterious Coutts, who wishes to Mari, O! the great tenor..........T. L. Floyd
Admission, twenty-five cents. Doors open ¾ before 7; commencing precisely ¼ before 8, and ending at 10 o'clock.
JNO. T. FORD, Agent.

THE HOLIDAY VIGIL.

To all our readers there must be called up some tender memories by the advent of Christmas and the dawn of the new year, some yearning after absent friends, some recollections of joys that cannot be forever lost, some thrill not altogether ghostly, as we feel the touch of vanished hands, and listen to the low tones of voices that are still, with a sudden impulse to cherish with greater intensity of love those that are yet with us in the flesh, and wait in a mutual hope of the great reunion that the christian festival itself prefigures.

So closely has this anniversary season come to be identified with tender hopes and thoughts of loving greeting, that the Christmas and New-Year's Days become a clasp with which to unite the holy necklace of the year. They stand out from the other three hundred and sixty-three as the gold-bordered fastening that unites the rest like a row of beads—beads of emerald, topaz, ruby, opal—representing the rosary of our year's life; its successes, triumphs, hopes, faiths, loves, are all reflected in this wonderful crystal show-stone, whose inmost core reflects a thousand facets with all their fleeting hues, and holds a ray from each.

It is not for those who have passed out of our mortal sight for whom we watch and wait. Their memory hallows the feast, and, except in cases of recent bereavement, makes its joy no less. Our hearts rest in hope for them, but they go out anxiously in thoughts for the absent. A shade comes over the light of the gleaming fire; the sheen of the glass and silver that deck the table is dimmed, the sounds of mirth fall low, the laugh passes into a half-wistful sigh, as the toast "To those who are far away!" is spoken. Like the passage praying for travelers by land and sea, the response is murmured; and loving lips touch the edge of the glass as though the feast had become sacramental. That hidden thought that had all along been lying deep in the hearts of father, mother, lover, wife, brother, sister, wells upwards, forcing tears with it; and the burden grows lighter by being shared—the secret, which is no secret, becomes less torturing. With so many watching eyes and outstretched hands, surely the wanderer will return and the vacant place not remain empty forevermore. This yearning after the absent begins before the very morning of the day itself. Sitting there beside the hearth, the young wife looks up from that tiny sleeping face that lies imbedded in the soft pillow of the little cradle, and sees amid the sprays and wreaths with which she has decked the chimney the image of him who fills her thoughts with memories that seem so long past, yet so short a year ago. As she turns the slender gold circlet on the finger, her life seems all concentrated on those two—the little half-conscious creature just stirring out of sleep, and him for whom she waits and prays. What story combined out of living realities by the imagination of the author can have such vital power as this novel chapter in her life, absorbing all the pages that have gone before in the deep meaning of a mother's love, a wife's self-sacrifice? What possible future to be developed in the later pages of the book that beguiles those straining eyes, which would fain see far away and meet the ship that comes upon its trackless path, bearing such precious freight to that still fireside?

Ah! on that vessel's deck another heart is full; other loving fancies picturing the waiting figure and praying for the loved ones at home. The soft winds sighing through the rigging, the clear stars rushing out in the dark-blue sky, the very gleam and ripple of the sea, suggest thoughts of that cosy, domestic nook. The great christian festival suggests them, too; and as the homeward-bound voyager gazes into those spangled depths of night, and remembers the star of Bethlehem and the singing of the angels, he whispers a prayer for that babe that he longs to see—for whom, as for all who are born into the world, the cradle in the manger is a hope and a sign forever, even as it is for the heavenly host who celebrated the first Christmas that dawned a new era for mankind.

NEW PLAYS AT THE ENGLISH THEATRES

"MARRIED."

This is the title of a new comedy from the pen of James Albery, which was produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 29, and is thus written about in *The Sunday Times*: "We can say little about a plot that defies description. An outline of a portion is all we dare attempt. In a country house in Scotland, the seat of Sir Hume Spotiswoode, two girls, Emily Spotiswoode and a distant connection known by the name of Aunt Anne, playfully bestowed upon her, have lived for a few weeks together and alone. In a trunk they have discovered a suit of clothes belonging to Robert Spotiswoode, the brother of Emily. These fit the sister to a nicety, and she has once or twice taken rides and walks in them without detection. Emboldened by impunity, the thoughtless creatures play off the maddest freak that ever entered youthful brains. They go together to a church a score of miles away, order the banns to be published between Robert Spotiswoode and Anne Day, and in due course, Scottish law being, it appears, easy in such matters, are married. At first they chuckle over their secret. After a time they are disturbed to find by mysterious hints of McStill, the butler, that the mystery has been ferretted out by him. McStill has seen the registry of the wedding, and believes, naturally enough, that the bridegroom is the real Robert Spotiswoode, who is supposed to be on the way to Australia, whither a quarrel with his father had driven him. When the governess of Miss Spotiswoode, generally known on account of her inflexible character as Grandma, arrives, she is taken into confidence. Her horror at what she hears frightens the girls, so they think their offense of unparalleled monstrosity. McStill is bound over to secrecy, and they wait events. A second secret is soon entrusted to McStill. Robert Spotiswoode is in England, courting a certain Lucy Sandys, whom the death of her father has left as a ward of Aunt Anne. He is anxious that his family shall not know of his presence in England, and he obtains from the Scotch butler a promise of silence. That worthy is surprised by an interview between Robert and Aunt Anne, in which the characters he supposes to be man and wife meet as strangers, and puzzles his brains to account for the circumstance. He cannot arrive at a conclusion, but adheres to a determination, expressed in the broadest of broad Scotch, that 'deil a word will he say.' Faithful to his plan of preserving an incognito, Robert passes himself off as a friend of the family, and assumes a false name. He then gives directions to McStill to pack his portmanteau with dress clothes, and reach it to him out of the window. At the moment this is done Sir Hume and the household are in sore distress. Sir Hume returning has heard, first of his son's marriage, which has convulsed him with anger, then of his death at sea, the vessel in which he is supposed to have started having been lost. Despairing, now that he has driven his son by cruelty to meet a dreadful fate, he turns his love to Aunt Anne. As the wife of his son she is his daughter, and her place is with him. She shall have his son's fortune, and be to him all he expected the son to have been. Poor Aunt Anne, wholly dismayed at this unexpected turn that converts her into a widow before she has been a wife, and compels her to accept money to which she has no title, and to assume heart-rending sorrow for a stranger, sits speechless. Emily weeps bitterly over the sad news, the father stands in the agonies of self-reproach, and the butler, who alone knows the truth, stands amazed. 'Deil a word will he say.' All this plot is crowded into the first act. So good measure is it that even if at times it is a little misty the audience may forgive it, especially as the dialogue throughout is witty and full of character. How this strange knot is disentangled there is no need to tell. Suffice it to say, that the ingenuity hitherto displayed is maintained, and that the work to the end is droll, extravagant, clever and amusing."

"BRIARS AND BLOSSOMS,"

a new drama by Mr. Hazlewood, was presented at the Britannia, London, Dec. 3. The plot is not of the usual interest generally associated with pieces from the same pen, and its moral is somewhat equivocal, seeing that a robber is let off from punishment through the intercession of a good-hearted squire and the sudden death of two of his companions. Daniel Wheeler, a carrier, brings to his home two boxes, one for Squire Darnley and the other for his niece, Winny. By some mischance the squire's box is opened by Winny and Dora, and untold gold is seen in it. Ere the box is handed over to its rightful owner its contents are abstracted by Paul Hobson, one of the scamps of the village, who, with his ill-gotten gains, starts for London and marries Dora. Time does not improve Paul, and when the money is gone he becomes leagued with a couple of thieves, and gets some forged notes executed, which are to be passed by Maude Harvey, a former lady love. The notes are obtained by Winny and burnt, and Hobson being down on his luck attempts a railway robbery. Through the squire and Winny one of the gang confesses to the plot, and Hobson escapes, while two of the rascals are caught and put into prison. Here one of them dies, while the other, in order to gain his freedom, promises to point out the ringleader. Ere he can do this he is, in running before a target, shot, and dies without revealing the name of Hobson. Maude also dies before revealing the hiding place of the child of Hobson, which she has stolen out of revenge. By one of those stage devices, well enough in theory but not in practice, the infant is found by a Mrs. Goggle, and the piece ends with the promise of Hobson to lead a new life in America.

HARD TIMES.

How the Panic Affects the Fashions of Cleveland's Young Men.

Owing to the unprecedented tightness of the money market, and the fact that most of the young men of Cleveland had their hoarded earnings in Eastern savings banks that failed, there will be a decided change in gentlemen's fashions for the Fall and Winter, and we have been at some pains and expense to ascertain what will not be worn this Winter by the different social representative, who have heretofore been the "models of fashion."

Thin Summer goods will be worn far into the Winter by many, especially by clerks on a salary of less than $15 per week.

A very neat pair of trowsers may be made by varnishing white duck pants with a compound of lampblack and molasses, and, before the last coat has dried, sifting coal-dust and black sand over the garment. These suits cannot be told from the finest black cassimere by experts, unless the latter chew them. The molasses renders the cloth soft and pliable, while the coal-dust and black sand give it a "nap" that is elegant, and the wearer of these breeches may stand on the banks of Lake Erie and defy the Canadian blasts that whistle through the clothes of others poorly clad. Old linen pants that have been worn all Summer, can, by being dipped in a kettle of hot Indian pudding or mush, be made to look like new, and the fabric acquires a body that will resist anything but a rain-storm or goat.

Shirts will (owing to the high price of soap, and hysterical condition of the washerwomen) be worn of a darker shade than during the Summer. Bank street hack-drivers, whom a tyrannical city government denies the use of street spittoons, and who are compelled to expectorate against the wind, will wear bosoms of any color, ornamented with designs in tobacco juice.

Many of the billiard-room proprietors in the city have permitted their patrons to chalk over their shirt-bosoms, as well as cues, without extra charge. This act of generosity enables many a young man to sport a white shirt-bosom, who would otherwise be unable to afford the luxury.

Stockings will be worn only by the wealthy, but the poor and ambitious young dry-goods clerk may enjoy a very good substitute by sprinkling a mixture of cayenne pepper and sawdust in his boots each morning. By doing this and eating a mackerel breakfast, he can keep warm and dry in the most inclement weather.

To the young man who cannot afford to purchase a new silk hat, this Fall, and who is afraid to steal one, we would say that old silk hats may be remodeled into new and fashionable tiles by soaking them in brine two or three days, then pressing them into the shape desired, and drying over a slow fire.

Underclothing of very good quality may be made out of newspapers. We know a young bank clerk on Superior street, who wears a diamond, and whose outward appearance is faultless, yet for years this young man has wrapped a newspaper around each leg for drawers, and his bosom is covered with several layers of *The Tribune*.

A dress coat is indispensable to the wardrobe of any young male person who mingles much in society, and many a noble youth will be debarred from social festivities this Winter because of his inability to own a coat whose tails are of that peculiar pattern known as "swallow-tail" or "claw-hammer." But there is relief even for this class. Every young man wears a bob-tailed or business coat, and of late several establishments have been opened in the city where coat-tails can be rented, so that for a few cents the poverty-stricken individual may transform his every-day coat into a dress-coat. These patent coat-tails are of all shades and sizes, easily adjusted, and warranted to give satisfaction.

Patched boots will be worn considerably during the Winter, though were the uppers are badly worn rubbers will be used. In case the wearer's toes protrude or his heel is visible, a little putty will remedy the trouble, though many prefer to black and polish the exposed meat, and this, when skillfully done, will hardly be detected, even by the police.

Old straw hats covered with bed-ticking, and ornamented with a rooster's feather, are not only cheap and durable, but quite as "nobby" as the "latest styles" in the windows of the hat stores, which cost money.

For parties and balls where comfort is not sacrificed to style, buckskin gloves and sheepskin mittens are permitted, but these should be removed while at the table.

Shirts have been discarded altogether by many of the high-toned young squirts who give Superior street that gay appearance it possesses about dinner time. No especial change, however, is noticeable in the outward appearance of these two-legged tuberoses, their shirt-bosoms (of paper) and cuffs are displayed, regardless of cost, and they had rather lose a meal than to walk two blocks without a cuff in sight.

No gentleman feels dressed without at least one article of jewelry on his person. If he has no intimate lady friend who will permit him to wear her sleeve-buttons or diamond ring, he falls back on oxydized silver ornaments. A mule shoe, procurable at any blacksmith-shop, makes a fashionable bosom or scarf pin, while two sardine-boxes can, by a little labor, be transformed into a pair of sleeve-buttons.—*Cleveland Sunday Voice.*

A TEXAS PAPER thus announces the arrival of Winter stores: "Over three hundred barrels of whiskey arrived this morning. This is our last connecting link with the outer civilized world, and its arrival in our present sequestered condition is very cheering."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

"OUT IN THE STREET."
A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

Frowning clouds hung in the heavens
And obscur'd the young moon's light;
Not a star shone mid the darkness—
All were lost to mortal sight.
Fierce and wildly wailed the night-winds,
In their frenzy, to and fro;
Drifting slowly, drifting downward,
Fell the white flakes of the snow.

Covering all the streets deserted
With a sheet of virgin white,
Faster in their sportive fancy,
Thro' the wintry folds of night,
Fell the crystal flakes, like diamonds,
Sparkling 'neath the ruddy glare
Of the gaslight's feeble flicker
On the crowded thoroughfare.

Muffled forms strode swiftly onward,
Heeding not the mournful wail
Of the voice in anguish pleading
For a shelter from the gale;
Pleading, praying: "Oh! in mercy,
Give me but a crust of bread;
I am *starving, dying*, misters,
With no place to lay my head!"

But the words had only fallen
On a deaf, unpitying ear,
And the form pushed bravely onward
To a mansion looming near;
Through the parted velvet curtains,
Into rooms ablaze with light,
Gazed she then with eager eyes
On that stormy "Christmas night."

Childish forms swept 'fore her vision,
Chanting clear the festive song,
While the merry laughter mingled
With its cadence, loud and long;
Perfumed rays from lamps of silver
On the glittering concourse fell,
Gleamed on many a flashing diamond,
Flashed on many a jewelled belle.

And the sad-faced, shivering stranger,
Crouched beside the window, low—
Gazed in on the scene of splendor
Bathed within the lamp-light's glow;
Soft the music's swelling cadence
On her ears fell sad, yet sweet,
While each lingering note re-echoed
To the tune of pattering feet.

Crouching there, the wan-fac'd stranger
Dream'd of many happy hours
Ere from virtue's path she wander'd,
Plucked life's "thorn" and scorned its "flowers;"
Ere to faithless vows she listen'd,
When her heart was free and light,
Ere her morn of "promise" deepen'd
Into soul-destroying "night."

Once the petted belle of fashion,
Once of loving ones the pride,
Once the pampered child of fortune,
But at last sin's willing bride.
And the curse of mem'ry lingered
In her vision-haunted brain,
While the white, sad face, all tear-wet,
Closer pressed the window pane.

Then a cry, replete with anguish,
Fed upon the frosty air,
Rang out on the blasts of Winter,
Telling of a soul's despair;
Through the spacious rooms it echoed,
Silenced all the clam'rous throng,
Hushed the organ's solemn piping,
Stilled the children's merry song.

Once again the wail of anguish
Smote upon each list'ning ear,
With the faint and scarce-heard prayer:
"*Father, help, I perish here!*"
Wide the mansion doors were open'd,
While the flaring lamplights shone
O'er a woman's form, snow-whitened,
On the doorstep, still and prone.

Kindly hands and gentle raised her
From her bed of drifted snow,
Through the rooms with beauty teeming,
Through the halls with light aglow,
Strong arms softly bore the burden
Of the shivering, fragile form,
From the fierce, unpitying darkness
Of the howling midnight storm.

And the wond'ring concourse gather'd
'Round the pale, sad face unknown,
Where the soft'nd lamplight gently
On the sorrow'd features shone.
Started, as upon the silence
Fell the soul-deep accents wild,
Ringing like a wail of anguish:
"*Oh, my God! 'tis she—my child!*"

"Mother," and a feeble murmur
Struggled thro' the weary smile,
Hovering like a benediction
On the ashen lips the while;
"Father, mother, you'll forgive me;
Bless your erring child once more;
Clasp her to your sheltering bosom
As you did in days long o'er.

"I am weary; oh, *so* weary;
And to me 'tis untold bliss
Now to feel your fond caressing
And your kind, forgiving kiss;
You will welcome me, oh, father,
To my girlhood's home at last,
From the dark, sin-gilded pathways
Of a blighted, ghostly past.

* * * * *

Once again the merry laughter,
Mingled with the music's flow,
While the echoing "Happy Greeting!"
Rose in murmurs soft and low.
"Welcome, welcome, weary wanderer,
To thy girlhood's peaceful home,
From whose fair, love-lighted confines
May thy footsteps ne'er more roam."

LITTLE SCHOOL GIRLS OUTRAGED BY THEIR TEACHER.

A horrible story of an outrage is made public in the town of Warren, twelve miles from Detroit, Mich. A year and a half ago one Charles Louis Alton was employed to teach in a Roman Catholic school at Warren, also to act as sexton of the church. During this period Alton outraged the persons of no less than eighteen school girls, none of whom were over fourteen years old. It has been ascertained that the fiend began his vile practices shortly after he took charge of the school, and for over a year he succeeded in terrifying his little victims into silence by threats. Indeed, nothing was known concerning the matter until a little child of eleven years, fortunately free from the villain's power, had the acuteness to suspect, discover and make known one of a long series of the most damnable outrages that ever beast in human shape committed. This little girl, Lizzie Craemer, had noticed with others of the pupils (the whole school numbered eighty-five, all under fourteen years) that frequently during the day the schoolmaster would beckon to him individuals among the younger children, and leave the school with them, remaining out at times for fifteen or twenty minutes, and even longer. This practice had become such an every-day affair that the pupils became familiarized with it and paid but little attention to it. Not even after the teacher was seen to go into the church on such occasions with his tender victims did the other pupils suspect; or if they did, ignorance or terror of the master, or both, kept them silent.

On Sunday, Nov. 30, the child above-mentioned, after the master went out with a little girl of eleven years, named Gertrude Weingart, heard her companions make some remark in a subdued voice which she wondered at, but did not understand, and next day, being in play with little Gertrude, she remembered the circumstance, and questioned her. Gertrude was surprised, and asked her if she had never been out in the church with the master, and, on receiving a negative reply and further questions, told her companion the horrible story of her own experience. The master had brought her and another girl to the church door, and leaving the other outside, with instructions to knock on the door if anyone approached, he brought her to the sanctuary, and there, on the very steps of the altar, he outraged her. When his wishes were accomplished he took a "blessed" candle from the altar, and, placing it in her hand, made her swear, with a pistol at her head, that she would never reveal to her parents, nor even to the priest in confession, what had occurred. The child Gertrude told her companion that he had repeated the act upon her two or three times, and used her and others frequently as sentinels at the church door, while other victims were within, telling all the dreadful details in her simple childish way. The wretch, being apprised that his bestiality had been discovered, at once left for parts unknown. After it was ascertained among the children that he was gone, the rumors already afloat found shape and all began talking of the affair. The result was that eighteen little victims, from eight to thirteen years of age, told their sufferings to their wretched parents. The story of each one corroborates the others so exactly that there is no room left for doubt. The details as told to a reporter by the poor little victims, or their parents, are too shocking even to hint at. Suffice that this sleek-faced brute, with the manners and education of a gentleman, ran through the whole gamut of bestiality, and succeeded in so terrifying or magnetizing his helpless victims, that he did it with impunity. At last accounts he was still at large, and it is supposed that he escaped to Canada.

A VERY BASHFUL HUSBAND.—The following little anecdote is told about a very bashful men in Indiana. The unfortunate's friends knew that he wanted to be married; they knew that he deserved to be; but they knew that he never would be if he waited until he found courage to pop the question; so they took all the trouble off his hands, and by a series of rapid strategic moves had him "popped," accepted, and wived before he could find a pretext for "wilting." So much accomplished, and the nuptial evening having passed off merrily, the young man's backboners withdrew at an early hour, feeling that they could spare themselves further effort in their friend's behalf. About five minutes after young Benedict, who had evidently been having a serious debate with himself, rose and took his hat, and with a nervous "Good night," made his exit. He was not seen again by his bride or his family until the following evening, when he timidly knocked at the door and was admitted. No special comment being made upon his singular conduct, he passed an hour rather comfortably in the parlors, and everything seemed to promise favorably for a cure of his besetting weakness, when, hearing the household monitor proclaim the hour of nine, he suddenly seemed to remember he had forgotten something, and started for his hat. This was the moment and the event that had been somewhat expectantly awaited with indignation most profound but under control by the bride's mother. Planting herself resolutely in the doorway, the old lady demanded to know why and wherefore, what he proposed to do, and whether he was a man or only a feeble imitation, etc.; in short, why he did not remain with his wife instead of slinking back to his old quarters? The bashful son-in-law stammered out, as the elderly female seized his hat and backed him into a chair again: "Well, I should like to, but I thought maybe I'd better wait awhile, for fear it might make talk among the neighbors!"

BRUTAL OUTRAGE IN BROOKLYN, L. I.—A case came up for examination before Justice Delmar in Brooklyn yesterday which indicates the protection the people receive from the police of that city. A young girl, a mere child in appearance, not yet fifteen years of age, was taken away from her home by Thomas Quinn, a bartender, decoyed into a liquor store in Sackett street, near Hicks street, and, as alleged, there drugged and treated in a most inhuman manner; then taken home by Quinn, and there detained all night, and subjected to further brutal treatment at his hands. Her mother, in the meantime, having appealed to a police officer in vain, liberated her herself. Sarah Jane Corrie, the girl in question, was accompanied to court by her mother, her father being dead, and testified to the above facts. The court-room was crowded by a number of depraved creatures on the one side, who came to hear the evidence, and by a number of respectable people on the other, who came to testify to the girl's good character. The Judge disappointed the roughs by taking the testimony in his private room, where none but the witnesses, the lawyers and reporters were admitted. The poor child told her story, and was afterwards subjected to a long cross-examination by Theodore N. Melvin, who appeared for the defense; but a repetition of her story only tended to make it stronger. The final hearing was adjourned until Saturday morning at ten o'clock.—*New York World.*

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL was arrested in Jackson, Mich., Dec. 14, on a charge of selling obscene literature. She was bailed, and proceeded with her lecture on the social system, her audience doubtless being increased by the prosecution.

THE FRIEND OF ELOPERS.—Aberdeen, Ohio, is the home of Judge Massie Beasley, who marries eloping couples from Kentucky, and is considered the apostle of the Western Gretna Green. The Judge was interviewed recently, and gave interesting information about elopements. He is a tall, well-built, gray-headed gentleman of sixty, and for four years past has tied together, on an average, two hundred per annum. He succeeded in 1869 to the office and business of Justice Shelton, who had been marrying runaway couples since 1818, having made about four thousand happy. Mr. Beasley says that he at first determined to break up the eloping business, but so many runaways applied to him that he concluded he would do society more harm by sending them back unmarried. He estimates that there are not less than two hundred magistrates in the United States who marry fugitive couples without license. The compensation ranges from five to fifty dollars, according to the ability of the parties, and the amount necessary to overcome the 'Squire's scruples. A great number run away to marry when there is nobody in pursuit, or no real objection, in order to avoid the expense of a wedding feast. The Kentucky Legislature passed an act validating the marriages by Judges Shelton and Beasley, as the legitimacy of many children and grandchildren, and the claims to much property, were involved.

A VILLAGE SCANDAL.—A few weeks ago, says *The Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, a well-dressed, pleasant-mannered young man appeared in Camden, Me., taking board at one of the hotels. He soon got into the somewhat aristocratic society of the town, and was considered quite a catch by some of the softer sex. But last week his career in the town suddenly closed. He had managed, as it was afterwards discovered, to steal away from their rightful recipient the affections of the wife of a worthy young mechanic, and the guilty couple were discovered by the husband in such plight as to convince him of his wife's infidelity. The guilty woman and her seducer were sent out of town, the woman's husband refusing to live with her again. The scoundrel who thus broke up a once happy home turns out to be Frank Tisdale, alias Howard, a notorious New Bedford gambler, who had been plundering the unsophisticated youth of the village.

A CURIOUS occurrence agitates society in Buffalo. A wealthy widow of sixty has just married her own widowed son-in-law of thirty-five, the former husband of her own deceased daughter, who in dying left to her bereaved partner two children. Of these children the grandmother has now become the stepmother, while their father, marrying his mother-in-law, becomes the stepfather of his own sisters-in-law. The various new relations which are thus established are exceedingly complicated, and the curiosity and condemnation of the Buffalo people are excited in an equal degree.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

"WEST ALBANY."—We do not doubt that you have solved Prob. No. 887 correctly; but what, in Caissa's name, do you mean by "Q to C-P?"

WM. J. BERRY.—We will try to find time to ans. you.

ANOTHER CORRES. wants to know if his King can go upon a sq. guarded by an adverse piece that is pinned. No!

F. H. CURTISS.—Your seasonable problem came just in time to set before the distinguished critic to whom you have inscribed it. Thank you. Are you "in" for No. 900?

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—How's that for an X-mas appetizer? We trust you'll find it flavored to your taste. The same? to you.

THE CORRESPONDENCE MATCH, Vienna *vs.* London, has been resumed.

THE GIUOCO PIANO, Leipzig *vs.* Breslau, has reached about 60 moves.

THE "DR. HERAL" of the International Tourney turns out to be no "Dr." at all, but the uncommonly brilliant and promising young Herr Josef Heral, who so distinguished himself last year in the Cafe Weghuber, Vienna.

Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 38.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

NUMBER CIV.

WHITE.—King at his B 3; Knight at K Kt sq; Pawns at K Kt 6 and K R 7.

BLACK.—King at his R sq; Bishop at Q Kt sq; and Pawn at K Kt 2.

White to play and give mate in five moves. 1..K moves; 2..Kt to B 3; 3..K moves; 4..Kt to K 5, or K Kt 5, accordingly; and 5..Kt to B 7, mate. In each case the White King has a choice of moves, as the authors, Kling and Walker, were doubtless aware. In an End Game like this it is not considered essential to limit the Attack to but one move for each position that arises, it being deemed sufficient if the idea remain unchanged. Were this position, however, to aspire to the higher rank of problem, it must then be judged by the standard applicable in such cases. In any case it were certainly *better* if the King had but one sq. to move to, and this one sq. (say Kt 2) on the first move; and either K B sq. or K R sq. for the 3d. It is not impossible to secure this *improvement*, although the position would, perhaps, be injuriously affected thereby. By varying the idea slightly, absolute perfection may be secured without marring the position, as follows:

WHITE.—King at Q sq; Knight at K R 4; Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 6 and K R 7.

BLACK.—King at his R sq; Bishop at K 6; Pawns at Q 6, Q 7 and K Kt 2. Solved, 1..P to B 4, B to Q 5; 2..Kt to B 3; 3..P to B 5; 4..Kt to K 5, or Kt 5, as before.

NUMBER CV.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt 4; Queen at K R sq; Knight at Q B sq; and Pawn at Q 3.

BLACK.—King at Q 5; Rook at K 4; Pawns at Q 4 and K B 7.

In 5 moves. 1..Q to K B 4, R to K sq, K 2, 3, 7 or 8; (the author erroneously gives "R to K sq," as *best*) 2..Q to B 4+; 3..Q to K Kt 3, R to K 6; 4..Q to Kt 7+; 5..Q to R 7, mate. A charming stratagem. On this very elegant problem Healey evidently founded his No. 195, the position of which is subjoined for comparison.

WHITE.—King at Q R 6; Queen at her B sq; Rook at Q 7; Bishops at K B 3 and K Kt sq; and Pawn at Q R 3.

BLACK.—King at Q B 4; Queen at K R 5; Rook at K B 2; Bishops at Q 5 and K B 4; Pawns at Q R 4, Q B 3 and Q B 4.

White mates in 5. 1..Q to K 3 (*or* K sq), R × R; 2..Q to K 5+; 3..B × B+; 4..Q to K 7+; 5..Q to her R 7, mate. This lacks the *simplex munditiis* of the older problem.

NUMBER CVIII.

WHITE.—King at his B 5; Rooks at K B 6 and K R 3; Bishop at Q B sq; and Pawn at K Kt 6.

BLACK.—King at home; Rooks at Q B sq and Q B 2; Bishop at Q Kt 2; Pawns at Q R 3, Q Kt 3 and Q B 3.

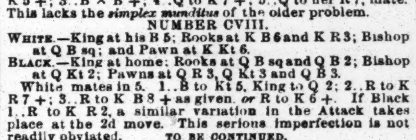
White mates in 5. 1..B to Kt 5, King to Q 2; 2..R to K R 7+; 3..R to K B 8+ as given, *or* R to K 6+. If Black 1..R to K R 2, a similar variation in the Attack takes place at the 2d move. This serious imperfection is not readily obviated.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 890.

From the Deutsche Schachzeitung.

BY HERR S. A. WOLFF.



at Q R 8, Q Kt 5, Q R 4, K B 8, Q Kt 7, Q 4, Q Kt 6.

at Q B sq, at K 4, at Q B 4.

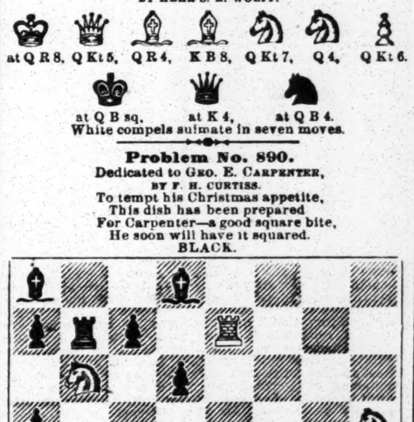
White compels suimate in seven moves.

Problem No. 890.

Dedicated to GEO. E. CARPENTER,
BY F. H. CURTISS.

To tempt his Christmas appetite,
This dish has been prepared
For Carpenter—a good square bite,
He soon will have it squared.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in seventeen moves.

Game No. 890.

Game kindly sent us by Mr. Reichhelm, being the third of a match some time ago between Messrs. A. G. Stiness and Frank H. Thurber of Providence, R. I.

FRENCH GAME.

White. Mr. Thurber.	Black. Mr. Stiness.	White. Mr. Thurber.	Black. Mr. Stiness.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	22..K Kt to Q 2	Q B × Kt
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	23..K Kt × B	Q R-B sq
3..K P × P	K P × P	24..P-Q Kt 3	Q R-B 3
4..K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	25..K-Kt sq	R-K R 3
5..K Kt-K 2	K Kt-B 3	26..Q × Q Kt	Q-K R 5
6..Castles	Castles	27..R × K Kt	Q × K R
7..Q B-Kt 5	Q B-K 3	28..Q × Q P	Q-K R 5
8..P-K B 4	P-Q B 4	29..Q × Q Kt P	Q-K R 8+
9..P-K B 5	Q B-Q 2	30..K-his B 2	P-K Kt 3
10..P-Q B 3	B × R P+	31..Q-K B 3	Kt P × P
11..K-his R sq	K B-Q 3	32..P-K Kt 3	K R-K sq
12..Q P × P	K B × P	33..Q × Q	Q R × Q
13..K Kt-Q 4	Q-her Kt 3	34..B × B 2d P	K R-K 4
14..K Kt-Kt 3	Q B-R 5	35..K B-Q 3	Q R-R 3
15..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-Q 2	36..Q R-Q sq	K-his Kt 2
16..K B-B 2	K B-K 6	37..B-Q B 4	Q R-B 3+
17..Q B × B	Q × Q B	38..K-his Kt 2	K R-K B 4
18..K R-B 3	Q-K Kt 4	39..Q R-Q 2	K R-B 6
19..Q Kt-B sq	K Kt-his 5(*a*)	40..R-Q B 2	K-his Kt 3
20..Q-her 4	B-Q Kt 4	41..Kt-K R 2, and the Attack wins.	
21..K R-Kt 3	Q Kt-K 4 (*b*)		

(*a*) The game has been very well played; but now it may be suggested whether at this move, and the next as well, Q B to his 3 is not better.
(*b*) This smacks of an outright miscalculation.

Dashing Gamelet

in the Vienna International.—*Schach'ng.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Prof. Anderssen.	Rosenthal.	Prof. Anderssen.	Rosenthal.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	9..K R to K sq	K Kt to K 2?
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	10..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K Kt 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	11..Q B × Kt	K × Q B
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	12..P-K 5	K-his B sq
5..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4	13..Q Kt-Q 2	K B-Kt 3
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	14..Q Kt-K 4	K Kt-Q sq
7..Castles	P-Q 6 (*c*)	15..Q-R 3+	K-home
8..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K B 3	16..Q Kt-B 6+, and wins.	

(*c*) A defense which tends to compromise his game at once.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

A. R., St. Louis.—Please to rewrite your question. Your formula gives two moves for Black at its close. Please "sandwich" in White's reply, and we will then give an analysis.

INTERNATIONAL CHECKER MATCH.—THE SCOTCHMAN WINS.—A series of match games at draughts, for $200 a side "and the championship of the world," between James Wyllie, the Herd Laddie, champion player of Scotland, and the New England youth, Mr. R. Barker, was concluded at No. 40 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Dec. 17. The result was the success of the little "furriner," though he found in his boyish-looking antagonist a player worthy of his skill. In all, forty-two games were played, Wyllie winning ten, Barker one, while thirty-one were drawn. A number of experts from this and other cities were present and watched the play with interest.

Game No. 38.—Vol. 21.

PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. DENNISON AND BOWNAS.
(*Selected from The Gentleman's Journal.*)
"AYRSHIRE LASSIE."

Black. Mr. D.	White. Mr. B.	Black. Mr. D.	White. Mr. B.
1..11 to 15	24 to 20	13..7 to 11	24 to 19
2..8 11	28 24	14..11 15	20 16*
3..4 8	23 19	15..15 24	28 19
4..15 18	22 15	16..2 7	22 18
5..11 18	32 28	17..14 17	21 14
6..9 14	26 23	18..10 17	19 15
7..6 9	31 26	19..12 19	23 16
8..1 6	25 22	20..7 10	16 11
9..18 25	29 22	21..10 19	11 8
10..8 11	19 16	22..17 26	30 23
11..12 19	24 8	23..3 12	27 16
12..3 12	27 24	24..6 10	11 7
		25..9 14. Drawn.	
		17..6 to 9	30 to 26
		18..9 14	26 23
14..	22 to 17	19..14 18, would make an interesting finish.—[*Ed G.J.*]	
15..15 to 24	28 19		
16..9 13	18 9		

The above game was well played on both sides.—[ED. D. D.]

Solution of Position No. 37.—Vol. 21.

BY H. M. BRANAN.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..10 to 7	31 to 22	3..20 to 24	28 to 19
2..21 17	22 13	4..11 8.	Drawn.

Position No. 38.—Vol. 21.

BY GEORGE H. COLBY.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

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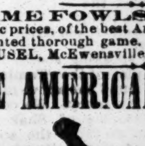

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DO YOU WANT ANYTHING FROM THE CITY? Have you questions to ask about prices, goods, inventions, advertising, theatricals, markets, trades, curiosities, toys, etc., or want information of any kind? Inclose stamp and address plainly. KEYSTONE GENERAL AGENCY, P.O. BOX, PHILADELPHIA, PA. [38-13t*

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WHISKERS! How to grow a thick and heavy beard on the smoothest face in six weeks. A new discovery. It never fails. Particulars sent FREE. Address Southwestern Agency, Carthage, Mo. 37-4teow

POKER.
If you want to win at cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address
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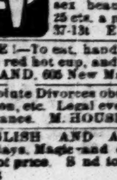
NO MORE SHRUNKEN LIMBS.
PERFEZIONE strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body. Price, $1, postpaid. Address DR. VAN HOLM, 143 Court st., Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted.) 34-13t



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One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force whiskers to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cts. a package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cts. One application of my "Hair Curler" will curl the hair of either sex beautifully. Satisfaction guaranteed. 25 cts. a package, post-paid, 3 for 50 cts.
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SIXPENNY SAVINGS BANK.
ASTOR PLACE.
FIVE CENTS AND UPWARD RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT.
ESTABLISHED 1853.
MERRY CHRISTMAS! HAPPY NEW YEAR!
1873. 1874.
"SAVE THE PENNIES."
"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE."
SPECIAL NOTICE! HOLIDAYS!
REMEMBER YOUR EMPLOYES
HELP THEM TO AID THEMSELVES.

What more fitting HOLIDAY GIFT to your apprentices, clerks, house-servants, or other help, than a BANK DEPOSIT in their names of $10, $20, $50 or $100.

Such a gift is tangible evidence of interest in them, and will, in many instances, be an incitement to habits of thrift and savings. To some it will be the foundation of competency in their old age. And the employer will be more faithfully served by those thus assured of cordial appreciation.

Deposit also for your father, mother, wife, children, sister, brother, not forgetting old friends.

Deposits received IN TRUST, with a condition to pay the interest ONLY to the persons or objects designated.

The following amounts saved and deposited will amount to—viz.:

2¾c. per day in 1 yr. is $10;	10 yrs., $130;	50 yrs.,	$2,900
5½c. per day in 1 yr. is 20;	10 yrs., 260;	50 yrs.,	5,800
11 c. per day in 1 yr. is 40;	10 yrs., 520;	50 yrs.,	11,600
27½c. per day in 1 yr. is 100;	10 yrs., 1,300;	50 yrs.,	29,000
55 c. per day in 1 yr. is 200;	10 yrs., 2,600;	50 yrs.,	58,000
110 c. per day in 1 yr. is 400;	10 yrs., 5,200;	50 yrs.,	116,000
137 c. per day in 1 yr. is 500;	10 yrs., 6,500;	50 yrs.,	145,000

STATEMENT
showing the condition of all the Savings Banks of the State of New York, January 1, 1873:

Bonds and mortgages	$104,[illegible]
Government, State, and municipal bonds	184,[illegible]
Cash on hand and on deposit	16,[illegible]
	305,320,[illegible]
Amount due depositors	285,[illegible]
Surplus	19,776,[illegible]
Amount due depositors January 1, 1858	41,422,672
Increase of deposits from Jan., 1858, to Jan., 1873	244,130,795
Number of depositors January 1, 1873	822,642
Number of banks	150

Business of the Sixpenny Savings Bank from January 1 to December 1, 1873:

Receipts	$4,355,137.[illegible]
Payments	4,180,383.[illegible]
Increase	174,754.0[illegible]
Number of accounts opened Jan. 1 to Dec. 1, 1873	6,21[illegible]
Number of accounts closed Jan. 1 to Dec. 1, 1873	4,73[illegible]
Increase	1,484
Total number of accounts opened since organization	70,170
Total number now opened	30,415
Number accounts opened from July, 1853, to Jan. 1, 1858	10,286
Number accounts opened from Jan. 1, 1858, to Jan. 1, 1873	59,755
Gain	49,48[illegible]
Amount on January, 1858	112,363
Amount on December 1, 1873	2,217,443
39-2t*) Gain	[illegible]

FARO

(Our Complete Price-List sent on application.)

Faro Boxes.	German-Silver	$15.00
	Extra heavy plated	20.00
	Combination boxes....$50 and	75.00
Faro Lay-Outs.	Broadcloth	16.00
	" on fold-up board	25.00
Case Keepers.	Wood Markers	12.00
	Ivory "	16.00
	" " Painted	25.00
Faro Cards.	Harts, squared, per dozen	$15.00
	" " pack	1.50
Check-Holders.	For 400 or 500 Checks	$4.00
	" 600 or 800 "	5.00
	" 1000 or more "	6.00
Cue Cards.	Per 1,000	8.00
	" 5,000	35.00
	" 10,000	60.00
Card Presses.	For Drawer	5.00
	Cover and Lock	7.00
	Double, with Cover and Lock	10.00
Keno Sets.	Complete with wood balls	$80.00
	" " Ivory "	100.00
	Extra Cards, Balls, Tally-Boards, etc.	
Poker Checks.	Bone, at $1, $3, and $5 per 100	
	Ivory, at $10, $12, $15, and $18.	
Poker Cards.	Monte Tickets, Readers, Strippers,	
	Spanish Monte Cards.	
Roulette.	Red and Black, Rondo, Chuck Luck, Over and Under, Horse Head, Dice Spreads, and every kind of Dealing, Rolling, or Short Game.	

WELLING'S PATENT
Compressed Ivory Checks.
Faro Checks in Sets of 600.

1½ inch plain	$50	1½ inch plain	$66
1½ " lined	60	1½ " lined	79
1½ " engraved	80	1½ " engraved	99

Poker Checks, Red and White, per Hundred.

1½ plain	$7	1½ plain	$[illegible]
1½ lined	9	1½ lined	1[illegible]

Having exclusive control of these Checks, parties will save both time and money by sending their orders to us direct.

GOODS C. O. D. To any address, with the privilege of opening and examining goods before paying balance to Express Co., on receipt of $5 with order, except to extreme points, where a deposit of $10 will be required.

MASON & CO.,
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GIFT ENTERPRISE
The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the Country
L. D. SINE'S TWENTIETH
GRAND ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION,
TO BE DRAWN THURSDAY, JANUARY 1st, 1874.
$200,000 00
IN VALUABLE GIFTS.
GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE,
$20,000 IN GREENBACKS!
ONE GRAND CASH PRIZE,
$10,000 IN GREENBACKS!
ONE CASH PRIZE OF $5,000 IN GREENBACKS
One Prize, $3,000 } EACH IN { GREENBACKS!
Six Prizes, $1,000
Ten Prizes, $500
2,500 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all,) worth from $20 to $300 each!
Coin Silver Vest Chains, Solid and Double-plated Silverware, Jewelry, &c., &c.
Whole Number of Gifts 25,000! Tickets limited to 100,000.
AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TICKETS, to whom Liberal Premiums will be paid.
Single Tickets $2; Six Tickets $10; Twelve Tickets $20; Twenty-five $40.
Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to MAIN OFFICE,
L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. Fifth St. [27-13t*] Cincinnati, O.

RETAINS Rupture Comfortably, NIGHT AND DAY, TILL PERMANENTLY CURED.
683 Broadway.
34-13t (60t)

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE, 25 CENTS each: 3 for 50 cents.
MAGIC INVISIBLE PICTURES, 25 cents a package; 3 packages 50 cents. Send to PUZZLE DEPOT,
28-13t* 755 Broadway, N. Y.

GEM knives, with beautiful microscopic views, by mail, $1. W. B. CARPENTER, [illegible] Nassau st., N. Y. [29-13t*

$45 weekly for all, male and female. Particulars free. Address AVERY & CO., Morristown, N.J. [29-13t*

HOW to take a man's vest off without removing his coat, including 6 other tricks, for 10c. For sale by stationers, newsdealers, or E. E. BURNETT, 6 Park pl., N.Y. 27-13t*

A GOOD BOOK.—152 pages, 4 cuts. 25c. by mail. C. O. IRELAND, 605 New Market st., Philadelphia. 28-13t*

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.
Change of scheme; $525,000 drawn every 17 days, commencing August 30.

One prize of	$100,000
One prize of	50,000
One prize of	25,000
Two prizes of	10,000
Six prizes of	5,000

587 other prizes, amounting to $300,000. Information furnished; orders filled. Circulars sent free on application. Spanish Bank Bills and Governments purchased.
34-13t TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 11 Wall st., N. Y.

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PATENT
GLASS CYLINDER ALE PUMPS
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
The Ale comes in contact with no Poisonous Metal. Received the Medal of special award at the last American Institute Fair. Lager beer apparatus with Air Pump complete.
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Manufacturers, No. 451 Grand street, N. Y. Warerooms, No. 78 Warren street, N. Y.
Send stamp for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
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Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

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Alexandra
Allyne, Mrs. S.
Arnoldi, Mezora
Adriana, Mlle Cora
Antonio, Dora
Brevoort, Kate
Barnes, Mrs. R. D
Berry, Mrs. M. L.
Byron, Mrs. Lizzie
Burke, Nellie M. (2) 8c.
Bouquet, Belle
Crayton, Gussie (2)
Cushing, May
Castle, Blanche
Cook, Mrs. Woodie
Crome, Amy
Carlysle, Ida
Cerito, Mlle.
Don, Laura
Daniels, Mrs. Nellie
Delmay, Lulu
Dunbar, Sallie
De Forrest, Zoe
Dargon, Augusta
Durgin, Belle
Davies, Eva lle.
Elma, Sophie
Eccles, Mary S.
Evarts, Mrs. Harr-
Fity, Mrs. Fannie
Firman, Nellie

Fontainbleau, Mlle. (2)
Granville, Gertie
Granger, Johanna
Henning, May
Hayes, Caroline (2)
Hindle, Annie
Irving, Louie
Irma, Mlle. 10c.
I'erd, Celia
Jamison, Carrie
Kirby, Delia
Loder, Minnie Corbyn (2)
Lucille, Fannie
La Marre, Miss L. 3c.
Le Brun, Marie
"Little Nell"
Lake, Agnes
Marretta, Rosa
McGill, Sadie
Morris, Clara
Mayfield, Alice
Mordaunt, Plessy
Moore, Margaretta B.
May, Georgie (2)
Morrell, Jennie
Murray, Lottie
Oakley, Nellie M.
Phillips, Isabella
Poineer, Marie

Preston, Edith
Phillips, Bertha
Powell, Lizzie
Price, Fanny B.
Phillips, Adelaide
Riggs, Carrie
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Rosa, Pattie
Rynar, Mrs. Kate
Richards, Pauline 9c.
Sharpe, Kittie
Stanley, Blanche
Somers, Alice
Sylvester, Louise
Street, Mrs. Martha
Taylor, Nellie
Whiffin, Mrs. Thos. (2)
Williams, Clara A.
Webb, Laura
Warner, Augusta
Williams, Belle 3c.
Woodfield, Mrs. W. H.
Walton, Emma
Washburn, Mrs. Leon
Washburn, Emma
Warren Sisters
Worrell, Sophie
Wells, Minnie
Zittella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"Ala"
Airy, Edward
Andre, E. A.
Allerup, Peter S.
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Austin, Charlie
Atkins, W. A.
Allen, John (2)
Abbott, John W.
Blakeley, O. L.
Benoit, O.
Bosworth, Frank
Burton, Will C.
Baker, E. H.
Burke, John M.
Backus, Chas.
Barnum, Henry
Bush, Irving T. 6c.
Burdeau, H.
Blind Tom's Manager
Berger, Fred.
Berry, Jacob
Butcher, Harry C.
Barkley, Johnny
Buchanan, Robt. 30c.
Barrett, Lawrence
Blind Tom
Brown, Ed. (manager)
Brennan, R. A.
Bosworth, Frank
Craven, John T.
Connor, Wm. E.
Catlin, John
Chamberlin, F.
Cline, Geo.
Charters, Joseph
Covalt, Frank H.
Cellini, Tito
Colley, John
Crum, W. C. (2)
Curtis, Isaac
Cogill, Chas. Wm
Cooke, Louis E.
Carr, Frank H. (2)
Cody, W. F. ("Buffalo Bill")
Clarke, Edwin
Collom, Andy
Cohen, Tim
Cordello, Chas.
Campbell, Joe H. (2)
Cavanagh, Lieut. Wm. B.
Curry, Nelson
Corbyn, Harry W.
Cunnion, Ed. B. (3)
Cleary, Ned
Carroll, R. M.
Charles, Jas. M. or W.
Clark, Bob
Campbell, Prof. H. J.
Campbell, J. H. (agent) (2)
Crane, W.
"De Vivo" (agent for "Salvini")
Dumont, Frank
Davenport, L.
Dingess, R. S.
Dupree & Benedict
Dobson, C. (with Wallace Sisters)
Dowlinger, Chr.
Dupree, Chas.
Dull, B. W.
De Bar, Ben
Day, Chas. H.
Dowland, Edwin
Davenport, Charlie
Davenport & Clarke
De Forest, Geo. W.
Delehanty & Hengler
Davis, Chas. 6c.
Donelle, L. J.
Donaldson, Mr. (engraver)
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
Emerson, John H.
Eades, Harry
Fawcett, Owen 15c.
Fielding, Abe
Farini, J. A.
Farron, T. J.
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Frezell Bros.
Fostelle, Chas.
Freeman, J. M.
Fannin, T. J.
Fitzgerald, Jas.
Foley & Wade
Franklin, J. C.
Fostelle, Mr.
Foster, Jesse W.
Franklin, Harry R.
Forrester, N. C.
Gleason, Chas.
Gannon, Jas.
Graves, Edwin
Gaylord, Low
Gale, W. (vocalist)
Gottbold, E. M.
Gardner, W. H.
Gardner, Charlie
Gaynor, Jas.

Gilkerson, Geo.
Good, Chas. N.
Hickey, John 10c.
Hooley, R. M.
Hall, Mills
Hague, Jr., Sam (2)
Hammond, John (2)
Henri, H. (2)
Homan, G. H.
Hamilton, Wiley
Howard, Harry T.
Hughes, Andy
Herbert, Fred
Harrison, Charlie
Hall, Alfred
Holley, Jas. (2)
Hogan & Mudge
Howell, Jas.
Hoffmeister, Mr.
Holden, Frank
Hicks, Chas. H.
Hardenbrook, Dr. J. A.
Harris, C. Joe
Hall, Chas. F.
Hammond, John
Howard, Charlie
Haverley, J. H.
Hartwell, Will
Harrison, W. H.
Hamilton, Wiley
Judson, Col. E. Z. C. 9c.
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, J. T. (2)
Jerome, Geo.
"Jepp" (2)
Jackson, A. A.
Jones, Walter
Kelley, Jas. (circus) (2)
Kemble, Chas. W.
Klarud, Oscar
Kirk, Geo. W.
Kruger, Col. Jaques K. (3)
Keves, D. A.
Ketchum, Geo. F.
Kidder, E. E. (2)
Kearney, M. (vocalist)
Kerns, John
Knowlton, J. K.
Kelley, John T.
Kendall, Ned
Le Clair, Shed
Langridge, W.
Little, Chas. (leader)
Lingard, Wm. H. (2)
Lowery, Charlie
Leavitt, M. B.
Lamont, Albert (2)
Le Clair, John (2)
Lannier, Wm. M.
Leon, Dan
Lawton, "Happy" Jack
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Logan, Sheperd
Logan, S. B.
McDonough, Thos. B.
Marsden, Edward
Madden, Harry
Maginley, Ben (8)
McDonald, J. (skatist)
Miles, Billy
Magee, John
Mitchell, Harry
Murray, B. S.
Morris, Andy
Martin, D.
Mack, Jimmy
Melville, H. C.
Maeder, Fred. (3)
McVeigh, Johnny
Melville, Chas. (3)
Morris, Pat (hall; showman)
Miller, Early
Morton, Will H. and Benardo
Maguire, Jas.
Manager, Fairy Sisters
Marrow, Herbert
McElroy, J. E.
Matthews, C. C.
Mackenzie, Archie
Maguire, John
Melrose, Frank
McIntyre, Jas.
Mitchel, Geo.
McFlynn, S. A.
McCarthy, Harry
Murray, J. H.
Morse, Frank
McAllister, Prof.
Monk, J. A. (2)
Nicholls, E. S. 3c.
Nelson, Prof. Robt.
North, Geo.
North, Jr., R.
Norton, Jno. S. (2)
Newell, Jno R.
Nichols, C. T.
Otis, Wm.
O'Brien, John (circus)
O'Lynn, Bryan (2)

Orr, W. J.
Phillips, Geo.
Phillips, Gus ("ColtyGooft") (2)
Padot, Aasberg
Pedanto, John
Pike, Geo.
Pettit, Capt. S. Sheldon
Paul, Chas. B.
Pontine, H. C.
Parr, Chas. T.
Pankhurst, Frank
Prescott, D. K.
Phillips, Granville
Pearson, G. W.
Page, J. C.
Patterson, Wm.
Pullman Bros.
Pickert, Willie
Queen, Montgomery (3)
Queen, John 3c.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Roberts, N. D.
Robinson, Prof. J. S.
Reed, Chas. F.
Raynor, C.
Rome, Jim
Reese, Lew
Rogers, Loraia
Ryan, C.
Reynolds Bros.
Roston, Frank
Riley, Jacob
Redman, Frank E.
Rixford, Henry
Rosco, Prof.
Robbins & Co.'s Circus
Romer, Johnny
Robinson, "Yankee"
Robertson, A. (with Sherry's Theatre)
Reynolds, Granville
Robinson, "Old" John
Rilly, Hugh
Robinson, Harry (minstrel) (2)
Spaulding's Bellringers (2)
Smith's Bellringers
Sheridan, Thos. (minstrel)
Shultz, Prof. H. F. (2)
Stewart, G. W. (musician)
Sexton, M. C. (3)
Speck, W. J.
Shimer, N. B.
Smith, Jas.
Stephens, Harry
Sanyeah, Sam
Springer, A. J.
Shay, Charlie (2)
Stewart, Mr. (trombone)
Sweeney, J. F.
Sweeney, J. B.
Sanford, Jas. (banjoist)
Stone, Denis
Trewella, A. P.
Tearney & Cronin
Taperell, E. H.
Thompson, John
Talbott, Harry H. (2)
Trewalla, Capt. J. H.
Thornton, Chas.
Tinkham, Ed.
Uffner, Frank
Vandenworken, D.
Van Duren, Prof. Adolph
Vincent, Chas.
Wells, W.
Weil, G. M.
Wiggins, E. W.
West, A. S.
Wray, Geo. W.
Wood, Henry H.
West, Frank
Weaver, Add
Weaver, J. (of Sanford & Weaver)
Wilhelm, Gustave
Wallace, J. J.
Washburn, E. S.
Wilson, Charlie F. (2)
Warner, J. B.
Waller, Henry T. W.
Walker, Johnny (No. 1)
Wyman, Alf.
Williams, L. Percy
Ware, Geo. (2)
Watson, Harry
Wadsworth, A. J.
Waren & Mack
"ZigZag" Troupe (2)
Zera, Prof. (2)
Zebold, Geo.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Dec. 22, '73.

Christmas-times! We welcome thee with three times three! New York is all alive. The streets are thronged with promenaders, the stores are filled with shoppers, and the schools are emptied of scholars. It is a right jovial season, despite the hard times. To some, the Christmas holidays must be only a delusion; for while ducats are scarce, and money on the Rialto brings usurious rates, many little people who are climbing up the histrionic ladder of Fame will sadly feel the need of a comfortable dinner on Christmas-day. Pity for them! Many a poor ballet-girl will go supperless to bed on that festive evening, one of the distressing results of going in too heavily at dinner-time. Our sympathies go out to them as they languish on their downy couches, and fret the fleeting hours away. In the Bowery, Grand street, Sixth and Eighth avenues, etc., trade looks lovely. People are trudging along, staggering under the weight of boxes, bales, and houses and cattle. Trees are being wafted along on the shoulders of stalwart men, reminding us of the army conjured up by Macbeth's witches, when "Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane." The faces of the tiny children are clothed in grateful smiles, while here and there is sandwiched a forlorn little creature who, being a waif, floats along with the tide, with no one to give her a cent, or cheer her aching heart with fivepence worth of mixtures. Ah, you don't know what it is to be without mixtures during the holiday season. May you never know the dark despair of such a deprivation. But our mission is love, and peace, and content, for

The well-and-jolly days are come, the gladdest of the year,
Of sparkling wines, and sweetmeat goods, and turkeys brown and sere.
Heaped in the windows of the stores, the Christmas things lie spread,
They rustle at the maiden's touch, and to the schoolboy's tread;
The robbin', thieving men are flown, New York has now fair play,
And joyous peals ring in the air, through all this Christmas-day.

......Everybody is happy. Some people extract a good deal of fun out of very small capital. "Our Jim" is one of them. James desires to make a grand impression throughout the holiday season. New clothes give valuable aid at such a time. Yesterday, Sabbath, as it was—and deeply we regret to say it—Jim induced us to accompany him to Chatham street, where our friends of the Hebrew persuasion most do congregate. James entered one of the numerous clothing foundries with which this section of our city abounds; he would fain buy him a black coat. The lamentable boy soon found one to suit him. Its architecture was of the reconnoisance style, as he calls it, and it was built in keeping with the reputation of the place. "How much is it?" asked truthful James. "That coat cost me ten dollars before the panic—I let you have him for seven." "Pack her up," said the boy to the astonished Jew sharp. It was done, the money paid down, and we left. Emerging from the store, Jim was boiling over with suppressed laughter. We inquired the cause of his glee. "Oh, didn't I fool him nice? What!" and a renewed outburst attested the sincerity of the youth's enjoyment. "How did you fool him?" we ventured to inquire. "Why, yer see, when he put the price of the coat at seven dollars, he thought I'd ask him to take five, but I fooled him!" And James fairly danced in the excess of his delight...... Shakespeare was a great observer of Christmas and its festivities. He used to hang round the candy shops and pie stores, and, eke, perform little chores that he might the more readily secure the undisturbed possession of a small roll of sugar-plums or a brief paper of mint-drops. It was such a time, no doubt, that suggested those appropriate lines in "Hamlet," where he says:

"Why should the poor be flattered?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp."

This is a very pretty conceit for a man who was short, and who once "grubbed for checks" in front of a London playhouse; which we never throwed up to him in his better days, as many other wretches have done. One Christmas-eve, when William's mother was going out to raffle for a turkey, as was people's custom in those days, William, who was ever a thoughtful, cogitating youth, inquired of his maternal ancestor as to the condition of her reticule, as women's carpet-bags were called in the bygone days. Its attenuated proportions made him sad and disconsolate, and the feeling extended to his mother, as she felt the force and necessity of his remarks. And there, on that Christmas-eve, with no eye upon them, did William and his mother contemplate the situation, and devise ways and means to make the next day a success. It was then and there, amid the desolation of his impecunious home, that he uttered those wise and soul-stirring words, which afterwards found vent in "Othello:"

"Put money in thy purse!"

Upon the subject of poverty, volumes have been written; but nothing could be more sublimely simple, nor more wisely suggestive, than those few golden words. William understood matters, and he took things as they came, vide his poaching expeditions. William seems to have changed his views subsequently; for, being apprehensive that he was pursued by thieves on a Christmas morning, when he was going for his beer, he stopped in the midst of the chase, turned round upon his imaginary pursuers, and thus addressed them:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash."

What the effect of this information was upon his hearers, history does not inform us; but we have heard, "from our own correspondent on the spot," that the marauders did not go through William. That sentence was afterwards incorporated in "Othello," and to it may be attributed the financial triumph of the same. Another sage remark that has helped to make the name of Shakespeare famous the world over, occurred at a Christmas-lunch set out by the man that sold the beer. This is how it was brought out: William, in moments of hunger, or while doing the lunch-route, was always reserved, meditative, and silent; although never falling short in observance of the rules of the house. A set of roysterers entered, just as William had secured his first hasty plate of pork and beans, which were in vogue at that remote date. The noise and bluster of these fellows disturbed William, and continuance of their wild pranks deterred him from encompassing a second plate of the luxurious compound. It was at this precise moment that he cast a withering glance upon the vicious horde, and exclaimed:

"Unquiet meals make ill digestion."

The shaft entered the hearts of those cruel men, and "it rankled there." That night they laid for the author of the "insulting epithet," as they called it, and not only put a head on William, but frescoed his face in many colors. In the "Comedy of Errors," the "epithet" afterwards found its way, showing that William erred in delivering the words in the presence of a party of rounders at a lunch-store. Shakespeare was not slow to acknowledge his appreciation of the blessings bestowed upon him during the holidays, as we find instances of it running through all of his works. Once, he was invited to eat his Christmas-dinner at the house of a friend, whose wife was *au fait* [well up.—ED.] in getting up seductive dishes. William rendered efficient service at the festive board, and at the conclusion of his labors he rose from his perch, took in the full extent of the provender that had been consumed, and almost without an effort—impromptu, as it were—said in clear and lucid tones:

"Good things should be praised."

This sentiment struck the company so forcibly that he was induced to insert it in his "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where it may be seen to this day. Shakespeare was always a great lover of poultry. When it could not be obtained otherwise, he would go into a neighbor's barnyard, knock over a turkey, connive at a goose, sequestrate a capon, and otherwise secure a due modicum of Christmas provender. This was so well known to the people around, that they would set traps for him, lay for him, and otherwise endeavor to frustrate his wild and ungentlemanly designs. On one occasion a shrew of a woman cast upon him a kettle of boiling water just as he was reaching for a bird. The skin was peeled from his good right arm; but, to his manhood be it said, he yanked the turkey amid the violent execrations of the vicious old termagant. He would walk a quarter of a mile to secure a pull at a pullet. Beef had no attractions for him. One bright and joyous Christmas, William happened in at a domestic fireside just as the family were about to sit down at the groaning table. Being overpersuaded, young Shakespeare remained to dinner. It was not until his plate had been handed to him that he discovered the character of the repast. The family were the originators of a mutton factory, and they never permitted any other dish to violate the sanctity of their table. William *despised* mutton. As he saw how sinfully he had been deceived, he took the plate, threw one basilisk eye upon the victuals, another upon the detestable swindlers, and then uttered these living truths:

—"*Meat* it is—I set it down—
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!"

This was a sharp rebuke, but it was no more than they deserved. William nevermore was seen within the four walls of that ungracious tenement. The sentiment afterwards found a place in "the poet's great masterpiece" of "*Hamlet*," alone. "Our Jim" thinks it should have been *mutton* let alone. As a pastry-cook William lamentably failed. When he gave a little set-out to a party of boon companions one merry Christmas-morn, the bard of Avon thought to surprise his friends by giving them a mess of griddle-cakes, flanked by a brace of catfish. When the cakes were brought to the table, the ill-success of William's little project was made manifest without a dissenting voice. Amid the hilarity of his friends, sweet William acknowledged the corn, in the following beautiful and concise terms:

"We may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out—*our cake's dough on both sides.*"

To show you that we are speaking sooth, we refer you to Shakespeare's own play of the "Taming of the Shrew," in which may be found the above candid admission of his own incompetency. We could give you many additional examples of Shakespeare's Christmas experiences, but we think the above are sufficient to convince you of the truth of what we set out to establish at the commencement of this essay on the immortal bard......Christmas can be of very little importance to people who live in the northern regions, amid eternal snows and mountains of ice. We pity *them*, too. While eating your crisp and well-stuffed turkey, dear friends, give a passing thought to those poor, ice-bound creatures, who have nothing to eat but blubber, bear and seals. Let us drop the curtain o'er this distressing scene. ......Although the trials and troubles of the people are beyond endurance, and the times and poorer classes are out of "joint," nevertheless the past week afforded much sportive recreation to thousands of our idle population, in the way of turkey-hunting. New York has been converted into a vast hennery where chickens are fed and fattened and eaten without regard to the times. Oh, "there's nothing half so sweet in life" as a young Spring-chicken......The crazy folk at Bellevue Hospital exhibit a good deal of plain common sense "which we of the adverse faction want." Now, a holiday entertainment was given there a few evenings ago, to which, as the programme stated, "admission was free—children half price—crying babies five dollars!" Our regular theatrical managers might get a wrinkle from this last clause, and raise the tariff on crying babies..... We hear sorrowful stories of the distress and destitution and cruelty prevailing in "the great and growing West." Inhuman husbands are so callous to all the tender feelings that they club their wives if they do not broil their steaks properly. Hundreds of the softer sex find it better to fly to ills they know not of, than to float along love's roseate stream in pairs with vicious husbands. One runaway girl has just been advertised in this way: "Has blue eyes, red hair, prominent nose; was dressed in yellow kids, bronze boots, and a blue sash." For the Winter season, such a dress must be anything but comfortable......At the Boston tea-party they made quite a fuss over a loaf of bread two hundred and fifty-three years old. Why, they have it regularly at our cheap boarding-houses......We will now compose a few seasonable rhymes for good little children:

GEORGIE BROWN AND HIS PA.

Fierce and cold blew the wind, with a wild, doleful moan;
Warm and bright blazed the fire upon the hearthstone;
'Twas a drear Christmas-eve—Georgie Brown and his sire
Were conversing while seated hard by the big fire.

Soon the old mantle-clock struck the hour of eight,
When the father arose with a visage sedate;
And addressing himself to his offspring, he said:
"It is time, my dear Georgie, that you were in bed.

"For this evening the good Santa Claus will go forth,
All unheeding the fierce blast that blows from the north,
And his gay Christmas-presents will carry around
To the joy of good children where'er they are found.

"He will not give the worth of a single pin's head
To the child that he finds not safe sleeping in bed.
So away, my dear boy, and soon get you to sleep,
Or Santa Claus all of his presents will keep."

"Oh, yes, pa," said George; "but will you, e'er I go,
Kindly tell me one thing that I much wish to know?
Of this great Santa Claus I have heard something queer,
And the worth of the story from you I would hear.

"Is it true, pa, that Santa Claus carries his toys
Down the chimbly, as I have been told by the boys?"
"Yes, my boy," said the father, averting his face,
"That's his plan when he wants to get into a place."

"If he comes down *our* chimbly," said little George Brown,
"He'll get stuck before he is half the way down;
I've *been* there, dear pa; I went in at the top,
But a big iron-grating compelled me to stop.

"So if Santa Claus comes by the same chimbly route,
If he once gets within there, he'll never get out."
Then the father, amazed at the depth of his child,
Vowed that hereafter he'd draw it a trifle more mild.

......And so, dear friends, having reached the end of our tether, permit us in all sincerity to wish you, one and all,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

CITY SUMMARY.

WILL THE PERSON who kindly sent us, during the past week, some information concerning the death of Mrs. Duff, communicate such further particulars as he or she may be possessed of, such as the number of the house referred to, the names of the persons then occupying it, and, if possible, the month and day upon which she died. We desire to conclusively settle the fact of her death, which at the present time is surrounded by much mystery.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Harry Munroe, Zittella and her troupe of acrobats, G. H. Adams and "The Babolains" were the fresh appearances on Dec. 15. Miss Kate O'Connor, who was announced, failed to appear. Tony Hart and Frank Kerns reappeared. George H. Adams gave a clever stilt performance. Harry Munroe sang swell songs. "The Babolains" performed the Indian box mystery, although not with complete success. Graceful acrobatic feats and poses were given by Zittella and her assistants. Miss Jennie Hughes sang a number of serio-comic songs, which elicited liberal applause. Harrigan and Hart performed a new Irish sketch called "Blackball Sailors," which, although pleasing, was not up to the standard of their former productions. R. M. Carroll gave a song-and-dance called "Mortar and Bricks," and with his sons and James Bradley repeated the quintuple song-and-dance given the previous week. Serio-comic songs by Mrs. John Wild; character songs and changes by Little Jennie Yeamans; and the sketches of "Strange Scenes from the Stranger," with Eph Horn as Mrs. Haller; "Dark Subject," with John Wild and Frank Kerns in the chief characters; "The Power of Music," introducing Charles White; and "New York by Night," filled out the programme. Large audiences were present during the entire week. For the present week the new attractions will be Delehanty and Hengler, Master Martin, Emma Grattan, H. G. Barnard, and the pantomime of "Tell-Tale-Tit."

BERNARDO, late of Haverley's Minstrels, arrived in town Dec. 22. He reports that the business with the troupe has been excellent. He expects to rejoin the troupe on Jan. 5, and in the meantime he will undergo medical treatment for a bronchial affection.

MISS JENNIE HUGHES, one of the most popular serio-comic vocalists that have ever appeared in this city, and who has been engaged for some time past at the Theatre Comique, closed her engagement at that theatre on Dec. 20. She will probably soon reappear at some other theatre.

SIGNOR ENRICO TAMBERLIK arrived from Havana, Cuba, on Dec. 16.

ALTHOUGH THERE WERE NO FRESH APPEARANCES at the Metropolitan Theatre during the week just closed, an excellent business was done and a pleasing entertainment was given. Lizzie Kelsey sang serio-comic songs and acted Milly Meddlesome in the farce of "Grounds for Divorce," in which she was aided by George Ketchum, J. L. Saphore and Angie Schott. John Allen in the character of a Dutch organ-girl sang songs which evoked much laughter. Songs and dances by Walters and Morton; graceful and daring feats on the high trapeze by Leona Dare; agile dancing by Johnny Queen; and the sketches of "Keno," "Taking the Pledge," "Wicked World" and "The Mask Ball," filled out the bill. For this week a strong array of talent is promised. Rollin Howard, who will make his first appearance since his return from Europe, Caroline Gabrielle and Henrietta Schrotter, Kitty Wilson, and Miss Annie Wood.

WYBERT REEVE, who possesses the sole right to perform Wilkie Collins' dramatization of "The Woman in White" in America, can be secured by managers for six or twelve nights, through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown, No. 9 West Fourth street, city. Harry Miner, advance agent and business-manager, can also be engaged by applying to the Colonel.

CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY, who has been in the city for the past week, and confined to her room by a severe case of neuralgia, was sufficiently recovered on Saturday last to leave for Pittsburgh, Pa., where she was to open on Monday, Dec. 22, in "Crime."

CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., the leading man of the Union-square Theatre, who had been confined to his residence for some days by quinsy sore throat, reappeared on Dec. 17. Mr. Thorne has won the approbation of both press and public for his natural and artistic performances thus far during the season. During his absence, Mr. F. F. Mackay fulfilled Mr. Thorne's duties in a conscientious manner.

"PARRICIDE," a drama in six acts, was performed for the first time at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Wednesday evening, Dec. 17, with the following cast:

Daccolard.......Charles Fisher	Bichat.......Mr. Beekman
Lubin.......W. Davidge	Planchet.......Mr. Gilbert
Laurent Delissier.......George Clarke	Mme. Delissier.......Fanny Morant
Roule.......F. Hardenberg	Pulcherie.......Sara Jewett
The Banker Suchapt.......D. Whiting	Mme. Suchapt..Mrs. Gilbert
Emery Suchapt..Louis James	Emelienne..Minnie Conway
Maitre Glavon..J. G. Peakes	Mme. Therwrot..Mary Marcy
Torin.......George Devere	Mme. de Lerry..Nina Varian
Agenor.......Mr. Deveau	Mme. Lelain..Miss Congdon
Jean.......F. Chapman	Mariette.......Nellie Mortimer
Dr. Roze.......John Moore	Trompette.......Miss Griffiths
Regimbaut.......O. Fawcett	Fille d'Air.......Miss Stewart
Therigny.......H. Conway	Belle Etoile.......Miss Bell

The drama, which is an adaptation of "Les Saltimbanques" (The Mountebanks), which enjoyed quite a run at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, on its original production, achieved success, which was owing in a great degree to its being very evenly acted and superbly mounted. Although with one or two exceptions the characters are mere sketches, yet they were so harmoniously blended that the entire picture was pleasing and satisfactory. The scenery, furniture and appointments of the banker's parlors in the third act and the banker's safe-room in the sixth act have never, upon the New York stage, been surpassed for beauty and correctness in minute detail. Whether Adolph Belot, the author of the original drama, intended to satirize the police or lay bare the defects of the detective system is not quite clear, but in either event he has been wonderfully successful. In the adaptation some few errors have been committed, which, however, can easily be remedied. Allusion is made to the hanging of criminals, who in France ever suffer when condemned to death by the guillotine, and in one instance a *proces verbal* is drawn up by a detective, which properly could only have been done by a *commissaire* of police, and those officers and the mayors of *arrondissements* are the only ones entitled to wear the tricolor scarf, which, however, in this instance, adorned the persons of the chief detective and one of his subordinates, the latter also wearing top-boots, likewise incorrect. The story of the drama may be told as follows:

Laurent Delissier, a dissipated young man, comes to visit his mother at her country seat, and to receive from her the sum of 10,000 francs to pay a gambling debt of honor. Mme. Delissier upbraids her son for his course of life, and when she tells him he is speedily dissipating her little fortune his better nature is touched, and he refuses to take one sou of the proffered money, and avows his intention of henceforth leading a correct life. The unreciprocated love of Pulcherie, "a deserted one," for Laurent is incidentally shown. Almost immediately after the departure of Laurent, screams for help are heard from the adjoining apartment, to which Mme. Delissier had retired, which summons Pulcherie, who rushes into the room designated, speedily returns, announces the murder of Mme. Delissier, and falls wounded upon the stage as the descending curtain conceals her from view. After a supposed lapse of fourteen hours the curtain rises upon the same apartment, now in charge of Roule the detective, and his subordinates, who draw up what is known to the French law as a *proces verbal*, *i. e.*, a preliminary examination of witnesses not under oath, whose statements are recorded in writing. From the examination of the grounds, footprints are discovered immediately beneath the window from which the assassin leaped, and near the spot is found a sleeve button belonging to Laurent Delissier, and bearing his monogram. It is further discovered that a pair of Laurent's boots fit precisely the footprints beneath the window. From Mariette, Mme. Delissier's cook, Roule, by various artifices, at length extracts the confession that she listened at the door during the interview between Laurent and his mother; that she overheard the quarrel about the money, and that the former left without obtaining it. Laurent Delissier is brought in and closely examined, but being entirely innocent of the crime he completely nonplusses the detective, who is already convinced of his guilt and when Laurent importunes the latter to disclose to him the name of his mother's assassin Roule appears dumb-founded that Laurent does not see that he is himself the culprit. Pulcherie is brought in under her physicians' charge and testifies that she will not reveal the name of the assassin, but when Laurent turns and meets her gaze she calls him a murderer, and charges him with also attempting her life because he loves another, and then instantly turning to Roule denies all that she has uttered. With the arrest of Laurent Delissier for parricide the act terminated. The third act opens in the parlors of the banker Suchapt, just before the commencement of a fete given by the host and hostess to convince society that they have no sympathy with Laurent Delissier (a suitor for the hand of Emelienne, their daughter), whose trial for parricide is then in progress. Prior to the arrival of the guests we learn that Emelienne firmly believes in Laurent's innocence, and that he will be acquitted. Mme. Suchapt strictly enjoins her husband, son and daughter not to mention the name of Laurent Delissier during the evening, and if the subject of his trial is introduced to at once divert the conversation into other channels. Much to the dismay of Mme. Suchapt each guest, immediately on arriving, introduces the disagreeable topic of conversation, and her discontent is increased by the subsequent entrance of her son Emery, bearing a large number of evening papers. Burlesquing the cries of newsboys, he presents each lady with a copy. Emelienne reads aloud to the guests the acquittal of her lover, Laurent, and Mr. Suchapt then announces that, anticipating the result of the trial, a letter had been left for Laurent to come at once to Suchapt's residence. Shortly thereafter Laurent and his advocate, M. Glavon, enter, and the ladies turn their backs upon the former and walk into another apartment and Laurent learns for the first time that although a court of justice has pronounced him innocent that society has condemned him. In his despair Emelienne comes to him and informs him of her consciousness of his innocence. Laurent swears that he will know no rest until he has brought the assassin of his mother to justice, which will restore him to society, and his betrothed promises to await that auspicious occasion. In the fourth act Laurent presents himself at the detective bureau, and in an interview with Roule offers his services gratuitously if he can be enrolled in the force and secure their aid in tracking his mother's murderer. Roule treats him with sneering contempt, plainly showing his conviction of Laurent's guilt, and telling him that although a court of justice had acquitted him, for his own sake he had better let the matter rest there. Laurent, with proud and manly bearing, the result of conscious innocence, announces his intention of pursuing his investigations without Roule's aid, and is about taking his leave when Torin, a detective, enters and desires to impart important information to Roule, to which the latter assents. Torin states that he has just discovered that Mme. Delissier's cook was in the habit of visiting Mme. Rosine, who kept a wine-shop in the neighborhood, where Lubin (an old offender, whose skill had oft baffled the police) had of late been a constant visitor, and that at the time of the murder the cook was absent during the whole night. The truth now flashes upon Roule's mind. He has a clue to the assassin, and turning to Laurent so informs him, and acknowledging that all his former suspicions were groundless, he begs Laurent's pardon, offers him a position on the detective corps and promises him the aid of the force to capture the murderer. It may now be stated for the purpose of making the story more intelligible that it was well-known to the detective bureau that Lubin had stolen, many years previous, Roule's infant daughter, and since had planned many robberies which were successfully carried out by Daccolard, the chief of a band of mountebanks, aided by Pulcherie as an accomplice. The latter would be installed in some capacity in the household they intended to rob, and through her aid articles of clothing or jewelry belonging to one of the inmates obtained, and so disposed of after the robbery had been committed as to lead suspicion directly to the owner thereof. To deceive the police as to their personal movements, robberies and other crimes, Lubin managed a troupe of traveling mountebanks, among which the others appeared as performers. The fifth act opens in the canvas dressing-room of Daccolard's Circus, where we see Roule in the disguise of a countryman, Torin as a member of the acrobatic corps, and Laurent disguised and claiming to be a thief and pal of Daccolard. Emery Suchapt comes to visit the performers and brings a large basket of wine from his father's cellars, and finding after his carousal that his pockets are empty he pawns a chain to Lubin for a trifling sum. Daccolard and his accomplices are about to rob the safe of the banker Suchapt, and this chain is necessary to divert suspicion from themselves. Acrobatic feats are introduced, Laurent and Pulcherie meet and recognize each other, and as the latter is denouncing the former the police are called in and a mock arrest of Laurent is made which diverts Daccolard's suspicions. In the last act, which occurs in the banker's saferoom, we find Emelienne awaiting the return of her brother from a midnight carousal. From the window she thinks she sees him approaching, but discovering that he has a friend with him and not wishing to be seen *en deshabille*, retires to another apartment. Instead of the brother and friend Daccolard and Lubin enter, and, by means of false keys, open the safe and soon rob it of a large amount of money and the family diamonds. The chain procured of Emery Suchapt is then broken, some links placed in the safe, others distributed about the floor, and then the grease of a candle is dropped upon the carpet from the front of the safe to the door of Emery's bedroom. A loud noise brings Emelienne upon the stage, and not seeing her brother as she is about to pull aside the curtains to gaze from the window Pulcherie confronts her. Matters are briefly explained and Pulcherie informs Emelienne that the only way to save her life is to descend by the window and conceal herself in the shrubbery, which she does. As soon as the robbers leave the house the banker and his wife are aroused from their slumbers by the ringing of the bell and the entrance of some detectives, who inform the banker that he has been robbed. Emery enters in an inebriated condition. Suchapt will not believe that he has been robbed, but upon opening the safe with his own key discovers the fact. An investigation similar to that in the first act is made by the detectives, who, upon discovering the broken links of the chain, and showing them to Emery, who acknowledges that the chain is his, and tracing the marks of candle-grease to the door of his bedroom, pronounce him the robber and arrest him as such. The scene was made quite ludicrous by Emery, who in his inebriated condition treats the affair as a good joke, and accuses the detectives of the theft of his chain, etc. Much to the discomfiture of the detectives, Roule and his force now enter, having Daccolard and Lubin in charge. The money and diamonds taken from the safe are restored to their owner, and Emelienne, who enters, proves that Emery scaled the garden wall, near where she was concealed, after the real burglars had been arrested. The detectives, seeing their error, release Emery. Daccolard, to escape justice, boldly announces himself as the father of Laurent, which fortunately is disproved by some papers stolen from Mme. Delissier's apartment at the time of her murder, and which during the time of the burglary he had given to Lubin, who had so left them that they had fallen into the possession of Emelienne, who had overheard a portion of their conversation. Laurent at last sees the murderer of his mother in custody, and Daccolard, in a spirit of revenge, informs Roule that Pulcherie, their accomplice, is his daughter, stolen by Daccolard in her infancy and trained to a life of crime. Daccolard resigns his office, and folds his daughter to his breast as the falling curtain marks the termination of the drama.

It will be seen that the only two characters of importance that run through the drama are those of Laurent and Roule, the former of which was portrayed with much earnestness and dignity by George Clarke, who in the fifth act completely concealed his identity, so excellently was he made up. Mr. Hardenberg as Roule deserves high praise for his artistic acting, the cold, stern manner of the detective, which became more genial with those who enjoyed his friendship, and the grief at finding that his daughter had been reared in crime, being excellently portrayed. In the various disguises which he assumed his personal identity was completely merged. W. Davidge gave a somewhat humorous portrayal of Lubin. Charles Fisher's impersonation of Daccolard, which may possibly be classed as the strongest character of the drama, after those mentioned, was boldly drawn and characteristically and vigorously acted. Louis James invested Emery Suchapt with a deal of animation and vivacity, and his drunken scene in the last act was a perfect gem of light comedy acting, which gave an electric thrill to the audience. Owen Fawcett deserves a word of praise for a clever bit of acting as Regimbaut, an usurer. John Moore the prompter, who is seldom seen upon the stage, acted Dr. Roze, a physician, in a quiet and natural manner. The abilities of the lady members of the company were by no means severely taxed, yet they severally, as well as the remainder of the male portion of the company, evinced care and attention. The performances of a portion of the Jackley troupe in the circus scene were much admired. The curtain on the first night fell shortly after eleven o'clock, and the waits between the acts were not tedious. The attendance has been good. A repetition of "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts" was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings. "Saratoga" is to be revived for a brief period, and Dion Boucicault's new comedy is in rehearsal.

A GRAND BATTLE-SCENE, representing the storming of a fort, has been one of the principal attractions at Barnum's Show at the Rink during the week just closed. Daring feats of gymnastics, dashing equestrianism, feats of strength, and the usual routine of circus performances made up an enjoyable entertainment. An increased attendance may be looked for during the holidays.

"M. B. B.," the Kohinoor of the lecture bureau, has received very substantial offers to lecture in Washington, D. C., and will, probably, do so in a few weeks.

T. G. RIGGS commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on the evening of Dec. 15, when a new protean, sensational drama in three acts entitled "The Irish Detective," written by John F. Poole, was acted for the first time on any stage. Crime is its theme, and the scenes depicted are natural, effectively arranged and graphically described. Mr. Riggs impersonated the character of Arthur Tracy, an Irish detective, who in pursuit of the chief criminal, and in order to defeat his nefarious plots, assumes the following characters and disguises: Michael Doolan, a policeman; Adam Goos, a German glazier; Old Pop Cornjuice, an aged darky; Mrs. McGrath, a fruit-vendor; Bill Jarvey, a hack-driver; and Matteo Massetti, an Italian padrone. In the portrayal of these characters Mr. Riggs gave to each a distinct individuality, and the dialects were correctly spoken. T. W. Keene acted William Hoyt the virtuous hero, in a frank and manly manner. A. H. Sheldon, in his portrayal of Johnny Lemons, a youth with a mania for reading dime novels, created much mirth by his absurd quotations therefrom and the recital of the titles of the various stories he had perused, and he was ably assisted by his constant companion, Miss Therese Wood, who acted Sally Ricketts quite creditably. Adolphus Tiverton, a foppish young gentleman, who conceives that every lady he meets is in love with him, which causes many laughable *contretemps*, was admirably acted by L. J. Mestayer. A gem of the evening's performance was the excellent make-up and artistically natural acting of Wels Edwards as Jim Thug, a ruffian and "slugger" of the most brutal propensities. Richard Stockton, the villain of the drama, was creditably performed by George O. Morris, who in the assumed character of Dr. Mildmay so effectually concealed his personal identity that the audience failed to recognize him. Miss Nellie Sandford was briefly seen as Mrs. McCormack, an Irish character, in the portrayal of which she has few equals. She received an encore for an Irish jig. Grace Hoyt was portrayed in an artless manner by Miss Gussie de Forrest, and what little was required of the remainder of the company was satisfactorily performed. The drama was acted during the week, and on Friday and Saturday evenings, as well as the Saturday matinee, it was supplemented by "The Fastest Boy in New York," with T. G. Riggs as Cornelius Kennedy. At the usual matinees Miss Minnie Foster acted in her well-known drama of "Madcap." Attendance fair during the week. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport will be the star attraction of the present week, and at the matinees the spectacle of "Cherry and Fair Star" is to be performed. An extra performance will be given on Christmas at eleven A. M. Incidental to the spectacle, Delehanty and Hengler, Herr Willio, J. J. Showles, Saidee O'Neil and the Sturgess Brothers, three in number, are to appear.

THE LITTLE FOLK during the holidays will find that a rare treat has been prepared for their enjoyment at the Grand Opera-house, where their perennial favorite, George L. Fox, disports himself as the familiar clown Humpty Dumpty, accompanied by his old fellow-traveler, Old One-Two, so excellently impersonated by C. K. Fox. Together they will journey through foreign lands, and the mishaps which there befall them will furnish abundant food for mirth. The graceful dancing of the Rigl Sisters, the acrobatic feats of Herr Karl Lind, as well as those of the Jakley Family, will be found especially entertaining. To accommodate strangers in the city and the juveniles, an extra matinee will be given on Christmas. The attendance has been large.

GEORGE WARREN received a matinee benefit at the Olympic Theatre on Thursday, Dec. 18, when volunteers from Bryant's Minstrels, the Metropolitan Theatre and Tony Pastor's Opera-house took part in the performances, which attracted some five or six hundred dollars.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION at Booth's Theatre were materially reduced during the past week: the balcony to $1, dress-circle to 50c., and gallery to 25c.

"CINDERELLA" is to form the holiday attraction at Bryant's Minstrels, where the attendance has continued quite large since our last report, although but few changes have been made in the programme. Harry Stanwood being no longer a member of the company, Unsworth gave some of the old-time banjo songs as sung by Emmitt twenty years ago. Besides being a reminiscence of the past, they afforded sterling amusement. W. Raymond sang a new song entitled "Silver Threads among the Gold;" and A. H. Pelham, who is speedily becoming a favorite, effectively vocalized "Home by the Sea." The revival of "Knock Me Down," and "The Woman in Black" and "The Conspirators" were the only other changes.

THE OLD MELODRAMA entitled "The Dead Heart" was revived at the Olympic Theatre on Dec. 15. Edwin Adams, who had hitherto won considerable reputation by his excellent performance of Robert Landry, the chief character, renewed his success during the past week, when the drama was given at every performance save on Friday evening, when "Dreams of Delusion" and "Wild Oats" were acted for Mr. Adams' benefit. Only a moderate business has been done. The theatre will be closed on Dec. 22, and on the 23d a novelty entitled "Gabriel Grub," adapted from the late Charles Dickens' works, will be performed for the first time. Among the attractions will be the Majiltons, the Raynors, Prof. Nelson and sons, and the Russian Quartet. A comedietta, in which Miss Kate Quinton and James Vincent will make their metropolitan debut, will commence the performances.

MISS ADA DYAS, the leading lady of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, accompanied by her father, arrived from London, Eng., per steamship Java, on Dec. 19.

THE REINFORCEMENTS at Tony Pastor's on Dec. 15 were William Ashcroft, the Adams Brothers and Miss Kitty Brooke. Mr. Ashcroft sang character songs, and later in the evening gave an act called "The Musical Boy," during which he performed upon a great variety of musical instruments, winning much deserved applause. The Adams Brothers performed double Dutch songs-and-dances, which were favorably received. They were twice recalled, and on each reappearance an entire change of costume was notable. They have a good idea of character, speak the dialect well, and their performances were judiciously curtailed. Miss Kitty Brooke in a charming toilet sang fresh serio-comic songs, concluding with a graceful hornpipe. She fully maintained the good opinion we recently expressed of her merits. Tommy and Lottie Winnett danced a Highland fling; Prof. Richards, the "man fish," repeated his wonderful performances while submerged in water; Tony Pastor's local songs met with their accustomed applause, and he cheerfully responded to numerous recalls; the Freeman Sisters gave vocal duets; Jennie Engle, sensational songs; and the sketches of "Tom and Jerry," "The Darky's Stratagem," "High Jack the Heeler" and "Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets" filled out the bill, which attracted a good attendance. For the present week, the fresh attractions will be J. W. McAndrews, Tooley and Wade, Will H. Stowe, and the pantomime of "Goosey, Goosey Gander," with Harry Thorne as Clown.

A GOOD AVERAGE BUSINESS was done during the week just closed at Niblo's Garden, where the spectacle of "The Children in the Wood" continues the attraction. Its bright, glittering scenery, the comicalities of the Vokes Family, the graceful dancing of Mlle. Bonfanti, the groupings and poses of the corps *de ballet*, the comical squirrel and bird dance, and the tableaus from well-known nursery tales, form an especially attractive entertainment for the holiday season, during which the performances will continue unchanged.

THE REVIVAL of Fred G. Maeder's drama entitled "Hazel Eye" served to attract a fair attendance to the Bowery Theatre since Dec. 15. The performances opened with the farce of "Nan the Good For Nothing," given under the title of "The Girl with Two Fathers," in which Miss Louise Sylvester did some vivacious and sprightly acting as Nan. No change was made in the programme during the week, save that on Saturday night "The Forty Thieves" was added thereto. A matinee performance of "Hazel Eye" was given on Dec. 20. "Mother Goose," a pantomime, is to be produced Christmas afternoon.

CHARLES R. THORNE, the veteran manager and actor, who has been confined to his residence in Seventh avenue by protracted illness for sometime past, is convalescing.

ALL OF THE STAR ENGAGEMENTS made for the Olympic Theatre have been canceled, and the entertainments hereafter will partake more of the nature of variety performances than dramatic.

JAKE BERRY'S OPERA-HOUSE is the name which has been given to the Thirty-fourth street Theatre, which was opened Saturday evening, Dec. 20, under the management of Jake Berry, with J. L. Merchant as business manager. The prices of admission are 10, 20, and 40 cents. The company includes Belle Berry, Maggie Salsbury, Maggie Nichols, Lottie Howe, Miss Vilot, Fannie Grinnell, Amanda Archer, Fannie Knight, Jennie Lindsay, Lotta Miller and the Grinnell Children, Jake Berry, Ed. Berry, J. Gaynor, Andy Callom, J. H. Clifford, Ed. Campbell, E. Williams, J. Jones, S. Roseberry and H. Joyes.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.—On Wednesday evening last one of the lower proscenium boxes at the Union-square Theatre was occupied by Lord Talbot, an Englishman, who had recently arrived in this country, Joseph Stone (a clerk with Monroe & Co., bankers), and some ladies. During the performance Mr. Stone took a spittoon out of the box and placed it upon the stage while the performance was going on. After the act drop descended, a messenger waited upon Mr. Stone, and informed him that Mr. Shook desired to see him in the hotel adjoining the theatre. After some words had passed between the parties Mr. Shook pulled Mr. Stone's nose until it bled, and it is said that the latter, after being thus convinced of his misconduct, apologized.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE will remain closed a portion of the present week. Charles Fechter closed his engagement abruptly on Saturday evening last, and left the city.

DRAMATIC.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a card of a PINK COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office and date of Sept. 1, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. No person is authorized to use any other card, and all showmen are earnestly requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person on behalf of THE CLIPPER unless he can produce a card like the above. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

JOHN E. OWENS, while performing "Toodles" at Newark, N. J., during the past week, strained himself so seriously that he fell to the stage and was unable to finish the performance. He was carried to a hotel, where, at last accounts, he was confined to his bed and unable to move. His physician states that there is no serious danger.

MISS ADA GRAY commenced an engagement of five nights and one matinee, at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Dec. 15, in "Whose Wife?" which ran until the 18th. Our correspondent, under date of Dec. 19, remarks: "Her rendition of Goldie and Mrs. Major Terrell was very artistic, and called forth applause. She closes at the matinee performance to-morrow, and her next engagement, on the 22d, is at Memphis, Tenn. The support of the stock company was, generally speaking, very good. 'Camille' was produced, for the first time in a number of years, on the 18th, and 'Article 47' will be given to-night (19). 'Camille' will be repeated at the matinee to-morrow, and Miss Effie E. Ellsler will appear as Capitola in 'The Hidden Hand' to-morrow night. 'Aladdin' has been in preparation for the past eight weeks, and will constitute the bill for the next two weeks, including the matinees, on Christmas and New Year's, also on Saturdays. Mr. Harold Forsberg, leading man of this company, commences a starring engagement of one week at the Athenæum, Columbus, O., on the 22d in 'The Streets of New York.' He ranks above the average of leading men, is an ardent student, and conscientiously performs his duties, and he deserves success."

BIDWELL & MCDONOUGH'S "Black Crook" spectacle was witnessed at Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 17, 18, by large audiences. Mlle. Lupo, Baby Benson the child artist, and the Hernandez Troupe were frequently called out. The company played in Mobile, Ala., Dec. 19, 20, and they open in New Orleans, La., Dec. 22, for two weeks.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., played to large and delighted audiences the past week. The initial performance was "Hamlet," followed by "King Lear," "The Gladiator," "Jack Cade" and "Richelieu." Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 20, says: "His conception of Hamlet is peculiarly his own, marked by many features foreign to other actors attempting the character. His Lear was grand, noble and sublime in the truest sense; but to our mind his finest effort was in the role of Spartacus in 'The Gladiator,' produced Dec. 17, 18. From beginning to end the audience was enthralled in breathless attention by his masterly display of heroism, love and despair. Being peculiarly favored in physical voice and power of endurance, Mr. McCullough established himself as one of the finest exponents of the character on the boards. Mr. Gossin was excellent as Phasarius; Mr. Goodrich as Marcus did well; Messrs. Wren and Haviland were pleasing as Florus and Lentulus; Miss Don charming as Julia; Miss Pierce nearly faultless as Senona; and the remainder of the company rendered good support. As Jack Cade and Richelieu, Mr. McCullough won fresh laurels, and gave further evidence of his powers. He closes to-night, and returns to San Francisco at once. On Dec. 22 John L. Gossin, leading man, will take his first benefit, appearing as Robert Landry in 'The Dead Heart.' Miss Clara Morris opens Tuesday, 23d, in 'The Geneva Cross,' which will be repeated during the remaining four nights of her engagement. On the 29th, Sig. Tommaso Salvini will open in Italian tragedy, playing one week."

"OLIVER CROMWELL" was produced at the Salt Lake Theatre, Salt Lake, Utah, Dec. 8, 9, to fair audiences, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 13, continuing: "Dec. 10, 'Katharine and Petruchio' was played, and Leon Leotard, French gymnast and illusionist, appeared. [The original Leotard died in France some two years ago.—ED. CLIPPER.] Thursday, 11th, 'Pride of the Market;' Friday, 'Hunted Down,' and Leotard on the flying trapeze; Saturday matinee, 'Katharine and Petruchio,' and a rope-walking feat in front of the theatre by Leotard; Saturday evening, 'Lucrezia Borgia' and 'The Area Belle,' with Leotard in his specialties, was billed, but owing to an accident befalling Leotard during his rope-walking feat in front of the theatre, before the matinee performance, Messrs. Rea and Archer sang a duet, in their usual style. Leotard fell from the rope, after proceeding about twenty feet from the lower stand, striking on his face and hands, but only slightly injuring himself. On Dec. 15, 'Under the Gaslight' will be performed. Dec. 16, benefit of Miss Kate Denin."

OUR PITTSBURGH, PA., correspondent on Dec. 19 writes: "'Across the Continent,' with Oliver Doud Byron as Joe Ferris the Ferret, was presented at the Pittsburgh Opera-house on Dec. 15, 16, 17, to a liberal attendance. The piece was well mounted, and Mr. Byron's acting was effective and fully satisfied the audiences. The support of the company generally was praiseworthy. The Dennis O'Dwyer of Mr. J. E. Irving, and the Cæsar Augustus of Mr. L. R. Stockwell, were good impersonations; and Miss Emmie Wilmot gave the dual character of Agnes Constant and Louise Goodwin with considerable histrionic ability, and her efforts were frequently accorded applause. 'Ben McCullough' was produced on the 18th, with Mr. Byron in the title-role, and Kate O'Neil Byron as Maud McCullough. The same bill will be repeated on the 19th for Mr. Byron's benefit, and 'Across the Continent' will be reproduced for the matinee performance on the 20th. The sensational drama of 'Lost at Sea' has been in preparation for some time at this establishment, and will be presented on the 22d; and I believe it is the intention of the management to run this play during the greater portion, if not all of the holiday season. The stock company will enact the piece......Geo. France will commence a week's engagement at the Academy of Music on the 22d, under the management of Mr. V. E. Beamer, appearing in the drama of 'Marked for Life.' Joseph K. Emmet succeeds Mr. France, appearing on the 29th......The military allegory of 'The Drummer Boy, or Battle-field of Shiloh' will be given at Library Hall for five nights and two matinees, under the auspices of the Fourteenth Regiment, N. G. P., commencing on Dec. 23......Miss Elise Holt, who has been lying ill at the Robinson House, this city, for the last ten days, is gradually growing worse, and at this writing the lady's condition is extremely precarious. Her malady is typhoid pneumonia."

C. W. COULDOCK was the stellar attraction at De Bar's Opera-House, St. Louis, Mo., last week. Our correspondent on Dec. 13 reports: "From Monday to Wednesday evening inclusive, 'Lighthouse Cliffs' was on the programme, Mr. Couldock sustaining the role of Oliver Liveoak. Geo. D. Chaplin as Ralph Underton, and Mrs. Linden as May Liveoak, were up to their usual degree of excellence, and rendered good support. Light houses were the rule, and Thursday evening the piece was changed, 'Willow Copse' being presented. Friday evening, 'Louis XI' and 'Chimney Corner' are to be played. Mr. Couldock closes Saturday, and will be followed next week by the Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, when 'Divorce' will be produced......E. A. Sothern and party are now in their second week at the Olympic Theatre, and are achieving great success. 'David Garrick' has been played each night since Monday to large and fashionable audiences. Friday evening, for Mr. Sothern's benefit, 'Lord Dundreary Married and Settled' will be performed as an afterpiece, and on Saturday 'David Garrick' and 'Jem Baggs' will be the programme, the latter being a specialty of Mr. Bowers'. Mr. Sothern was the recipient of a complimentary banquet at the Southern Hotel on Tuesday evening last. Lydia Thompson and troupe begin a two weeks' engagement at this house on December 22."

LITTLE NELL the California Diamond made her debut before a Memphis, Tenn., audience on Dec. 15, at the Memphis Theatre, in the sensational play of "Fidelia the Fire Waif." Some of the local journals adversely criticised her, and her appearance was the sensation of the season. Our correspondent says: 'Large audiences have, regardless of the papers, been nightly in attendance. The play itself has but little merit, but the life infused into it by Little Nell and the stock company of the theatre has made it acceptable. Mrs. Hamilton and Messrs. Knowles, Long, Moreland and Harry Everett the clever comedian, all come in for their share of praise. Little Nell closes on the 20th. Ada Gray appears on the 22d."

THE FOX & DENIER TROUPE are to give four performances and a matinee at Detroit, Mich., commencing Dec. 22. "Humpty Dumpty" is the pantomime.

MANAGER MACAULEY and his company, from Cincinnati, O., play at Detroit, Mich., for one week, from Jan. 5, 1874, and Shiel Barry is billed there for Jan. 15, 16, 17.

J. M. WARD and Miss Montague open at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 22, for one week, presenting "Through by Daylight," supported by a dramatic company from the Albany Opera-house, under the management of J. W. Albaugh. Lucille Western, under the management of H. G. Clarke, is announced to play at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 25, 26, presenting "East Lynne" and "Oliver Twist," and an "East Lynne" matinee will be given Christmas afternoon.

AT THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, Canada, Miss Marian Mordaunt is drawing fair houses. On Dec. 16, 17, "Darling" was given; 18th, "Ireland As It Was." Our correspondent, on Dec. 19, says: "In 'Darling,' the acting of Miss Mordaunt justified her old reputation. As the vivacious Yankee girl she kept the house in a continual state of excitement, and her other characters were also good. Miss Florence Webster, the leading lady, who has been sick for several days, made her reappearance as Laura Tremaine, to the delight of the audience. Harry Lindley was, if anything, more comical than ever. He has a knack of making local hits that are very amusing. The support was good, the rest of the company being well up in their parts."

THE COLEMAN SISTERS—Clara, Louie and Alice—with a dramatic company, under the management of John A. Stevens, produced "Silver Star, or the Mystery of Villa Real," at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 16, 17.

BUFFALO BILL and company played "The Scouts of the Plains" to a good house at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 19.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise that they are prepared to engage vocalists and two lady amateurs for a dramatic company.

MR. JOSEPH K. EMMET commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., appearing in "Fritz, Our Cousin German." Nothing could be more natural or more perfect than Mr. Emmet's personation of Fritz, and the songs-and-dances introduced were in every respect worthy of the applause nightly lavished upon them. He was efficiently supported; Miss Rose Wood as Catarina, George W. Howard as Julius Snow, and J. M. Hardie as Col. Cratton, being especially good. The attendance was very good during the week. For the second and last week of Mr. Emmet's engagement his new drama, "Max the Merry Swiss Boy," will be presented. The drama of "Haunted Houses" will be revived at the extra matinees on Christmas and the day following. Edwin Booth opens on the 29th inst. in "The Merchant of Venice."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., E. T. Stetson began a week's engagement Dec. 15, opening in "Struck Blind," then produced for the first time in this city. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 19, remarks: "Mr. Stetson as Dr. Darcy was all that could be desired. The support was unexceptionably good, including J. Clinton Hall as the young artist Albert Morel, W. T. Dulany, Willis Page, Miss Mary Davis and Miss Lizzie Hall. On Wednesday evening, 'Struck Blind' was withdrawn in favor of 'Daring Dick the Detective,' which was also played two evenings. For Mr. Stetson's benefit, 'Neck and Neck' will be put on, which will be its first representation here in two years. Miss Marion Somers will also appear. For to-morrow's matinee 'Struck Blind' will be played, and to-morrow night closes Mr. Stetson's engagement, which has been fairly successful. The attraction for next week is not yet announced......The Olympic Theatre was re-opened Dec. 13, under the management of Louis Stein & Co., with the play of 'White Hair, or the Last of the Modocs.' 'Aladdin' is announced as being in preparation. ....Harry McHale and wife (Miss Emma Stone) were discharged from the Opera-house company on the 13th. McHale's mind seems to be somewhat overthrown, and he subsequently attempted to take his own life and also that of another man, who is implicated in an affair that has caused disgrace to the above parties. It seems that McHale has suspected his wife of being criminally intimate with one Joseph Franks, an attache of the Opera-house. On Sunday, the 14th, McHale stabbed himself, but not seriously. On the Wednesday following he shot Franks in John Schoeffel's saloon, under the Opera-house. The shot entered Frank's neck, but he will recover. McHale was immediately arrested, and he is now in jail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. Before the above proceedings occurred, however, Manager Hall, noticing the direction matters were taking, and deeming it necessary for the reputation of the theatre, discharged McHale and wife, but could find no evidence against Franks. McHale had been discharged some time ago, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends was again permitted to become a member of the stock company. Franks is married, his wife being Sadie Rogers the dancer. McHale and wife, who have been playing respectively walking gentleman and leading business, came here from Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., where they played last season."

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND commenced a week's engagement at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., opening in "Uncle Dick's Darling" and "Toodles," which, after drawing fair audiences for three evenings, were followed by the late Frank Murdoch's drama of "Only a Jew." Mr. Raymond gave an admirable representation of the part of Uncle Nathan, and Miss Victoria Proudfoot as Natalie, and Wm. Davidge, Jr., as Crankey, lent efficient support. "Bismarck," the educated pig, has been placed on exhibition here. On the 22d inst., Mr. E. Mason Jr.'s dramatization of "Jack Harkaway's Adventures in the Army and Among the Brigands" will be produced, and will constitute the evening's programme for the holidays; the musical burlesque of "Red Riding Hood" and the "Fairies" being given at the matinees.

MANAGERS desiring to secure Lisa Weber and her combination for vacant dates can address as per advertisement.

CALIFORNIA ADVICES, dated Dec. 13, are as follows: "'The Geneva Cross,' produced at the California Theatre, San Francisco, for the first time on the 8th, has won what may be termed a popular success. In the early part of the week, when the nights were rainy, the audiences were respectable in numbers, but they increased steadily until now, at writing, they have become quite large. The applause that is nightly showered upon the drama proves that it has the essential elements of popularity. What those elements are may be found in an interesting story, a rapid action, a smart and a frequently epigrammatic dialogue. It has been placed on the stage at the California in a beautiful and fitting attire, the mounting being highly creditable to a theatre that has often gained distinction for pictorial displays. The acting, however, is not so perfect, and the best of it comes, with one exception, from actors representing secondary characters. Gabrielle is played by Miss Annie Graham in a thoroughly earnest spirit, the effort in this sense deserving respect. But Miss Graham is not suited to the character by temperament, in the first place, judging from what she has been most successful in portraying in the past, her talents having shone to the greatest advantage in such parts as Mlle. Marco and Mlle. Cora. In Gabrielle she fails to display the arch vivacity, the warm impulsiveness, that should be exhibited in the first act. In the last acts, where the scenes are emotional, she was more effective. Nor was Mr. Lewis Morrison entirely successful in playing Riel du Bourg. He has a fault of hugging the words ending a sentence, and running over them with a rising inflection, which has sometimes an unimpressive effect. Mr. Morrison is such a rising young actor that it is worth while to be serious in criticising him. Mr. Henry Edwards, although not usually cast for heavy business, gave Mathew Moinean very creditably. Mr. Walter Leman was quite effective as Pierre Le Bran, deserving judicious praise until he inappropriately put on his Col. Damas dress—or something like it—in the third act. Mr. E. N. Thayer was careful and impressive as the Unknown, and Messrs. Mestayer and Williamson were tolerable as Spadassin and Cornichet. One of the better pieces of acting was the impersonation of the Little Mother, by Miss Carrie Wyatt, a very young actress, who exhibits a decided talent for expressing pathos. Cassandre was acceptably played by Mrs. Sophie Edwin, and Martagon was fairly played by Miss Maggie Moore, who was, however, unsuited to the part. 'The Geneva Cross' is announced for further production.......At the Bush-street Opera-house the comedy of 'Kind to a Fault' and Offenbach's operetta of 'Sixty six' have been the attractions the entire week to moderate business. The first piece was unevenly performed, the impersonations, excepting those of Mr. J. P. Burnett as Goldsworth, Mr. John Howson as Parker, Miss Jennie Lee as Jenny, and Mrs. Julia Melville as Mrs. Cumberly, not being worthy of serious attention. Even Mr. Howson was not so good as usual, the best of the acting being done by Mr. Burnett and Miss Lee, who were both well adapted to their parts. The operetta, a delightful trifle, was excellently done by Mr. James Arnold, who is constantly proving himself a sound performer, and by the artiste Miss Susan Galton, whose singing of 'Home, Sweet Home,' a song which was not inappropriately introduced, gained common and well-deserved recognition. Next week 'Fra Diavolo' will be the attraction, the occasion of its first production on Dec. 15 being for the benefit of Mr. J. A. Arnold..... The Mme. Anna Bishop Troupe appeared in a series of farewell concerts at Pacific Hall during the week. To use a trite expression, the audiences were small but appreciative......Miss Imogene Holbrook, a pupil of Mr. James Murdoch, gave poetic recitals at Mercantile Library Hall on Dec. 12 with tolerable success......Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Darrell (Fanny Cathcart) open at Sacramento for two weeks on the 15th, under the management of Mr. John Piper."

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN showed last week some evidence of a revival; at any rate, there was a decided improvement at two of the houses in the character of the plays presented, and a slight increase in business. Christmas week is, however, looked forward to to aid the managers in making up for their Fall losses, and if crowded houses do not come during the holiday time, then a fall in prices will have to be resorted to. Three dollars for a couple of the best reserved seats will no longer be paid in Brooklyn, and the sooner the fact is realized the sooner paying audiences will be obtained. The dramatic feature of the week was the performance at the Brooklyn Theatre of Bronson Howard's capitally written play of "Lillian's Last Love," which drew good houses, and elicited the highest encomiums from all who witnessed it. It was very strongly cast, especially in regard to the two leading characters, Miss Kellogg evincing a degree of emotional power in the part of Lillian which proves her to be an actress of more than ordinary ability in that line of character. Mr. Barr, too, was very effective as Owen Routledge. Both elicited loud applause during each night's performance. Mr. Burnett appeared to peculiar advantage as Old Brown, his make-up being very artistic. Mrs. Farren as the Aunt, and Miss Savory as Florence, both contributed to the success of the performances. Indeed, taken altogether, no play produced at the Brooklyn Theatre has been better performed or better placed upon the stage than the drama was. It was withdrawn after the matinee on Saturday to admit of Miss Alice Duval's debut on Saturday night, this young pupil of Matilda Heron appearing as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Frank Roche playing Claude. The young and pretty debutante was received by a full house, and was loaded, as usual, with floral testimonials, and recalled at the end of the second act. At the Park Theatre, Miss Lillie Eldridge appeared during the week in Marsden's play of "Alma," written for her when Fred was an inexperienced dramatist. The business was fair only. The lady, however, was well received, and made a very favorable impression. This week "The Wicked World" is to be the feature at the Brooklyn Theatre, and "Enoch Arden," with Edwin Adams as the hero, is to be the attraction at the Park Theatre. The Pastoral drama of "The Brigands of New York" did not draw very large houses at Hooley's last week, and therefore it has been shelved. This week "The Sailor's Christmas" and "Cousin Joe" comprise the programme of Hooley's until after Christmas, when the drama of "The Chimney Corner" is to be produced, with Mr. Little as Peter Probity. Pantomime by the Butler & Chrisde Troupe paid well last week at Donnelly's Olympic, and this week he gives a regular holiday variety bill, with the skaters Kynock and Smith, the Sanyeah, acrobat, etc. At the Athenæum on the 19th Owen Marlowe gave dramatic readings to a good house, under the auspices of the Faust Club. On Monday the Germania Theatre company paid their fortnight visit to the Brooklyn Athenæum, and performed "The Elephant" to a crowded house, at a dollar a ticket, subscription price. At the Brooklyn Academy the Barnham testimonial induced a crowded house on the 19th inst., the pantomime of "The Corsairs" being the feature of the entertainment. On Christmas-night Boucicault visits the Academy, and produces "Jilmi," with a strong cast, including himself and Miss Katharine Rogers.

FROM CHICAGO, Ill., the appended report of amusements from our correspondent is dated Dec. 18: "Lotta commenced the third week of her engagement at McVicker's Theatre, appearing in Fred Marsden's sensational play, 'Zip, or Point Lynde Light.' Lotta's impersonation of the heroine, Zip, is sprightly and vivacious, and she, as usual, succeeds in creating no end of amusement. E. A. Locke enacts the character of Philosophy Jack in a really humorous manner, and enters fully into the spirit of the part. Jas. O'Neil fills the role of Hon. Chauncey Elmore very acceptably. F. R. Pierce sustains the part of Mr. Weltomot in a commendable manner. Fred Bock makes the character of Jules Galetti as villainous as possible, though his dialect is open to criticism. Mrs. Stonesll renders Amanda Lovelace in her peculiarly happy manner, while Josie Batchelder is pleasing as Fanny Elkton. Lotta remains another week, after which she goes to Cincinnati for two weeks; Memphis, Jan. 12; New Orleans 19, for four weeks, thence to Galveston, St. Louis, Louisville, Brooklyn and New York. She will then perform under the management of H. E. Abbey for four weeks, closing at Omaha, thence to San Francisco. A. S. Pennoyer accompanies her as business manager throughout the season. Shiel Barry opens on the 29th for one week, after which he will play in a few surrounding cities, supported by McVicker's company........The Lydia Thompson Troupe are in their last week at the Academy of Music, and, though the attendance has dropped off somewhat, business is satisfactory. There has been a change of programme nightly during the week, each play being splendidly produced. Miss Thompson takes a benefit on the 19th. Mr. Sothern opens on Dec. 22 for a four weeks' engagement......Marius Turck appeared at the Globe Theatre on the 15th in 'Lightning Bob,' in which he impersonates the hero with fidelity to nature. The play is admirably suited to the tastes of the patrons of that theatre, and results in drawing audiences of a most demonstrative nature. The San Francisco Minstrels are billed for the 22d...... Hooley's Opera-house company open at their cosy theatre on the 22d in 'The Geneva Cross.'......Mr. R. L. Marsh—whose beaming countenance has graced the box-office of Col. Wood's and Aiken's Museum, Dearborn Theatre, and, since the fire, the Globe Theatre, as treasurer and business manager—departs at once for Philadelphia to occupy the position of treasurer and business manager of Col. Wood's Museum. It is more than probable that Col. Wood will return to Chicago and start a museum and dramatic temple next season."

SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE is to be at Hornellsville, N. Y., Dec. 25, Corning 26, Owego 27, Waverly 29, Ithaca 30.

AGNES WALLACE, Sam. B. Villa and troupe are to perform at Lansing, Mich., Dec. 22, 23, 24, Niles 25.

JOHN E. OWENS' COMBINATION, minus John E. Owens, played at Easton, Pa., Dec. 17, and were advertised to do so the 18th, but owing to the small attendance no performance was given.

WOOD'S COMEDY COMPANY from Philadelphia, Pa., is to perform at Easton, Pa., Dec. 25.

J. A. HERNE, Alice Vane, Fay Templeton and John Templeton were the stars at Piper's Opera-house, Virginia City, Nevada, during the week ending Dec. 13. During the performance of a new musical extravaganza called "Parepa Rosa," in which Fay Templeton sustains the chief character, a brick of silver with the following inscription engraved thereon, "To Fay Templeton, the little brick, from J. A. Herne," was thrown to her on the stage.

AT THE PROVIDENCE, R. I., OPERA-HOUSE Edwin Booth closed a successful season of two weeks on Dec. 20. The following pieces were given: "Othello," "Richelieu," "Richard III," "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "The Stranger," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and "Taming a Shrew." The stock gave good support. On the 22d, J. B. Roberts is to begin a week's engagement there in "Faust and Marguerite."...... Manager Henderson plays Ettie Henderson in "Little Henderson," at Hartford, Ct., Dec. 26.

THE SELDEN IRWIN COMBINATION is billed for one week at Macomb, Ill., commencing Dec. 22, and the following week at Hannibal, Mo.

GEORGE DAVENPORT and the Chicago, Ill., Academy of Music company performed during the past week at Milwaukee, Wis.

T. C. KING, Miss SUSAN DENIN and a company are to be at Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27.

FRANK AIKEN and a company are to play at Milwaukee, Wis., during the present week.

MANAGERS desiring to produce Fred Marsden's new American comedy entitled "Clouds" are referred to press notices of the play published in another column.

OWEN MARLOWE can be addressed as per advertisement.

"THE GAMBLER'S CRIME, or the Murder on the Hudson," constituted the programme at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week, and afforded Mr. Dominick Murray an opportunity for a bit of vigorous character-acting as Murty McNulty. Mr. Murray concluded his two weeks' engagement on the 20th inst. "A Flash of Lightning" will be produced on the 22d inst., and will constitute the *piece de resistance* for the holidays.

JOS. JEFFERSON is announced to perform in Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 27.

BUFFALO BILL, Texas Jack and Wild Bill, supported by Morlacchi, a dramatic company and a tribe of Indians, will appear at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for one week, commencing Dec. 29.

FANNY B. PRICE and company played at Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 15, 16, 17; Holly Springs, Miss., 18, 19, 20.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT, while fulfilling a star engagement at Toronto, Ont., was presented on Dec. 12 with a handsome ring set with diamonds and pearls. She performed at Montreal during the past week. She is to play six nights at Ottawa, commencing Dec. 22, and one week with the Holmans in Chatham and Hamilton, beginning Jan. 5, 1874.

THE WALLACE SISTERS—Jennie, Minnie and Maud—under the management of F. B. Dobson, are reported as doing an excellent business in the West, and it is said, that notwithstanding the panic their receipts have been fully as large as during any previous season. The burlesques of "Aladdin" and "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" are their chief attractions, and Fortescue, Blake and Spencer are the comedians. Route: Portage City, Wis., Dec. 22, Lacrosse 23, 24, Dubuque, Ia., 26, 27, Davenport 30, Jan. 1, 1874, Rock Island, Ill., 2, 3.

MISS FANNIE PRESTIGE, who obtained a judgment against Manager Fitz Simmons for a week's salary, due her at the time of the discharge of the company at the Opera-house, Wheeling, W. Va., brought suit against the same manager on her unexpired contract of six months' duration. Mr. Fitz Simmons confessed judgment, and Miss Prestige released him from the penalties thereof upon his paying her $86, in addition to the amounts she had already received.

HOWARD, LANGRISHE & CARLE'S "MAGIC TALISMAN" COMPANY is to perform at New Haven, Ct., Christmas week, Hartford New Year's week, thence to Springfield, Mass., Worcester, Providence, R. I. At New Haven, entirely new scenery, armors and appointments will be added.

D. HANCHETT, who advertises, wants to engage a low comedian, walking lady and utility man.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of T. W. Davey, assisted by William Seymour as stage-manager, supporting Lawrence Barrett upon his tour through the New England States, is as follows: John W. Norton, Harry Meredith, John P. Sutton, George Morton, William Seymour, Frances O. Rose, M. B. Curtis, W. F. Edwards, John Davis, Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Mrs. L. E. Seymour and the Misses Louise Hawthorne and Josephine Craig. It is reported that they opened at Waterbury, Ct., to a very large and enthusiastic audience.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION played at Reading, Pa., Dec. 17, Lancaster 18, Harrisburg 19, thence to Baltimore, Md., 22, for one week; Philadelphia 29, for a like period.

A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY is wanted for a season of fourteen weeks at the Richmond, Va., Theatre. See advertisement.

GENIE HOWARD, old woman, characters and heavies, can be engaged throught her agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

WILSON & CLARKE'S THEATRE is playing this week at Portland, Me., and the managers advertise for a juvenile lady and a property man.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ played in Bartley Campbell's drama of "Fate" in Cincinnati, O., last week, and *The Commercial* of that city says.

It is the best society play produced in Cincinnati in many years, and last night made a decided success.

The author informs us that an individual named Perkins has appropriated this piece, and is playing it in the West under the title of "Divorced."

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S latest play is called "Cross and Crown."

THE ATTENTION of our readers is called to the list of Maddison Morton's lively and bustling dramatic pieces, published in another column, and issued in the edition of DeWitt's Acting Plays. Mr. Morton is a successful playwright, and his pieces are well adapted for amateur performance.

AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., Mrs. Bowers still holds the boards. Neither the star nor her support have been able to awaken any considerable enthusiasm in the rather thin audiences which have greeted their successive appearances. "Lady Madge" was produced at the St. Charles for the first time in that city on Dec. 15. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 16, says: "It is a dramatization of the old novel entitled 'For the King,' and although it was received with little favor, will be repeated the 16th. On Friday night (19th) Mrs. Bowers will receive her final benefit, when it is rumored that Mr. Ben de Bar will be the chief attraction, appearing in the cast of 'Much Ado About Nothing.' 'Love's Mask' is also underlined for representation during the week, which terminates Mrs. Bowers' engagement. She will be followed by Little Nell, who will perform two weeks...... Rose and Harry Watkins inaugurated the dramatic season at the Varieties Theatre Dec. 15 producing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' to a house not large in numbers, but drawn from the elite of our playgoers, who seemed to appreciate thoroughly the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins and their support. 'Kathleen Mavourneen' will hold the boards the first three evenings and the matinee of the engagement. 'Trodden Down' is underlined as its successor. The engagement continues two weeks only......Miss Katie Putnam is still at the Academy of Music. She appeared at the same house as a star one year ago, and her present engagement shows but little improvement in her performances. Miss Putnam in the line of soubrette and light comedy has many fine qualities, but in passages requiring deep pathos and powerful emotion she fails to satisfy, and, moreover, exhibits on such occasions a constantly recurring and spasmodic catching of the breath, which mars the effect of her acting. She has appeared here in 'Lorle,' 'Fanchon,' 'Blade o' Grass,' 'Happy Pair,' 'Little Nell and the Marchioness,' and last night in 'Meg's Diversion' and 'Stage Struck.' Her best representations have been Mrs. Honeyton in 'Happy Pair' and Meg in last evening's bill. Her song in the latter role, 'Beware, Beware,' was very prettily and sweetly given. To-night she appears in 'Jane Eyre,' 17 'New Magdalen,' 18 'Household Treasure' and 'Little Mother,' 19 'Pocahontas' and 'Grist to the Mill,' 20 'Grif,' 21 'Capitola.' 'Grif,' which is underlined for the 20th, is a new play, and will then be produced for the first time on any stage. It is a dramatization of the novel by that name, made by Mr. George Wang of New Orleans, especially for Miss Putnam. With the performance on the 21st her engagement terminates. On the 22d the initial representation of Bidwell & McDonough's 'Black Crook' will be given at the Academy, and it will continue as the attraction through the holidays."

ETTIE HENDERSON has written and copyrighted a new play entitled "Marriage."

C. T. PARSLOE and a company are to play "The Streets of New York" at Harrington's Opera-house, Providence, R. I., Dec. 25.

THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE COMBINATION commenced a week's engagement at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 15, acting in "Article 47." This week and next they will perform at St. Louis.

JOHN COLLINS is to be the star at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., the present week.

BAKER AND FARRON, supported by the company of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., performed at Quincy, Ill., Dec. 17, 18.

LUCILLE WESTERN, supported by a dramatic company under the management of H. G. Clarke, is to play at Newark, N. J., Dec. 22, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 23, Troy 24, 25, Utica 26, 27, Albany 29, 30, Syracuse 31, Jan. 1, 1874, Rochester 2, 3. W. H. Whalley and W. J. Fleming are in the company.

AT SARGENT'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., on Dec. 15, Miss Augusta Dargon made her first appearance in that city as Deborah in "The Jewish Maiden's Wrong," and was well received, being twice called before the curtain. Business enlivened to witness her in "Camille" on the 16th, and as Meg Merrilies on the 17th. This was followed by "The Hunchback" on the 18th, and "The School for Scandal" on the 19th for her benefit. Mr. Harold Forsberg opens there for one week with Badger on Dec. 22.

AT THE CHESTNUT, Philadelphia, a moiety of the past week was devoted to benefits, Mr. H. B. Phillips first appearing for public patronage on the evening of the 15th inst., when the third act of "Henry VIII," the tragedy of "Pizarro," and the burlesque of "Ill Treated Il Trovatore" constituted a capital programme, which should have attracted a better attendance. Mr. Frank Mordaunt, for his benefit on the 17th, presented "Damon and Pythias" and "A Day after the Wedding," Misses Lizzie Price, Annie Ward Tiffany, and Harry Langdon volunteering their services on this occasion. Miss Hetty Tracy's benefit on the 20th was fairly attended, the programme being "Ticket-of-Leave Man" and an olio entertainment by Gus Williams, the Victorellis, and others. The burlesque and equestrian spectacle of "Lady Godiva, or St. George and the Dragon," will be produced on the 23d inst., under the supervision of Mr. George L. Pendar, and with Miss Winnetta Montague as Lady Godiva, and the majority of the regular company in the cast.

THE ONLY NEW appearance at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Dec. 20 was Gus Williams, who met with a deservedly enthusiastic reception in his capital Dutch vocalism, and in the laughable interlude of "Glycerine Oil." The burlesque of "Ixion," with Miss Lisa Weber in the title-role, was an attractive feature. The complimentary benefit to Harry Josephs on the afternoon of the 19th inst. was rather poorly attended, the inclement weather being the cause. Lo Lo and the de Glorian Brothers closed on the 20th inst. Robert Butler, pantomimist, opens on the 22d inst. in the trick pantomime of "The Three Dwarfs;" the Johanoff Brothers in their antipodean gymnastic acts, the Mochella Brothers in the "Indian Box Mystery," and the Stuart Sisters in new songs and dances, will be also added to the company on the 22d, the Lisa Weber Combination being re-engaged for another week.

AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME was presented at the New Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, during the past week. Misses Belle Howitt and Minnie Jackson, the Victorellis, Jule Keen, Miss Lucy Adams and Guy Linton were the fresh appearances. The burlesque of "Little Red Riding Hood" introduced Miss Belle Howitt as Blondinette and Miss Minnie Jackson as Colin, their vivacity and vocalism alike deserving mention. The Victorellis—John, William and Hector—appeared to much advantage in their clever gymnastic specialties, and the Dutch vocalisms of Jule Keen and the serio-comic songs of Lucy Adams and Guy Linton found much favor. On Christmas Day, a comic pantomime entitled "The Golden Axe, or Harlequin and the Good Fairy of the Silver Lake," will be produced, with new scenery, costumes and effects.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC NEWS to Dec. 20 is furnished to the following effect by our correspondent: "At Wood's Theatre John Collins opened on Monday in the 'Colleen Bawn,' which was run for four nights to a fair business, when 'Paul Clifford' and 'Rory O'More' were substituted for the next two nights, the 'Colleen Bawn' being repeated at the matinee today. Mr. Collins' rendition of Myles Na Coppaleen and of the other characters have all his old-time excellences, age dealing kindly with him, even his tenor voice retaining considerable of its silvery sweetness. The cast in part embraced W. H. Power as Hardress Cregan, H. W. Mitchell as Kyrle Daly, F. H. Lord as Danny Mann, Fred Hight as Father Tom, Mary Davenport as Anne Chute, and Marie Bates as Eily O'Connor, all of which roles were well taken. The scenery was excellent, that representing the drowning of Eily being very effective and beautiful. Mr. Collins closes this evening, and will go hence to Macauley's, Louisville, Ky. On Monday Mrs. Macauley and C. M. Walcott will appear in the new fairy comedy of 'The Wicked World.' On the 29th Lotta is to commence a two weeks' engagement......At Robinson's Opera-house Carlotta Leclercq has appeared during the whole of this, her second week, as Helen Faraday in Bartley Campbell's 'Fate,' which is an effective enough society play of the emotional kind, and has been handsomely placed upon the stage. Miss Leclercq's powers were displayed to the best advantage in this role. The support included H. H. Wood as Frank Faraday, M. V. Lingham as Paulding, Harry Rainforth as Makepeace Blase, A. L. Church as Derwent, Tom Hampton as Dr. Littlejohn, Annie Waite as Juno, Lizzie Mahon as Sally Toddle, and Mrs. M. A. Berrell as Miss Dycer, and was very good. Miss Leclercq and a portion of the stock company go hence to Louisville, Ky. Robert McWade, who is playing a three months' engagement with Manager Miles, opens on Monday, followed on the 29th by Little Nell...... Janauschek, supported by Milnes Levick and a traveling company, under the management of John T. Ford, opens on Monday at Pike's Opera-house. The admission-tariff is just double that of Robin-

son's, and this increase will, probably, be found to be unwise."

FROM BOSTON, MASS., our usual weekly report of amusements, dated Dec. 21, is as appended: "The holidays are near at hand, and with them comes the promised spectacle at the Boston Theatre, resplendent with new and beautiful scenery, gorgeous costumes, pretty faces and festive legs. This time the spectacle is called "The Naiad Queen,"—as good a name as any. It was brought out on Dec. 15, and has attracted a succession of large houses throughout the week. The scenery is the most elaborate and beautiful ever presented here, and Mr. Charles S. Getz has outdone himself. We understand that it was all planned by Mr. Getz, and executed by him with only the assistance of his nephew, Mr. John Sommer. For the new and elaborate stage architecture we are indebted to the machinist, Mr. W. P. Prescott; for the incidental dresses to Miss Annie Radasse; for the properties to Mr. J. B. Sullivan; for the gas-engineering and calciums to Mr. George Wilkinson; while the happy choice of the incidental music is due to the popular leader, Mr. N. Lothian. Two hundred and eighty-four people are employed in a single representation. Mr. Prescott requires forty assistants in working the mechanism of the piece, while it takes sixteen persons to attend to the gas and calcium department, and ten to look after the properties. Seven dressers give special attention to preparing the ballets, and five persons are employed in the wardrobe. The cast, although it embraces almost the entire company, affords but little opportunity for the display of any talent. Mrs. Thomas Barry appeared as Lurline (not as Sir Rupert, as we erroneously stated last week), and seemed ill at ease in the part. J. H Fitzpatrick enacted Rupert, and, luckily, the role was brief. D. J. Maginnness as Schnapps was quite funny, and in conjunction with Miss Olivia Rand appeared to advantage in songs, dances, etc. Miss Rand as Idex was, for the first time since her advent here, thoroughly at home in her part. She wore a tasteful costume, and gave free vent to the spirits she has so long held in restraint. Mrs. T. M. Hunter as Fulvia, and Miss Blanche Hayden as Lady Una, looked their prettiest, and that's about all they had a chance to do. The rest of the cast was as usual. Incidental to the piece were a number of variety acts, most of them belonging to the Kiralfy Troupe. Of the ballet the features were, of course, the Kiralfy Brothers and Kiralfy Sisters, all of whom are well and favorably known here in Boston. In addition to these there were two new-comers, Mlle. Adele Boni and Mlle. Giavassi. Both are good dancers, although nothing remarkable. They have, however, made a decided hit here, winning young Boston's heart most completely. But it is not for the principals alone that we admire this troupe. It is for the very original and effective arrangement of the ballet. For this we are indebted to Imre Kiralfy, who has a knack that way almost akin to genius. 'The Ballet of All Nations' is particularly noticeable. Here nearly every nation of the world is represented, all clad in their peculiar costumes, and the colors and costumes blend in with one another with an effect that is simply indescribable. To Imre Kiralfy, also, we are indebted for the arrangement of 'The Amazon March,' which closes the third act. This is the most beautiful moving picture we have ever seen on any stage. The company is divided up into platoons, and each platoon has an armor and a costume peculiar to itself. The result can easily be imagined. The constant change of positions, as they wind in and out among themselves, has a most beautiful effect. The London Madrigal Boys sang 'Gentle Spring,' and made quite a hit. The Suabian Vocalists, the Ulm Sisters, also made a decided hit, receiving some half dozen encores. Young Americus, the chief violinist, has been here before, but is now none the less appreciated. Monsieur Regamey the clever French caricaturist, of whom we have heard so much, drew a couple of first-rate caricatures on noted people of the day. And the Persian Twin Sisters Valdis attracted general attention through their remarkable trapeze performance. They do everything that older and more experienced gymnasts attempt, and do it with an ease and a grace that are truly wonderful. Altogether, the production is a decided success, and will doubtless continue to attract large houses for the next four weeks—its run being limited to that time. The following items, gathered from *The Boston Advertiser*, may prove interesting:

"The Naiad Queen" was first produced in America at Burton's Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1840, with Burton as Schnapps and Charlotte Cushman as Lurline. Its first Boston performance was in 1841, at the Old National. In 1848 it was revived at the same theatre, with J. R. Vincent as Schnapps, Mrs. J. R. Vincent (now a popular member of the Boston Museum) as Bridget, and Emily Mestayer as Lurline. In May, 1867, it was performed at the Boston Theatre, with Agnes Perry (now Mrs. J. B. Booth) as Sir Rupert, Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal as Schnapps and Idex, Mrs. Frank Mayo as Lurline, and Louis Aldrich as Amphibeo.

'The Geneva Cross' has passed through its fourth week at the Museum to an excellent business. It will be continued for one week more, receiving its final performance on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27. Two extra performances will be given Christmas-day. It will thus receive forty-three performances in five weeks. 'The Stranger' will be given Saturday night, 27th inst., and on the 29th 'One Hundred Years Old,' in which Mr. Warren as Jaques Fauvre made such a great hit last season, will be revived. From a small pamphlet circulated the past week among the audience we take the following interesting items: William Warren joined the company for the first time in 1847, and has been a member for twenty-seven years altogether. Mrs. J. R Vincent joined in 1852, and has been a member twenty years. J. A. Smith joined in 1847, and his length of service amounts also to twenty years. J. H. Ring—another twenty years man—joined in 1853. R. M. Field joined in 1864. R. F. McClannin in 1861, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams in 1865, J. Nolan in 1858, Annie Clarke in 1861, Margaret Parker in 1855, and Mary Cary in 1866. Frank Hardenbergh (now at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre) was a member for about twelve years. The last engagement the elder Booth ever played in Boston was at this house......Manager J. B. Booth of Booth's Theatre, New York, has been in town, together with his wife, the popular leading lady of last season at the Boston. They left for New York Dec. 20."

OF THE LEADING THEATRES in Baltimore, Md., the Front-street Theatre alone was open all the week round, and amusement-seekers, of course, repaired thither in crowds. J. M. Ward and Winnetta Montague opened on Dec. 15, appearing the first three nights in "The Winning Hand." Our correspondent, under date of Dec. 21, says: "Mr. Ward assumed a protean role, which gave him ample opportunity to exhibit his versatile talent. Miss Montague, a lady of fine personal appearance, acted Nelly Leighton, and made quite a favorable impression. The support rendered by the stock was mostly good, the principal parts being allotted to S. K. Chester, Samuel Devere, E. F. Barnes, G. B. Radcliff, Sallie Partington and Laura Le Claire. George Radcliff was prevented by a severe hoarseness from doing the scowling villain as usual, and his place was very acceptably filled at short notice by S. C. France, who had closed the previous Saturday. Mr. France performed the entire week. After Wednesday evening 'Buffalo Bill' was substituted, Mr. Ward enacting the hero; Miss Montague, Kitty Muldoon; Chester, Texas Jack; Edeson, the Old Vet; France, Jake McKaudlees, and Miss Chester, Lillie Fielding. The corps de ballet reappeared, after an absence of three weeks, and rendered a new divertisement, termed 'The Fairies of the Rainbow,' in handsome style, the chief figurantes being Helene Smith and Frankie Christie. Sam Devere, who alternates week after week with Ethiopian and Teutonic comicalities, gave the latter this week, and with success. That scuffle with the first fiddler, however, though very funny, could well be dispensed with at this house. The departures on Dec. 20 were the Snow Brothers to New Haven, Ct.; Hogan and Mudge to Acker's, Troy, N. Y.; and J. M. Ward and Winnetta Montague. The announcements for the holiday week are Edith Blande, Ernest Tribolli, the La Verde Sisters, Nellie Howard, Alex. Davis, Sallie Swift and James Hodges......At the Grand Opera-house the Ringgold and Rockwell Combination, with J. H. Stoddard as the central figure, presented 'The Secret Marriage' and 'Americans in Paris' on Monday evening, and 'Dangerous Joy' and 'A Struggle for Life' on Tuesday. The next day they went to Reading, Pa., where they gave three performances, returning hither on Saturday evening and repeating Monday's bill. Though this company did not achieve more than a fair success in a pecuniary sense, yet it harvested golden opinions for its sterling merit, and for the thoroughly enjoyable nature of its performances, as well as their strength and finish of rendition. The Lingards open Dec. 22 with 'Diane;' also, on the same date, the Ravel-Martinetti Troupe, in pantomime......Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, Wild Bill, Mlle. Morlacchi, and a squad of Indians and a dramatic troupe opened at the Maryland Institute on Dec. 20, in 'The Scouts of the Plains,' to a large and lively house. The party remains through Christmas-week."

AT THE CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., Miss Johanna Pritchard was the attraction for the past week. On Dec. 15 a new drama entitled "The Haunted Husband, or Lady Chetwynd's Spectre," was acted for the first time on any stage. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 20, says: "It is a dramatization by Miss Pritchard of a serial story of the same title, which was published in *The Ledger* a short time ago. The following is a brief sketch:

Roy, Marquis of Chetwynd, falls in love with and marries Bernice, a poor girl, thereby arousing the jealousy of his stepsister Silvia Monk, who was betrothed to Roy by his mother when dying. Silvia, maddened by jealousy, procures poison and administers it, as she supposes, to Bernice, but Gilbert Monk, her (Silvia's) brother, who was also in the plot against the life of the young wife, having himself fallen madly in love with her, changes the poison to a draught that produces for the time a semblance of death. Bernice is buried in the family vault, and the Marquis, broken hearted, departs for France, while Gilbert rescues Bernice from the tomb and carries her to Morri Castle, where he, by swearing that the Marquis loves Silvia, arouses her jealousy, and makes her swear never to reveal her identity without his permission. The Marquis, after a time, returns home, and Silvia artfully reminds him of his mother's dying wish, and as he is unwillingly offering her marriage, the supposed spectre of Bernice appears, and so unnerves him that he desists for the time. She appears several times to him, and at last he tears a piece of lace from her dress while she is escaping. With this clue that the spectre is a living woman he employs a detective to unravel the mystery, who after numerous failures finds her, and just as the Marquis and Silvia are to be united produces her, thereby breaking up the ceremony and making glad the heart of the Marquis. Silvia, broken-hearted, retires to a convent, and Gilbert ... beggar upon the world.

The drama possesses considerable interest, and is rather well written, but the dialogue needs pruning. Miss Pritchard was very fair as Bernice, and Charles Waverly dressed the character of the Marquis very neatly, while his acting was excellent. J. P. Rutledge was very good as Gilbert, and Miss Louise Peterson deserves credit for her rendition of Silvia. The remainder of the cast included R. L. Mortimer, C. B. Waite, E. C. McCall, A. W. Gregory, F. J. Morris, C. Marshall, Mrs. Young, Bella Farrett and Miss Moreland. 'The Haunted Husband' was acted until the 19th, when 'Auremania' was substituted and played the remainder of the week. The attendance during the week was light. On the 22d, Oliver Doud Byron, supported by Harry Clifford, commences a two weeks' engagement......Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand commenced an engagement at the Opera-house on the 15th in 'Davy Crockett,' which was very favorably received. Mr. Mayo is admirably adapted to the character of Davy Crockett, his fine physique, excellent voice, and quiet and thoroughly natural manner all tending to make it a very enjoyable and effective personation. Miss Rand, an old favorite here, sustained the role of Eleanor Vaughan in a very pleasing manner, the pathetic portion and her love scenes with Davy being charmingly given. The support given by J. A. Meade, J. H. Vance and Lizzie Herbert was commendable. Miss Clara Hopkins deserves a word of praise for her clever acting of Bob Crockett, and the same will apply to J. D. Bradley as the parson. The drama was put on the stage in fine style, the Wolf scene and the home of Crockett being especially handsome. The attendance has averaged good. Tomasso Salvini and company appear on the 22d in 'Samson' for that night only. Frank Mayo and Rosa Rand fill out the rest of the week, producing some old-time successes......The benefit tendered to Manager Keeble, at Martin Hall on the 17th, was a success, both in a pecuniary and an artistic sense. The programme consisted of the dramas of 'Meg's Diversion' and 'The Carpenter of Rouen,' songs by Gertie Granville, and a recitation by Johanna Pritchard. Mr. Keeble left for the South on the 19th, taking with him the good wishes of our citizens."

JOHN WISER, a scenic artist of much repute, died at Rahway, N. J., Dec. 17. He was a native of Philadelphia, and at an early age evinced a strong desire for the stage. In company with a number of youths, among whom were Edmon S. Connor and Silas S. Steele, he established an amateur association on Fifth street above Cherry. As he increased in years he developed a taste for drawing, which he finally made a study. Discovering that it was more profitable to paint scenery than portraits or landscapes, he secured an engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, and was associated with George Hielge. In 1840 he was particularly distinguished as a painter. In 1843 he was engaged at the National Theatre, then under the management of Gen. Welsh. In 1850 he undertook the management of that theatre, but the enterprise did not prove profitable. Some of the fine scenery displayed at Niblo's Garden when under William Wheatley's management was from his pencil. A panorama painted by him, called "The Garden of Eden," and exhibited in Philadelphia, won the highest encomiums. Many of his drop curtains were much admired, and he was considered a powerful rival to the late Russell Smith. When the late Edwin Forrest erected his new art gallery, he selected Mr. Wiser to fit up the little theatre in its basement. His disease was softening of the brain, and he left a wife and children to mourn their loss.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., Maggie Mitchell closed her three weeks' engagement on Dec. 20, giving six evening and two matinee performances of "Jane Eyre" to audiences that held out nobly in point of numbers till toward the close, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 20, further remarking: "Miss Minnie Monk, a new face on the Washington boards, filled the part of Georgiana, and did it very well. In 'The Geneva Cross,' to be produced on Dec. 22, there will be a better opportunity than heretofore of a critical judgment on the resources of the company......Ford's Opera-house has closed another successful week through the attractive powers of Miss Clara Morris and her repertoire of emotional society dramas. Halevy's 'Alixe' held the boards till Wednesday evening, and the rest of the week was given to 'Article 47,' 'Alixe' being repeated, however, for Saturday's matinee. The reception given by the Washington public to Miss Morris was a perfect ovation. The settings of the stage, particularly in 'Alixe,' were a new revelation to stay-at-home Washingtonians, and, taken in connection with a similar display of taste and enterprise at the National, as already mentioned, give hope of a new era in the mechanics of the stage here. As perfection is not to be expected in things mundane, it may not be censurable to mention that the support given to Miss Morris was a little weak in some of the parts. The Strakosch Operatic Company appear on Dec. 22, 23, in 'Mignon.' Dominick Murray follows the vocalists with 'Escaped from Sing Sing.'"

"DRAMATIST" advertises for sale several plays written by a well-known author.

F. J. WILDMAN, finding that the licenses in Tennessee are exorbitant, will not perform at Knoxville during Christmas-week, as had been announced, but will amuse the people of Charlottesville, Va.

BAKER AND FARRON, supported by a dramatic company under the management of Spaulding & Pope of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., performed at Peoria, Ill., Dec. 19, 20.

JANAUSCHEK and a dramatic company played at Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 15, 16, 17.

JAMES FITZSIMMONS, lessee and manager of the Opera-house, Wheeling, W. Va., finding that it is impossible to run a regular dramatic season, paid off his company, and is reported as now doing a good business with combinations. The Lingard Comedy Company, Fox & Denier's Pantomime Troupe, and Cal Wagner's Minstrels have already played successful engagements. The Ringgold & Rockwell Combination, John E. Owens' Company and the Kellogg English Opera Company are to perform there.

JAMES C. DUNN, the well-known actor and vocalist, is to lead to the altar Miss Mary Louisa Burtsell, on Sunday, Dec. 28.

HERNANDEZ FOSTER announces through our advertising columns that he will shortly produce his new drama called "Monday, or Jack Harkaway Among the Brigands."

J. K. EMMET, who is playing to full houses at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is thus spoken of by the press of that city:

MR. EMMET AS "FRITZ" AT THE WALNUT.—Mr. Joseph K. Emmet last night, at the Walnut-street Theatre, represented Fritz in Mr. Charles Gayler's drama of "Fritz, or Our Cousin German." The house was well filled, and the performance was greatly enjoyed by those who witnessed it. When Mr. Emmet first personated Fritz, some four years ago, in this city, he was comparatively a novice, but his performance then had much merit. Since then he has represented the part many times, both in the New and the Old World, and, as it was to have been expected, he has improved greatly. Mr. Gayler's play will not take a very high rank as a work of art, but it answers the purposes of its creation in affording Mr. Emmet a number of animated scenes in which he can employ his accomplishments to advantage. It not a first class drama, it has at least an abundance of action in it, and Mr. Emmet contrives to make it entertaining. Mr. Emmet is certainly the best representative of a Dutchman we have on the stage. A humorist himself, he is the cause of humor in others, and his humor is the more enjoyable from the fact that it is natural and apparently spontaneous, the quiet, subdued manner of the actor making his points exceedingly telling with the audience. Mr Emmet is really too good an actor to found his reputation on so indifferent a play as "Fritz," and we hope that the new piece entitled "Max, the Merry Swiss Boy," written for him by Mr. H. J. Byron, will be worthier of his talents.—*Evening Telegraph.*

MR. JOSEPH K. EMMET, who is playing a very successful engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, is one of the very few character comedians who can elevate a very commonplace drama from the level of mediocrity by the clearness of their impersonations. "Fritz, our Cousin German," divested of its sensational situations, is as stupid a play as can readily be found, but Mr. Emmet, by faithfully adhering to the dialectic peculiarities of the German tongue, and appealing at the critical moment directly to the hearts of his audience, has transformed it into quite a charming comedy. Personally, Mr. Emmet is admirably suited to his profession. To a shapely figure and considerable facial expression, he adds an agreeable elocutionary method and a very natural action. His voice is mellow and capable of the most exquisite modulation, and he sings his ballads in a style that would honor a far more pretending artist. It is a matter of sincere regret that such a capable actor should be associated with a comedy so inferior as that to which we have alluded, and we trust that his new play, "Max, the Swiss Boy," in which he is to appear during the Christmas holidays, will afford a better opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents.—*Evening Herald.*

AT THE WALNUT-STREET THEATRE this week Mr. Joseph K. Emmet is repeating with success his well-known specialty of "Fritz, our Cousin German." He hits off the comic features of the German emigrant in America in a way that shows considerable histrionic aptitude. Many have followed in his wake, but he far surpasses them all.—*North American.*

MUSICAL.

MISS VIOLETTA COLVILLE met with pronounced success at her recent debut in Italian opera at Pia Cenza, Italy, when she sang Linda in "Linda di Chamounix." We have been permitted to make the following extracts from private letters recently received by Mr. Samuel Colville—one from an old friend of his, who chanced to be present at her debut, and the other from the young lady herself: "Your little girl has made one of the greatest successes ever known in this city. And that it was genuine you may feel convinced from the fact that when she first came upon the stage not a single hand of applause welcomed her. The audience sat very quiet, and looked coldly upon 'the little American.' But at the close of her first cavatina she received five distinct rounds of applause, and after her duet with the tenor she was recalled. In the second act her duet with the contralto was encored, as was also her duet with the basso buffo. After the conclusion of the mad scene, so great was the enthusiasm that the audience were not appeased until Miss Colville had reappeared before them seven times"......"I am so happy! I made such a grand success last night. Ma was so frightened her teeth chattered as if she had an ague fit. When I first enter I come down the mountains. My knees shook so, I thought every moment I would stumble, but as soon as I had finished my cavatina my fright entirely disappeared. The immense rounds of applause cured me. The scene with my father went splendidly, and when he cursed me I fell full length. I shall remember last night's fall for a while. It scraped my arm and hurt my side—bruises that will pass away very soon. The Sindac of the city came behind the scenes and congratulated me. In fact, there was no want of congratulations last night. I had hard work to reach my dressing-room, the way being blocked up by people all eager to pay me compliments. My duet with the tenor went magnificently. Rejoice with your happy little daughter." Miss Colville has been engaged to sing the roles of Dinorah and Elvira at the new Opera-house, Verona, Italy, during the carnival season.

P. MILFORD, clarionet player, advertises for an engagement.

LEAVITT'S SWISS BELLRINGERS' TROUPE No. 1, with the Batchelder Sisters, vocalists, and M. J. Fitzpatrick, comedian, will perform at Mayville, N. Y., Dec. 22, Sherman 23, Finley's Lake 24, Panama 25, Clymer 26, Wattsburg 27.

CAROLINE RICHINGS is to give Old Folks concerts at Scranton, Pa., Dec. 25 and 26.

AN OLD FOLKS CONCERT was given by amateurs, under the direction of Miss Carrie Wallace, at Harrisburg, Pa., on Dec. 18, for the benefit of the poor of that city, and attracted a large audience.

A GOOD MUSICIAN, who can play E flat cornet and the violin, advertises for an engagement. He is also competent to lead or instruct a brass band.

THE THIRD and last performance of "Aida" at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, was given on the evening of the 15th inst., by the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, Mlle. Nilsson making her first appearance during their season on the 16th, sustaining the character of Mignon in the opera of that title. These two concluding performances attracted the largest attendance, but the season has not been successful.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol S. Russell are billed as follows: Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 24, 25, Chester 26, York 27, 28, Winnsboro 29, Columbia, S. C. 30, 31, Sumter Jan. 1, 1874, Camden 2, 3, Newberry 5, 6, Spartanburg 7, 8, Grenville 9, Anderson 10, Gainsville, Ga., 12, 13, Atlanta 14, 15, Covington 16, Madison 17, Athens 19, Washington 20, Augusta 21, 22, Charleston 26, 27, 28, Savannah 29, 30, 31.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE terminated a three weeks' engagement at Hooley's Opera-house, Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 20. The repertoire of the past week consisted of "Lucia," "Trovatore," "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Faust," and on Saturday night (20th), selections from several operas. The season, taking all in all, was one of the most satisfactory Chicago has ever known, both financially and musically. The company appeared at Peoria 22, Bloomington 23, Springfield 24, Terre Haute, Ind., 25, Dayton, O., 26, 27.

THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY gave their first concert this season at the Academy on the 20th of December, the house being crowded to excess, ladies having to sit on the stair steps and in the orchestra. Madame Torriani was the vocalist, her two operatic scenes costing the society $600. The concert was, instrumentally, the best ever given by the society, and the receipts were greater than ever before.

THE CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD Old Folks Musical Union of Philadelphia appeared for one night—December 15—at the Central Congregational Church, Dr. Scudder's "Tabernacle," Brooklyn, N. Y., to a crowded assemblage, and the troupe made a decided impression. The occasion was the benefit of the organist of the church, Mr. Tomlin.

THE STRAKOSCH OPERA TROUPE, with Nilsson, will concertize at Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., beginning on the 30th inst.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA will give its first concert this season, at Pike's Opera-house, Jan. 8, 1874.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB of Boston, Mass., gave a concert at Dayton, O., on Dec. 20th.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY performed at Ford's Opera house, Baltimore, Md., on the evenings of Dec. 18, 19 and the afternoon of the 20th, presenting "Les Huguenots," "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

THE VESCELIUS TRIO are to give a concert at Rockford, Ill., Dec. 23.

THE PEAK AND PRAEGER FAMILIES are enjoying a vacation at Niles, Mich.

VARIETY HALLS.

JAMES ROWLAND, horizontal-bar and trapeze performer, is at present engaged at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., where he can be addressed.

ANNIE AND JENNIE GIBBONS and Jimmy Williams are to commence an engagement at Newton's Varieties, Hartford, Ct., Dec. 29.

THE RONDOUT, N. Y., OPERA-HOUSE has closed for the season.

LOTTIE BROWN, vocalist, is at present performing at Aims' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A LADY advertises for a partner to do double song-and-dance and character business.

BILLY PASTOR, the manager of the Theatre Comique, Jersey City, N. J., during the past week made an offer to the police authorities of that city to give a benefit for the relief of the poor, upon the following conditions: The police to furnish tickets, sell them and take them in at the door, and Mr. Pastor to furnish the entire entertainment, theatre, lights, advertising, etc., gratuitously. The matter is now under consideration, and will probably be carried out.

ARCHIE HUGHES, Billy Pastor, John Pendy, Charley Lord, Alice Somers, Iona Lang and Kitty Sharpe were the chief attractions at the Theatre Comique, Jersey City, N. J., during the past week. The following are underlined for Dec. 22: Eugene Blitz, Shed and John Le Clair, Minnie Burt, Terny and Cronan.

BILLY WYLIE, Dutch comedian, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged.

THE LE CLAIRS—Shed and John—advertise that they can be engaged for the tenting season of 1874. Business: high floating wire, antipodean act with a bottle pyramid, enchanted hats, leaps, etc.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS are wanted for the Theatre Comique, Albany, N. Y. See advertisement.

GEO. H. ADAMS, still clown, who is at present engaged at the Theatre Comique, this city, advertises that he can be secured for vacant dates.

MANAGERS desiring to engage E. D. Davies, ventriloquist, are referred to press extracts in our business department, where they will also find his address.

ARTISTS OF ABILITY are wanted for Lane's Theatre Comique, Scranton, Pa., and for Frauenthal's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre. See advertisements.

HARRY STANWOOD, banjoist, can be addressed as per card elsewhere.

ED. BANKER, change artist, and Florence Wells, dancer and character actress, can be engaged after Jan. 3, 1874. See card.

CRISSIE MORRELL, Viola Clifton, Long and Williams, and the Langlois Brothers all put in an appearance at Deagle's Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Sunday last, Dec. 14, and have been entertaining full houses ever since. Miss Morrell has a choice selection of ballads, which she renders in an exceedingly lively manner. Viola Clifton is as popular as ever, and is repeatedly encored. Long and Williams are very fair dancers, and the Langlois Brothers, in their juggling feats, are quite proficient, and introduce some new tricks. The burlesque of "The Fair One with the Blonde Wig" has been the concluding piece this week, and has been performed in a creditable manner, with good effect. Business lively all week...... Leopold and Geraldine and Miss Nully Pieris were the new arrivals at the Theatre Comique this week. Miss Pieris met with a warm reception on her first appearance, and has been increasing in popularity ever since. She rendered the ballad "We Sat by the River, You and I," in splendid style, and was frequently encored. Leopold and Geraldine, in their mid-air evolutions, display a wonderful nerve and agility. Next week Polly Daly, Cogill and Cooper, and J. L. Davis and his dogs are expected. Business excellent. Correspondence dated Dec. 13.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., has now a very strong company—the best of the season. Tillie Antonio returned on the 15th, and introduced a skipping-rope dance that was well executed, correctness of time and difficult steps being particularly noticeable. Mollie Murphy as the Active Girl was very good. Charlie Benedict is a good Ethiopian artist, very funny, whilst in his songs-and-dances he ranks high. A bone-solo by Johnny Murphy was redemanded. Nell West has been re-engaged for two weeks more, having made a hit. The following close on the 20th: J. L. Davis and his dogs, go to St. Louis; Will H. Stowe, for Tony Pastor's, New York; and Jas. Rowland, for Cleveland. On the 22d Johnny McVeigh, late of Harry Robinson's Minstrels, opens. A matinee will be given on Christmas. On Feb. 2, an entirely new company will appear, giving their initial performance at the Opera-house, and afterwards at the Comique......At Weber's Temple of Music, Vic. Howard appeared on the 15th, and sang fairly. The Hurling Brothers gave a fine trapeze act, and the Crimmins Brothers a good song-and-dance, the two latter being mere youths. Matt McColium was recalled for his banjo-solo. May Fielding was in good voice, and received hearty encores for her changes. Mme. Lopez and family, the cards of the company, although re-engaged for another week, did not appear, on account of some difficulty with Harry Butler the stage-manager. Master Frank Lopez and Little Charlie have added double songs-and-dances to their repertoire, and made a hit in "Little Frauds." The new people for the 22d are Harry Bernard, Mlle. Olivia and Frank LeRoy......Johnny and Annie Clark have returned from the East, and are sojourning for the holidays in Detroit. So state our advices of Dec. 19.

AT WHITE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., where full houses have been in attendance, the new appearances last week were El Nino Eddie, Kearney and Moran, Mlle. Emaline, Maud Lewis, Frank and Eva Bennett. The sensational sketch of "Under the Lamp-post" was presented on the 16th inst., and is meeting with success. Lillian Howard in her songs is encored, Mlle. Rosa the premiere dancer still continues a favorite, and El Nino Eddie the tight-rope artist does some very daring feats. He closes on the 20th, and goes to New York. Nell Clark, club-swinger, opens there on the 22d......At Buchanan's Olympic Theatre, the new faces were Emerson and Waters, song-and-dance men, and Grace Garland, vocalist. Manager Buchanan has a strong company at present. Among the artists are Annie Hindle and Clara Burton, jig-dancer. Annie Hindle took a farewell benefit on Dec. 17, and afterwards left for Troy, N. Y. A trial-jig was one of the attractions of her benefit, the contestants being Miss Clara Burton, Grace Garland, Lizzie Buchanan, and Emerson and Waters. Miss Burton fairly won the prize, a silver goblet.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, the past week, was very large, some sixty new seats being erected in the orchestra in order to meet the increasing patronage. The Royal Japanese Troupe in their wonderful balancing and magical feats proved a decided feature of attraction, and the sensational drama of "Jim Sharkey, or Escaped from the Tombs," concluded one of the best programmes of the season. Miss Edith Blande, Mlle. Fontainebleau, Eugene Blitz and the Japs closed December 20. Manchester and Jennings and Paul Bunz open on the 22d inst., when will be produced Joseph C. Foster's equestrian drama of the "Terror of the Road," introducing his trained horses, and Frank Foster in the title-role. A new ballet, entitled "A Night in Paris," will also be produced on the 22d inst.

LAST WEEK'S PROGRAMME at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, presented as novel features the farce of "Turn Him Out," with F. W. Hull as Nicodemus Nobbs; the capital act on skates of John E. Taylor; the sketch of "The Photographer," with James Roche as Jeltne Larkins; and the concluding drama of "Blackeyed Susan," with Miss Nellie Germon in the title-role. J. E. Taylor closed Dec. 20. Miss Kate Fisher commences on the 22d inst., opening in "Mazeppa," Mr. A. R. Phelps sustaining the part of Abder Khan. John and Maggie Fielding also open here on the 22d.

EMIL GOROUX, Olla Zumarra, Gus Peters, Mlle. Annetta, Maggie Stanley and Flora Leonetta were added on the 15th inst. to the company at Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia. Emil Goroux gave a clever balancing act, entitled the "Dancing Barrel;" Olla Zumarra performed an excellent tight-rope act; Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta were very amusing in their Dutch character sketches, especially as "The Happy Dietcher Couple;" and the dancing of Mlle. Flora Leonetta and Miss Maggie Stanley was favorably received by the audiences. Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Shaw, John Drew and Katie Howard closed on the 20th inst. The pantomime of "Vol-au-Vent will be produced on the 22d inst., with Gus Peters as Bibo, a clown.

J. E. BALDWIN, who can be addressed care of this office, wants to engage four colored lady vocalists to travel in Europe.

BEN BROWN, comedian, etc., whose address find elsewhere, wants to engage a comic vocalist, a violinist and a magician, to travel with him.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER have secured a copyright of their latest production, entitled "Tricks in Love," and they caution all parties against infringing upon their rights.

VARIETY ARTISTS desiring engagements at the Theatre Comique, Chicago, Ill., can address T. J. Howe, as per card elsewhere.

AT THE RACE-STREET VARIETIES, Cincinnati, O., the new appearances since last report have been Delia Wallace, vocalist, on Dec. 15, and Millie Basoure, vocalist, on the 18th. George Morton and Lew Clark still occupy the ends, and Nellie Georgia, Lottie Georgia, Nellie Holloway, Kate Hunter and Lizzie Lundry constitute the rest of the company. So state advices of Dec. 19.

MISS VIOLA CLIFTON's stock of jewelry has been depleted considerably of late through the peculations of a colored servant named Ellen Galloway, who assisted her to dress while performing at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, Mo. Ellen was arrested, and, as several pawn-tickets were found in her possession, it is probable that some of the property will be recovered.

THE GERMANIA VARIETIES, Albany, N. Y., is doing a flourishing biz, the attraction being the Robinson Family, consisting of Lizzie, Nellie, and Dick—three little midgets, who are excellent in their specialities. Charles Hanlin, juggler and gymnast, is a good performer. James A. Hearne, vocalist, seems to be a favorite, and Philip Bride, musician, completes the company......At the Theatre Comique business has continued satisfactory, with the same company as announced in our last issue. On the 22d Professor Adler, violinist, and Fanny Shay, serio-comic, open, the departures being E. Clarke, gymnast, who goes to Providence; Billy Van Allen, to Acker's, Troy; and Nellie Byron, who retires from the boards for a while.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., the new appearances on Dec. 15 were Lulu Delmay, Flora McDonald, Ryan and Diamond, all of whom were most flatteringly received. The departures on the 20th were the Collyer Brothers, Ryan and Diamond, to Kernan's Opera-house, Baltimore; Bland Holt and Lina Edwin to New York. The announcements for the 22d are S. K. Chester and Miss Annie E. Chester in "The Child Stealer;" George S. Knight, James Sandford, gymnast; Fannie Morrillo, vocalist; Smith and Waldron, song and-dance. Business fair...... The new faces at the Metropolitan Theatre were Sergt. J. E. Burk, lightning drill, Mazora Arnoldi, and Harry Weeks, comedian. Miss Jessie Howard, who had been engaged to play a leading character in "The Banker's Victim," failed to put in an appearance. Miss Annie Rochfort was cast for the part at short notice, and performed it in creditable style. The departures on the 20th were Georgie May, Lillie Raymond and Little Florence to Norfolk Varieties. The announcements for the 22d are Annie Clare, jig-dancer, Ling Look and Yamadiva. So wrote our correspondent on Dec. 20.

VIVIAN, assisted by C. W. Jester, ventriloquist; Mme. J. Reiffarth, vocalist, and Digby Palmer, pianist, closed a series of entertainments at Victoria, B. C., Nov. 29.

JONES & DALY, dramatic agents, 224 Arch street, Philadelphia, are prepared to negotiate engagements for Boyd and Scott, song-and-dance performers; Patti Rosa, Little Delmay and others. Read their advertisements.

THE WINNETTS can be engaged by addressing as per card in another column.

THE VARIETIES, Petersburg, Va., was opened Dec. 15, under the management of William H. Miles, assisted by Sam. R. Orme, stage-manager, and Prof. Cooper, leader of orchestra. The company was as follows: Mlle. Carolista, Carrie Westborough, Mollie Sommers, Carrie Wood, Tommy Turner, Sam. R. Orme, W. H. Miles and Johnny Smith. The d'Orville Brothers—Bertie and Jerome—gave a high-rope performance in front of the theatre on Dec. 16.

BARTON OPERA-HOUSE, Syracuse, N. Y., is to be reopened, and first-class performers are advertised for by Harry Singer, the lessee and manager.

AT THE ODEON VARIETIES Newark, N. J., the departures on Dec. 20 were the Hawley Brothers and the Ford Sisters. Those announced for Dec. 22 are Harry Shay, James Welsh, Harry Mack and his trained dogs, and Bella Gordon, song-and-dance.

ALEX. DAVIS, ventriloquist, is favorably noticed by the Pittsburgh, Pa., press, as will be seen by extracts published in another column.

ALBERT SARONY, character actor and mimic, has joined Booth's Dramatic Combination, which is to perform at Chicopee, Mass., Dec. 25.

FOR THE SECOND TIME this season we are called upon to chronicle the closing of the Opera-house, Louisville, Ky., this time under the name of Deagle's Variety Theatre, which terminated its short and unsuccessful season of ten nights on Dec. 12, wrote our correspondent on Dec. 18, continuing: "Len. Deagle of Cincinnati leased the Opera-house the latter part of November, and on Dec. 1 opened it as a variety and sensational theatre. From the size of the audience on the opening night, the enterprise bade fair to be a success, but after the opening the attendance was small, and when pay-day came the receipts had not been sufficient to defray the salaries of the company; but Mr. Deagle informed them that he expected money from Cincinnati, and that on its arrival everything would be made right. As the money was not forthcoming, the company began to show signs of uneasiness, and Deagle left on Wednesday for Cincinnati, promising to bring back with him the money on the following day, but neither Deagle nor money put in an appearance, and on Friday evening the door of Deagle's Variety Theatre were closed; the company left without a dollar; the newspapers minus their money for advertising; and the business manager, Hall, seeking a safe retreat to avoid the demands of the creditors. As nothing was paid for rent, gas, salaries or advertising, Deagle must have carried away the gross receipts with him. No blame can be attached to the business manager, Mr. Hall, as he is 'left' with the remainder of the company. Managers Etley & Shaw of the Vandeville Theatre kindly came to the aid of the destitute parties, and furnished them with money sufficient to liquidate their board-bills and carry them to other places, where engagements awaited them. On Friday two parties arrived who were engaged to open Dec. 15, and their disappointment, at hearing of the abrupt closing, was very great......W. M. Mitchell and Miss Nellie Clark were the new appearances at the Vandeville Theatre on Dec. 15, where business continues large. W. M. Mitchell, who eats red-hot iron and expectorates ten-penny nails, gives a wonderful performance. Miss Clark is a fine performer, and it is seldom that her club exercises are excelled. She has a very pretty face and a fine form. The Arnold Brothers and Cora Cushman are billed to appear on the 22d. The Wheeler Family depart on the 20th, destination uncertain. Lizzie and Harry Watson, who were engaged to appear on the 8th, and whose failure to arrive we noticed in our last, were deterred from coming by not having received their salaries from the manager of the Dominion Theatre, Montreal." [Mr. Deagle is the manager.—ED.]

NED AND ANNIE FOX and Macy A. Roadcap were the fresh features at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 15. Miss Fox has pleasing features, a clear voice, and a shapely form, and does her serio-comics in good style. Ned Fox is a fair comedian, and met with success. Miss Roadcap was hailed with applause. Business first-rate. No departures on the 20th. The Comique will be closed 22d, on which evening the company will play at St. James Hall. Prof. and Baby Bindley, Gus Mills and Frank Jones will be the successions, and continue at the Comique through the week, which will be the last but one of the season......A number of new people appeared at Mozart Varieties on the 15th, including Billy Hasson, Murphy and Egbert, Bryant and Williams, Henshaw and Lawton, and Maud Le Moine. A lengthy and diversified bill was presented, and full houses prevailed. Four end men appeared in the minstrel scene, which was placed half-way down the programme, the performance opening with the olio. Harry Gurr and Mlle. Bastian closed on the 19th, going to Erie; and Bryant and Williams departed on the 20th, opening in Rochester 22d. No arrivals are announced.

BUSINESS HAS BEEN GOOD the past week at Lane's Theatre Comique, Scranton, Pa. The new faces on Dec. 15 were Archie White and the Gilmore Sisters—Alice in song-and-dance and Fannie, vocalist. They are fine performers and great favorites here. They close on the 20th. Frank Carlton, Dave McCoy, Minnie Hassen, Lillie May, G. W. Wray, Miss Lillie, and Dan Luke still remain......Mr Lane has purchased Frauenthal's Opera-house, Wilkesbarre (more recently known as John Weaver's), which he will open on Dec. 22......German's Hall is not large enough to accommodate the people that crowd to see the entertainments. Messrs. Diffenbach and Haywood are the managers. The attractions the past week were Jimmie Williams, Annie Gibbons, Ada Wallace, Hank Miller, Sallie King, serio-comic vocalist, and Little Clara, in song-and-dance......Ad Weaver and son and Ida Madigan will appear Dec. 20. Jimmie Williams will take a benefit on the 26th. So stated our correspondent under date of Dec. 19.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., business continues good. Worden and Mack were to have opened there on Dec. 15, but Mr. Mack, while practicing in the morning, received a severe fall, and was not able to appear. Mr. Worden, however, met with a good reception in his single songs-and-dances. Miss Keating goes to Indianapolis Dec. 24, for a visit, and then returns to Toledo to open the 29th. Lulu Francis also opens there Dec. 29, and Mollie Wilson, Tom Murray, Mlle. Henrietta, Miss Ella and the Foxes are expected to open Jan. 5, 1874......The Arnold Brothers were in Toledo Dec. 18.

FRED. MEYER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., is reported as doing a good business. The main attractions the past week were Harry Kernell and Bob Wilson, Ethiopian comedians; Zoe de Forrest, balladist; Lydia Webster and others. On Dec. 22 the following are announced to appear. Maggie Gray, Carrie Mellville, Minnie Cooper, Mary Frazer, James Kelly, Anna Claire, Mary Arline, Mollie Robson, Lydia Whyte, Andy Showers and Fred. Morton.

FROM PITTSBURGH, PA., we are in receipt of the appended summary of variety news, dated Dec. 19: "E. D. Davies, the Victorelli Family, Miss Annie Braddon and Miss Lucy Clifton were the additions to the company at the Varieties Theatre on Dec. 15. Mr. Davies' extraordinary ventriloquial powers interested and amused the audience to an unusual degree, and his wit and local hits at times drew forth liberal applause. The Victorelli Family, in their feats on the trapeze and in acrobatic pictures, won merited encomiums, their performances being excellent throughout. Miss Braddon's serio-comic vocalisms were received with much favor, the lady responding to repeated encores. Miss Clifton was a member of the company at this house all of last season, and her appearance on this occasion, in a sketch and drama, was a source of satisfaction to old and new patrons. The Kine Brothers in their bone duets maintain their former popularity. The 'Pathetic Effusions' of Geo. W. Herman were provocative of considerable mirth, and secured for the gentleman a double encore. Miss Emma Ellinger, W. C. Turner, and H. W. Williams contributed attractive features to the entertainments. St George and Gibbons were advertised for the 15th, but have not arrived up to present writing......The fresh arrivals at Fred. Aims' American Theatre on the 15th were Delehanty and Hengler, John Morris, Curtis and Pratt, Peasley and Hughes, Miss Lottie Brown, Mlle. Jutau, Geo. W. Brown, and Mlle. Lea. Delehanty and Hengler's songs and dances were greeted with general approbation. The mystic changes of John Morris were in a measure beyond the comprehension of the beholders, and his delineations afforded a brief season of uninterrupted enjoyment. The skating act of Curtis and Pratt was a good feature, and met with approval. Peasley and Hughes are song-and-dance artists of merit. There is originality in what they do, and their performances are nightly redemanded. The vocalization of Miss Brown was quite creditable. The ceiling walking of Mlle. Jutau, without the aid of hooks or any of the ordinary adjuncts, was sensational, thrilling, and artistically accomplished, earning for her generous plaudits. She and George W. Brown appeared in an aerial bar act, which was received with favor. Afterwards Mr. Brown turned a forward somersault from the knees, alighting upon his feet, a difficult act and neatly done. The nonarrival of Mlle. Lea's music deprived the lady of essential facilities for the successful performance of her songs-and-dances, yet she acquitted herself commendably. The ventriloquial entertainment given by Alex. Davis is popular with the auditory, and justly so, as he is an artist of more than average ability in his line. On the afternoon and evening of the 16th sparring exhibitions were given in connection with the performances of the company. Ben Hays, stage-manager, takes a benefit on the 19th, when additional attractions will be presented, and valuable presents bestowed upon those selling the largest number of tickets, among which will be a silver punch-bowl and ladle, and an elegant bootblack box, the latter present being to the bootblack bringing the largest number of boys to buy gallery tickets. Ricardo Freary, Miss Nellie Steele, James McDonald, Mlle. Lucille and Baby McDonald, lately of J. C. Stewart's European Combination, are at this house. Valentine Love's dramas fill out the bills, Miss Nellie Maskell and Mr. Love acting the leading parts. Delehanty and Hengler's engagements closed on the 17th, the gentlemen immediately departing for the East. This is the last week of Mr. Hays' stage-management. Mr. Valentine Love will be his successor."

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE is billed to exhibit at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 24.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Columbus, O., the new management, Messrs. Johnson & Meneeley, are said to have profitably enlivened business. On Dec. 15 many new faces appeared. John McVeigh, comedian; Millie Zoe, dancer; Kitty de Welle, vocalist; Ned Reed, George Annibal, Frank Harrington, May de Forrest, Nellie and Jennie Clifford and Fanny West, are among the attractions. Sam Cole and Jennie Cole are announced for the 22d, and a lively holiday week is promised by the management.

VARIETY HALLS IN BALTIMORE, MD., did a good business during the past week. At the Odeon, Frank Wood, Ethiopian comedian and song-and-dance, opened Dec. 15. The residue of the company comprises George L. Hall, Billy Cotton, Robert Rhodes, George Hall, Jr., Clara Moore, Kitty Whitland, Ella Sheldon, Lou Edwards and Emma Devere. No changes for the present. Mr. Julius Wegner, the popular superintendent of this house, was married on Dec. 18, at Saint Lucas' Church, to Miss Mary Eisenbrot of this city.........No fresh faces beamed upon the boards of the Opera-house, yet an enjoyable entertainment was presented. The departures Dec. 20 were Amelia Dean and Charles Vincent to New York, and Lew and Frank Collins to Acker's, Troy, 29th, Indianapolis, Jan. 12. Ryan and Diamond, the Collyer Brothers, and Emma Marsh are to open here 22d......Frank Howe, one of the managers of the late American Theatre Comique, commences an engagement at Aims', Pittsburgh, Dec. 22......It now appears that there is little prospect of another theatre on the site of the ruins of the Baltimore Museum, or American Comique. This is a pity, for the location is, probably, the best in the city for theatrical purposes, dramatic or variety, and it certainly has the advantage in that respect of all the other places of amusement here. What the obstacle may be is as yet purely a matter of conjecture; the moneyed men of this city are somewhat noted, however, for fighting shy with their capital. Correspondence dated Dec. 21.

THE NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., on Dec. 15 were Gilday and Giniven, Zoe de Forrest and Agnes Sutherland.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Johnny Brassel and Frank Bell opened Dec. 16. Those announced for the 23d are Kate Howard, serio-comic; Georgie May, dancer; Ella Raymond, vocalist and dancer; and Little Florence, song and-dance.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Jackson, Mich., Lew. Hallett, Kathleen O'Neil and Lizzie Shelton were the new faces of the past week. J. C. Murphy, Mollie Murphy and Joe Norton are billed for Dec. 29.

AT THE WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Providence, R. I., Harry and Nellie Brooks were the fresh appearances on Dec. 15, and a Japanese troupe will constitute the especial feature of the present week.

TALENT is advertised for by Frank Gryton, manager of the Theatre Comique, Harrisburg, Pa.

THE THEATRE CO... comfortable and cosy littl... the amusement ring at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 1st, and up to the present writing, Dec. 18, says our correspondent, 'has been filled to the brim at each entertainment. The theatre in question is situated at 568, 570 and 572 State street, and, from present indications, is in a favored locality. The auditorium is on the level with the street, with a high ceiling, and the whole frescoed in a style pleasing to the eye. The frescoing, scenery, and drop-curtain do honor to Frank D. Skiff the artist. The place is supplied with two private boxes, draped and finished in rich style. It has a seating capacity of about 1150, and every seat commands an unobstructed view of the stage. T. J. Howe & Co. are the proprietors; Mike Kanane, stage-manager; and Geo. Carland, leader of orchestra. The first night's performance opened with a female-minstrel first part, with S. S. Purdy and Tom McIntyre on the ends, Wm. Bailey in the middle, Lulu Mattice, Lottie Williams and Hattie Hawthorne in ballads. This portion of the performance passed off very creditably for the first night. In the olio Mike Kanane executed a medley clog in superior style, and was complimented with an encore. He was followed by S. S. Purdy in an act styled 'The Drum Major,' which called for loud applause. Ida Fox executed a fair fancy dance. Wm. Sparks' balancing and cannon-ball acts were fine. Nora Ryan does a very neat song-and-dance. Johnny Manning in specialties took the house by storm, and Tom McIntyre appeared to advantage in song-and-dance. In addition to the above, the company appeared in laughable sketches, etc. All in all, the performance afforded good satisfaction, and seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. Isabella Newton commences this evening, and the 22d Jimmy and Dollie Emerson will appear. The departures on the 20th will be William Sparks, Johnny Manning and Nora Ryan, going to St. Paul, Minn., to open with W. R. Hayden......John Neilan, Mabel Gray, Vinnie Elmo, Master Clarence and Tower Reynolds put in an appearance at the Winter Garden on Dec. 15. John Neilan's Irish specialties are very fine. Mabel Gray has fairly won her way into popular favor, and sings her serio-comic ballads in a dashing and graceful style. Master Clarence executes an acceptable song-and-dance, and is called out four or five times each evening. Tower Reynolds attempts a fire act styled 'The Fire Demon,' but is only fair. Vinnie Elmo is passably good. Emma Gertrude has caught the boys with her winning ways and her clever songs-and-dances. C. D. Banks, Master Clarence and Tower Reynolds close on the 20th, the former going to White's Opera-house, Memphis, and the last-named destination not known. Yankee Dan, character vocalist, and J. W. Eagan, Irish comedian, are billed for the 22d."

THE FAMILIAR BURLESQUE of "Robinson Crusoe" last week formed the attraction at the Howard, Boston, Mass., serving as an excellent vehicle for introducing the usual variety performances. In it Adah Richmond wore a couple of very tasteful costumes as the hero, Robinson, but had little else to do. M. W. Leffingwell appeared as Will Atkins. Jennie Arnot also made her first appearance, and proved a decided acquisition. She is pretty, dresses with taste, and acts with modesty and discretion. Harry Bloodgood as Friday and Luke Schoolcraft as Hokey Pokee were both good. Master Martin created considerable laughter as the Monkey. In the variety department the Nelsons, Little Marie and Kathie, Austin and Hess and the Lanner ballet, were retained from the previous week. The well-known Daly Brothers opened, and Bonnie Runnells ditto. On Dec. 20 Bonnie Runnells, Leffingwell, Master Martin, John Sanford, Austin and Hess, the Nelsons and the Daly Brothers closed. Geo. Harcourt, Minnie Harcourt, Brookhouse Bowler, J. H. Raynor, Prof. Richards, John Williams, Mlle. Zoe and J. B. Studley commence on the 22d.

SPECIAL ARTISTS and first-class combinations desiring engagements at the Olympic Theatre, this city, are referred to Geo. H. Tyler's card in our business department.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS or stars desiring engagements at Deagle's Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., are referred to Geo. J. Deagle's card in another column.

FIRST CLASS variety talent is wanted for the Winter Garden, Chicago, Ill. See advertisement.

AT NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., the receipts were larger the past week than in any previous week since the opening. The new people on Dec. 15 were the Morosco Family—Walter, Young America and Master Charles—Joe and Annie Mack, Frank Clark, Johnny Bartley, Blanche Fuller and Minnie Hall, Jennie Belmont alleging indisposition, and failing to come to time. Illness prevented Annie Mack's appearance after the 15th. "Les Fourbillons" introduced Frank Clark as clown, Rogers and Dowd in a double trapeze act, Minnie Wa Wa on a single trapeze. Walter Morosco ditto, Master Charles on the slack wire, Young America in contortion act, and Billy Chace in burlesque musket-drill, cannon-ball act, etc., all working at the same time, which proved a novel and attractive feature. An extra matinee is to be given on Christmas-day. The Moroscos go to Fall River, Mass., Billy Chace to Troy, and Minnie Wa Wa closes with no present engagement. Charles and Alice Gleason will reappear on Dec. 22, and Fannie Duane and Bobby McGowan will make their first appearance. So reported our correspondent on Dec. 21.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MR. FRANK DUMONT of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, an account of whose troubles in Atlanta, Ga., appeared in last week's CLIPPER, sends us another letter in which he states: "I receive letters daily from parties in Atlanta, who now come forward and offer to testify that I never entered the car in which the robbery was committed. * * * All who know me know that I am an honest man, and not a member of the 'light-fingered gentry,' as the prosecutor would have people believe. I have an engagement for an unlimited time, the confidence of my managers, and the respect of the entire troupe and the sympathy of friends and the press. * * * At Columbia, S. C., on Dec. 10, after our performance was over, we had a grand supper at the residence of the Governor, and he at the same time entertained a Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, when both of these officials expressed a decided opinion regarding the questionable legality of my conviction. Inclosed find an item from a Charleston paper:"

VERY BLIND JUSTICE.—Frank Dumont, a member of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, who was arrested in Atlanta, convicted of larceny, and fined seven hundred and fifty dollars, or sentenced to imprisonment for eight months, was convicted on the very doubtful evidence of a little girl who pretended to witness the theft, and who, besides being near-sighted, is cross-eyed, and invariably looks several ways for Sunday. We have heard that justice is blind, but it is a rather hard case for the witness upon whose evidence a man is convicted to be blind also. Mr. Dumont bears an excellent reputation, and not one person who knows him for a moment believes him guilty. Mr. Duprez has not yet done with the case, as there is not one jot of truth in the whole matter, and he is determined that justice shall be done.—*Charleston Chronicle, Dec. 10, 1873.*

BIRCH, WAMBOLD & BACKUS' San Francisco Minstrels played one week at Cincinnati, O., in Pike's Opera-house, beginning on Dec. 15, counterattractions making business light, writes our correspondent: "The entertainments have fully maintained the reputation of the Friscoes, consisting of ballads by C. Henry, D. S. Wambold and Beaumont Reed; comicalities, lyrical and satirical, by Backus and Birch; the songs-and-dances of Johnson and Powers; burlesque prima donna by Ricardo; cornet solos by W. Northcott; essence by Johnson and Powers; and the usual array of farces, in which Backus and Birch are as funny as ever. The programmes were changed several times, but were mainly as given above. Johnson and Powers introduced a song-and-dance new to this region, called 'Oh, You Stop,' which took well.....Sam Sharpley's Minstrels and Sheridan and Mack's Vaudeville Troupe, at Mozart Hall, have had their full share of biz. during this, their second week. The general features of the programme were the same as during the first week, the acts and songs being, however, changed. The McAvoys appeared in their sketch, 'Molly Dear,' which they perform well. The wind-up has been 'Bad Whiskey,' acted very cleverly by Sheridan and Mack. It is very evident that a good variety show will be well supported in this city."

HOWARD & O'BRIEN'S MINSTRELS and Burlesque Company played at Miamisburg, O., on Dec. 18, Middletown 19, Dayton, Ky., 20, Lebanon, O., 22, Germantown 23, Franklin 24. Weber's brass and string band has lately been added.

RUSSELL & DE WITT'S MINSTRELS of the United States gave an entertainment at Peoria, Ill., Dec. 20, and are to be at Jacksonville 22, Springfield 23, Quincy 24, 25.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, appear to have attained to the height of popularity. The spectacular trick-pantomime of "Jack and Gill" will be produced here on the 22d inst., under the supervision of Robert Fraser, who has painted scenery for the same, and will sustain the role of Clown therein.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, introduced a novel feature first-part finale, George Thatcher doing "Loo-Loo," introducing burlesque gymnastic feats, in which the company participated. The pantomime of "Mazulm the Night Owl" will constitute the attraction for the holidays, being produced for the first time this season on the 22d inst., Alex. Zanfretta, Mons. Caron and Max Walhalla being especially engaged as Clown, Pantaloon and Harlequin.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS opened at Library Hall, Pitsburgh, Pa., on the 15th inst., for a season of three nights. The instrumental and vocal music in the first part was, in the main, meritorious. Messrs. Green and Sadler, in their songs-and-dances, pleased the audience to such an extent as to win a double encore. "Market Day," by Messrs. Price, Booker, and Harley; Plantation Melodies by Cal Wagner; guitar solo, by J. C. Gross; "The Mokee Family," by Messrs. Wagner, Booker, Price, and Harley; double statue clog by Messrs. Green and Sadler; and "The Haunted House," by Sam Price, deserved and were received with favor. The entertainment concluded with the extravaganza of "The American Washerwoman in Cuba," with the company in the cast, and served to disperse the assemblage in good humor. The succeeding performances attracted larger audiences than the first one. Correspondence dated Dec. 19.

LEON & CRONIN'S MINSTRELS, a new organization, which started from St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 10 gave entertainments at Lake City 15, Wabasha 16, Winona 17, Lacrosse, Wis., 18.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are to appear at Decatur, Ill., Dec. 23, Cairo 24, 25, Jackson, Tenn., 26, 27, thence to Memphis, Huntsville, Chattanooga and Nashville. Acting upon medical advice, Bernardo, the burlesque prima donna of Haverly's Minstrels, left the company at Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 17. He is troubled with a bronchial affection, and goes to New York for treatment. Will rejoin company as soon as practicable.

CHARLES BACKUS of the San Francisco Minstrels, while quietly reposing in his room at the Walnut-street House, Cincinnati, O., on the night of Dec. 16, was robbed of his gold watch and chain valued at $400, and $270 in greenbacks. His room was entered while he slept.

J. H. HAVERLEY'S MINSTRELS performed at South Bend, Ind., Dec. 18, Fort Wayne 19, and are to be at Lafayette 22, Decatur, Ill., 23, Cairo 24, 25.

THE ATTENDANCE at Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels, Chicago, Ill., continues good, and the entertainments are, as usual, first class. Wm. Dwyer put in an appearance on Dec. 15, and was warmly welcomed. The prominent features of last week's bill were the acts of "Doom of the Fum Foozleum" and "More Suitors than One," song-and-dance by Bobby Newcomb, character song-and-dances by Mackin and Wilson.

MAGUIRE'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS met with improved business at their Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., during the week ending Dec. 13. The programme was not greatly changed from the one of the week preceding, the laughable farce of "The Mokes in a Fog" being continued with decided success. The only new features were "The Second-hand Hotel," which was popularized a long time ago by Bob Hart and Little Mac, and is now successful with Charley Reed and Little Mac; and "A Day's Sport," which is greatly enjoyed as furnished by that rare brace of comedians—Billy Manning and Billy Sweatnam. On the 12th Little Mac received a benefit, when the theatre was crowded to excess.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show at Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 25.

CIRCUSES.

FIRE.—On Saturday night, Dec. 20, at 2 o'clock, George Hurst, night watchman at the Winter quarters of Forepaugh's Menagerie and Circus, situated on Dewey lane, Germantown, Pa., discovered fire issuing from the large ring-building, the upper portion being full of hay, which had just been put in. Owing to the combustibility of the building (which was of wood) and its contents, but a short time elapsed ere it was a mass of ruins. The fire spread to the harness, carpenter and wagon shops; and they, with the wagon store-house, were also completely destroyed. Owing to the isolated location of the buildings, no assistance could be secured, and consequently the loss was heavy—estimated at no less than $80,000, with insurance for about $40,000. Among the property destroyed were 19 cages, 12 baggage wagons, 120 sets of harness, the complete circus wardrobe, 30 lengths of seats with jacks and extras, 20 tons of hay, 1,000 bushels of oats, and much circus-stuff, tools, ropes, chandeliers, as well as the beautiful band-chariot, which had just been handsomely repainted. But four horses were burned, as the remainder are on Mr. Forepaugh's farm for the Winter; no 'animals' were lost, as they are confined in a fire-proof stone building a hundred yards from the scene of the conflagration. In the matter of fires, Mr. Forepaugh is fast rivaling Mr. Barnum, this being the sixth fire that has visited the former gentleman, and by far the most disastrous. But fires don't make any difference with him, and the Forepaugh Show will open in April 'just as well and as hearty as ever it was.'"

W. W. DURAND has been engaged as general agent and writer for the Great Eastern Circus for the tenting season of 1874. The show is to be greatly enlarged and entirely refitted. Charles Sivalls, H. J. Leech and W. Scott will be retained as agents, and George W. Stanhope will be added to the corps. The show is to exhibit at New Orleans, La., one week, commencing Jan. 9, 1874.

GEORGE S. COLE has been engaged for the coming season as treasurer with Montgomery Queen's Circus.

A GEORGIA CIRCUS.—Mr. Boll Wooten, a livery-stable keeper of Atlanta, Ga., and at one time partner of Mr. A. Haight of the Great Eastern Circus, has organized an old-fashioned circus at Atlanta, where he will give his first exhibition on Christmas-day. His menagerie consists principally of the animals lately belonging to Lent's New York Circus, with several additions. Wambold and his dogs and monkeys, the Davenport Brothers, the Whitney Brothers, Belmont, Billy Andrews, Prof. Hayden and others have been engaged. The show will travel by wagons, and make a tour of all the small towns. Mr. George De Haven is connected with the management.

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE have been engaged for the Queen Show next season: Nat. Austin, clown and equestrian director; Robert Johnson, Mollie Brown, Mme. Brown, riders; Mlle. Lora Linn, female gymnast; Mlle. Jeannette Ellsler, tight-rope artiste; Leon Whettony, acrobat; Charles Burrows, stilt-performer. All the privileges have been purchased by Harry Amler of Delevan, Wis. Mr. Queen is at the Commercial Hotel, Chicago, at present, in which city the show is wintering.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS of L. B. Lent's Circus are at the Olympic, Philadelphia. They do a fine acrobatic act.

THE WALHALLA BROTHERS, the acrobats of Forepaugh's Circus, are passing the Winter at Baltimore, practicing a new act on two bars, one above the other.

ADAM FOREPAUGH last week received from Europe a remarkably small and pretty baby elephant. It has been named "Willie," in honor of the equestrian director of Forepaugh's Show. Our correspondent wishes to state "that this animal will not be broken in time to open with the show, and 'Our James' is respectfully informed that, in case any more jokes are perpetrated upon Mr. Monroe's horses, it would be judicious for 'O. J.' to seek some convenient spot whereon to end his earthly career, as the indications at present point to this as the approved conclusion of that individual's present hazardous course."

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS arrived in Cincinnati, O., from Texas on the 19th inst.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, now in Winter quarters at Quincy, Ill., is being completely overhauled, repaired and repainted, and having additions made for the coming season. With but a single exception, it is said, "this was probably the most successful show on the road during the season of 1873."

WM. LA RUE, equestrian, appears at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, this week, as the "Terror of the Road," in the drama of that name.

MME. COTTRELL, principal equestrienne, and John Cottrell, juggler, somersault leaper, tumbler, etc., can be engaged for the season of 1874. Address as per card elsewhere.

HARRY WELBY COOKE, bareback rider, whose address is in another column, can be engaged for the tenting season of 1874. He also states that he will introduce a new act entitled "The English Jockey's Pastime," consisting of jumps, jugglery and tricks.

A COUPLE of apprentices are wanted by the managers of a gymnastic troupe.

GEO. T. SHIELDS somersault rider, together with his wife, running globe-performer, seek an engagement for the tenting season of 1874. See advertisement.

THE PRIVILEGES with Montgomery Queen's Circus, Menagerie, and Hippodrome are advertised to let.

MR. ROBBINS, manager of Robbin's Museum, Menagerie and Circus, arrived at Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 17 from New York, where he purchased for his show, now wintering in Janesville, Wis., the following animals: an Asiatic elephant, a hyena, leopard, ibex, llama, Himlah Mountain goat, Maskin swine and a cassowary......Montgomery Queen is also in Chicago, looking after his show. Ten new wagons will be added to his concern and a general overhauling will take place.

MESSRS. HARRY TRIBBLE and Charley Garwood have purchased all the candy privileges with the Great Eastern Circus from Messrs. Durand, Breese & Webb for the remaining part of this season, Charley Clark having charge of the inside stands.

THE WIFE OF FRANK H. ROSSTON died at the residence of her husband in Philadelphia, on Dec. 19, at ten o'clock A. M. The lady had long suffered with an affection of the lungs, and at one time last Winter her life was despaired of. She was a sister of Mrs. John H. Murray of Murray's Circus, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and five children—the youngest being four years of age—to mourn their loss.

HAIGHT & CO., the proprietors and managers of the Great Eastern Circus, notify the public through a card in another column that the name of their show has been duly copyrighted according to law, and caution persons against infringing on their rights.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. MARTINO, California illusionist and ventriloquist, aided by Gertie Florence, Caddie Day, Louis E. Cook and Sig. Corzoni, is said to be doing a fine business in the West. He was at Fairbault, Minn., Dec. 18, 19, 20, and will be at Decorah, Ia., 22, 23, 24.

W. WAGNER advertises that he is prepared to play first-class companies at Wagner's Opera-hall, Oshkosh, Wis.

D. B. HODGES, advance agent and business-manager, whose address find elsewhere, is at liberty to accept engagements.

TWO BOYS advertise that they would like to apprentice themselves to a gymnast.

J. HAAS, magician and ventriloquist, was at Fleetwood, Pa., Dec. 16, Lobacksville 17, Yellow Tavern 18, Wensel's Tavern 19, Newstoreville 20. Route: Douglasville 22, Stonersville 23, Black Bear 24.

HEALY & COHAN'S HIBERNIANA is to be exhibited at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 23, Carlisle 24, 25, Chambersburg 26, 27.

THE HIBERNICA is to be unrolled at Dubuque, Ia., Dec. 22, 23, 24, Waterloo 25, 26, Cedar Falls 27, 29, Fort Dodge 30, 31.

T. J. HARBACH advertises foreign stereopticon slides for sale.

LEW FULTON, whose address find elsewhere, wants to learn the advance agency business.

DR. S. M. LANDIS of Philadelphia will talk about the devil at Richmond, Va., on Jan. 5, 6, 1874.

DOC A. RUSSELL, who advertises, wants an engagement as business manager, advance agent, or lecturer.

J. ELI OGDEN, business agent and treasurer, advertises that he can be engaged.

HARMAR & CONNOR, whose card is in another column, have always on hand calcium light apparatus for sale or hire.

M. HARTZ notifies managers, through a card in another column, that his Indian box trick has not been successfully imitated, the parties professing to have originated it having simply attempted to copy it from him.

DE SOTO'S NEW IDEA was exhibited in the Grand Opera-house, Harrisburg, Pa., on Dec. 20.

HEALY & COHAN'S HIBERNICON appears at Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 23.

T. R. DAWLEY advertises that the Great American Engraving and Printing Company can furnish more and better printing for the money than any other house in the country.

TUCKER BROS., show painters, insert their card in our advertising department.

ADAH MONTCLAIN gave a reading at Bainbridge, N. Y., Dec. 18, thence to Norwich, Ct.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Oil City, Pa., can be rented at a reduction of 20 per cent. from former rates, through Sam T. Jack, whose card find in another column.

ANOTHER ENTERTAINMENT was given on Dec. 17 at Bellevue Hospital, N. Y., for the benefit of the convalescents of that institution. The programme comprised "Paddy Miles' Boy," cast as follows: Paddy Miles, M. F. McGauley; Dr. Coates, P. H. Hanlon; Harry Coates, J. A. Brady; Joab, J. F. Dillon; Mrs. Fidget, P. McGuire. Then followed "Footsteps in the Sand," John Meehan; "Gen. de Arms," Dick Johnson; imitation of actors, J. Cooper Vail; "Mulligan Guards," Johnson and McGauley; Irish banjo-solo, M. F. McGauley; "The Haunted House," Johnson and Ennis. The entertainment closed with "A Spirited Specialty of Bad Whiskey," by P. McGuire and M. F. McGauley. Warden Brennan supervised the affair.

DAYTON & STRONG, scenic artists, insert their card in another column.

OPERA HALL, Paris, Ill., can be rented through Geo. W. Mullins, who advertises. It will seat seven hundred, and has recently been furnished with a full set of scenery.

BILLPOSTERS are referred to a card in another column, in which they are invited to attend the convention of the National Billposters' Association, to be held in Chicago, Ill., Jan. 14, 1874.

THE ROYAL MARIONETTES opened at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., and attracted large audiences during the week.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN read at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., before a very large audience, and will give a matinee reading there on the 27th inst.

GALWAY advertises a panorama of Ireland for sale, cheap.

JAMES LEE, whose address find elsewhere, has stereoscopic shows for disposal.

ALF. BURNETT the humorist, assisted by Miss Helen Nash and James W. Sharpley, commence a brief season at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the 22d inst.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS will give readings at Horticultural Hall Philadelphia, on the 23d inst.

PROF. J. H. PEPPER lectures at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, on the 26th and 29th of December, his respective subjects being "The Magic of Light" and "The Magic of Sound."

A MEETING of the committee on restoration of Independence Hall was held on the 15th inst., in Philadelphia, at which a resolution was passed that the National Museum, or the nucleus of one, should be opened to the public in the above-mentioned building on and after the 1st of Janury, 1874.

GABRIEL HARRISON, the veteran manager, author and actor, has opened a private school for elocution and dramatic and poetical readings in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is about publishing, by private subscription, a life of John Howard Payne.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN gave a reading at the Concordia Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 1, to a large audience.

A PIANIST and lecturer for an Irish panorama is advertised for.

AMATEUR.

THE CINCINNATI, O., SHAKESPEARE CLUB performed Robertson's comedy of "Home" on Dec. 16, and were to give the "Rivals" on the 23d......The Relief Society of Cincinnati, on the 18th, received $508.10 as the proceeds of the rendition of "David Garrick" by the Allemania Society.

"EVADNE, or the Statue," was performed by the Shakespeare Dramatic Association of Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., at the Amateurs' Drawing-room in that city, Miss Mary Claire sustaining the title role therein.

THE AMARANTHE SOCIETY gave their second reception at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Academy of Music, on Dec. 17, and it was attended by an audience that crowded the building. The plays were "A Thumping Legacy" and "The Maid of Croissey," in which Mr. Bowlend took the leading parts. On the 27th they play "Money" for the benefit of the poor of Brooklyn.

"WINCHESTER," a military allegory, will be produced at Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, under J. T. Vigiard.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

OUR LATEST BATCH of foreign intelligence informs us of doings theatrical in the "fast-anchored isle" up to Dec. 6. Since the reception of previous advices, only two events worthy of special notice had transpired, which are referred to at length in another column......A translation by J. Mortimer, of Beaumarchais' "Marriage de Figaro," entitled "The School for Intrigue," was the attraction at the Olympic......Miss Ada Swanborough returned to the Strand November 29, having recovered from her severe accident. "The Belle's Stratagem" was the play presented, and Miss S. met with a warm reception......Wm. Creswick had reappeared at the Standard, acting in "Ambition, or the Throne, the Tomb, and the Scaffold." ......M. Reviere's series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden were announced to close Dec. 13. On the 26th the pastoral pantomime, "Red Riding Hood and Her Sister Little Bopeep," will be presented at this house, constituting the holiday attraction.

"ROBERT PRADEL," a new four-act drama, written by a young author named Albert Delpit, was being performed at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, France.

VARIETY HALLS.

PADDY DOYLE, comic vocalist, died at Wigan, Eng., Dec. 1.

CIRCUSES.

FRANK PASTOR is performing with Price's Circus, Lisbon, Portugal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. T. PARRIS, the veteran artist, died in London, Eng., Nov. 27, aged 82. Among his numerous works may be mentioned a painting representing the Coronation of her Majesty, which was purchased and engraved by the late Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart. Mr. Parris was selected to restore the frescoes by Sir Joshua Reynolds which adorn the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the well-known "Panorama of London," which delighted the sight-seekers of the metropolis at the Colosseum for so many years, was also the work of his pencil. Mr. Parris was historical painter to the late Queen Dowager.

MARK TWAIN lectured to a large audience at the Hanover-square Rooms, London, Eng., Dec. 1. Subject, "Our Fellow-savages of the Sandwich Islands."

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
BEGINS 7.45.
HOLIDAY CARNIVAL OF FUN
for the
MERRY CHRISTMAS TIMES
FOX'S
COMIC TRICK PANTOMIME
HUMPTY DUMPTY ABROAD.
EXTRA MATINEE
ON CHRISTMAS. 39-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE.
23D STREET, between 6th and 7th avenues, near Booth's Theatre. Begins at 8; over at 10. Saturday Matinee at 2.
MERRY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY WEEK.
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GEO. H. TYLER..........ACTING MANAGER
STAGE-MANAGER..........JAMES McCLOSKEY
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The above-named Theatre will be opened on
TUESDAY EVENING, DEC. 23, 1873.
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COMEDIES, SENSATIONS,
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LOCAL HITS AND TOPICS OF THE DAY.
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AFTER VISITING MY PERFORMANCE SEVERAL TIMES,
and on the strength of their
PROFESSED FRIENDSHIP
TO ONE OF MY WORKMEN,
thought they had gained sufficient knowledge of the trick to perform it.

AND THIS IS HOW THEY DID IT.
EXTRACT FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD OF TUESDAY, DEC. 16, IN NOTICING THEIR PERFORMANCE.

The trick somehow did not appear to create any wonderment or enthusiasm. It may be stated that while the box was in the cabinet a man, who apparently considered himself screened from the view of the entire audience, was busily engaged in some active operations immediately behind the screen, and from the right hand side of the dress-circle, in the vicinity of the boxes, the canopy over the cabinet near where he stood could be seen at times shaking violently. He had evidently a good deal to do with the mystery, and the only wonder is that the committee selected from the audience did not seem to think it worth their while to order him away, although in their apparent anxiety to discover the secret of the trick being performed they walked by him several times. 39-1t

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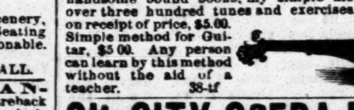

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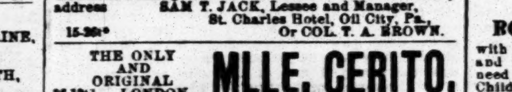

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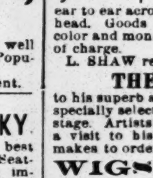

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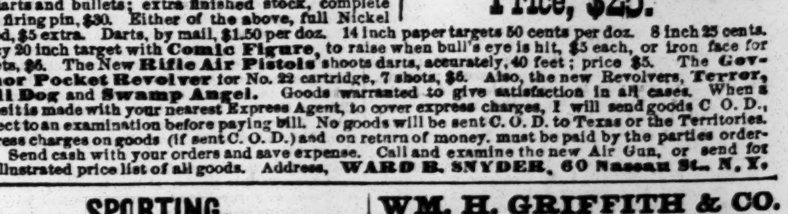

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